THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JUNE 5, '09 — 5 cts. THE COPY

More Than a Million a Week Circulation

THIS IS FOR YOU –

The product of the golden wheat of the great Northwest, selected with untiring care out of the vast shipments poured each year into the largest primary grain market in the world.

Ground into flour by the intricate and mighty system of the Washburn-Crosby Mills, where each grain of wheat is cleansed and passed in a golden stream of its own, over many sets of steel rolls, each grinding gently and a little finer.

Down the line, from one machine to another, untouched by human hands, thru the purifier, thru the silk bolting cloth, into the automatic packers and then into barrels and sacks branded with the name of Washburn-Crosby Co. and GOLD MEDAL FLOUR.

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IF YOU WILL BUT ASK YOUR GROCER

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It is almost impossible to describe the "riding qualities" of this car, because no other car ever built compares with it in luxury. With wheels of this diameter it is as easy to turn out of a deep rut as out of a shallow car track; every small inequality of the road is levelled out for the passengers; large ones are fairly bridged over and hence hardly noticeable.

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Chicago Boston New York

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THE VOICE IN THE RICE

By Gouverneur Morris

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. LEYENDECKER

I

THE night came on monstrously rough and windy, but clear. I remember how, when the S. S. Major Pickins rolled, the stars flew past my port like streams of sparks from the smokestack of a locomotive. You weren't safe in your berth, or out of it. We had on board a number of horses, with their grooms, bound for New York from various winter resorts in the South, and during a particularly violent lurch of the vessel one of these poor beasts fell and splintered its leg, and could be heard screaming with the pain, like a lost soul, until mercifully put to death. The passengers were mostly servants of Northern families, and whether they were more sick than frightened, or more frightened than sick, was a question for a more experienced seafarer than myself.

We made slow work of it; the antiquated engine was loose in the pins; the coal supplied at Charleston for the run to New York clinkered into obdurate masses, impermeable to flame, and the wind and seas came against us like all possessed. If the captain could have seen his way to it he would have turned and run back to port; but he did not believe that his command could weather a turn. Her best chance was to buck the seas.

About midnight the weather thickened over one star after another till all were gone. I went on deck. Here was a pretty clean sweep. Two of our port boats were gone, and I noticed (with a wicked clutch at the hand line along the deck-house) that there was no longer a port rail between me and the ocean. But I was determined on one point: that I would not soon again return to my coffin of a berth, with its stale smells, its impossible sudden dives and plunges, and its loathsome suggestions of cockroaches and worse. Clinging with all my might and caution to the hand line, and averting my eyes from the dizzyfying gap in the rail, I moved cautiously forward in the lee of the deck-house. When the Major Pickins rolled to starboard I lay, as it were, upon the side of the deck-house, as upon a slant of roof, but when she elevatored down, down to leeward I could hardly keep a semblance of footing, and was left, to all intents and purposes, hanging by my hands alone. Now and then I could hear, following a thundering concussion forward, the sound of solid water mill-racing aft along the starboard deck, or, from deep within the bowels of the ship, the retching groan of overstrained iron.

Upon a Brick-Walled Garden Laid Into Walks Edged With Ancient Box

Presently I was aware of a man progressing slowly toward me, his face to the deck-house and his hands carefully overhauling the line. When we came close together I was still wondering how we were to pass each other safely, and the same thought must have been in his head, for, having met, we paused, side by side for some moments, before attempting the manœuver. Presently he turned his face toward me; it was wet with sea water; a shrewd, lively face, with a gray mustache and goatee.

"We're right off the Santee," he said, or shouted, for there was an infernal din going on. "That's why it's so rough. It will be smoother directly. I have been in the pilot-house talking with the captain. Now I am going down to see after my horse."

"Will you pass outside or inside?" I shouted—"whichever you say."

"As the older man," he said, his eyes twinkling, "I had better be the pivot, sir. Let us wait until our side of the vessel is about to be uppermost—now, sir—as we are rising—as we are rising."

I loosed my left hand and passed it around his back, and once more gripped the line.

"So," said he, "keep her so until the next roll."

I waited then until the deck began once more to press against the soles of my feet; let go my right hand—and Heaven alone knows exactly what happened. I have thought, however, that as the ship was staggering up from the long roll to leeward she was suddenly beaten down, and back—as a fighter, rising from a knockdown blow, gets to his knees and is once more felled by an adversary who has momentarily passed beyond the restraint of the rules. But I know that while my right hand was holding to nothing, the stranger's weight came suddenly full force against my chest, and tore loose the grip that I had of the line with my left hand—that he turned and clutched me, and that, locked like a pair of dancers, we slipped and revolved in a kind of lugubrious waltzing, upright, without cry or comment, down the slant of slippery deck, through the long gash in the port rail, and into the sea. The heavy impact separated us, and I have never seen that cheery, twinkling face from that day to this, nor known who he was, nor who mourned for him.

II

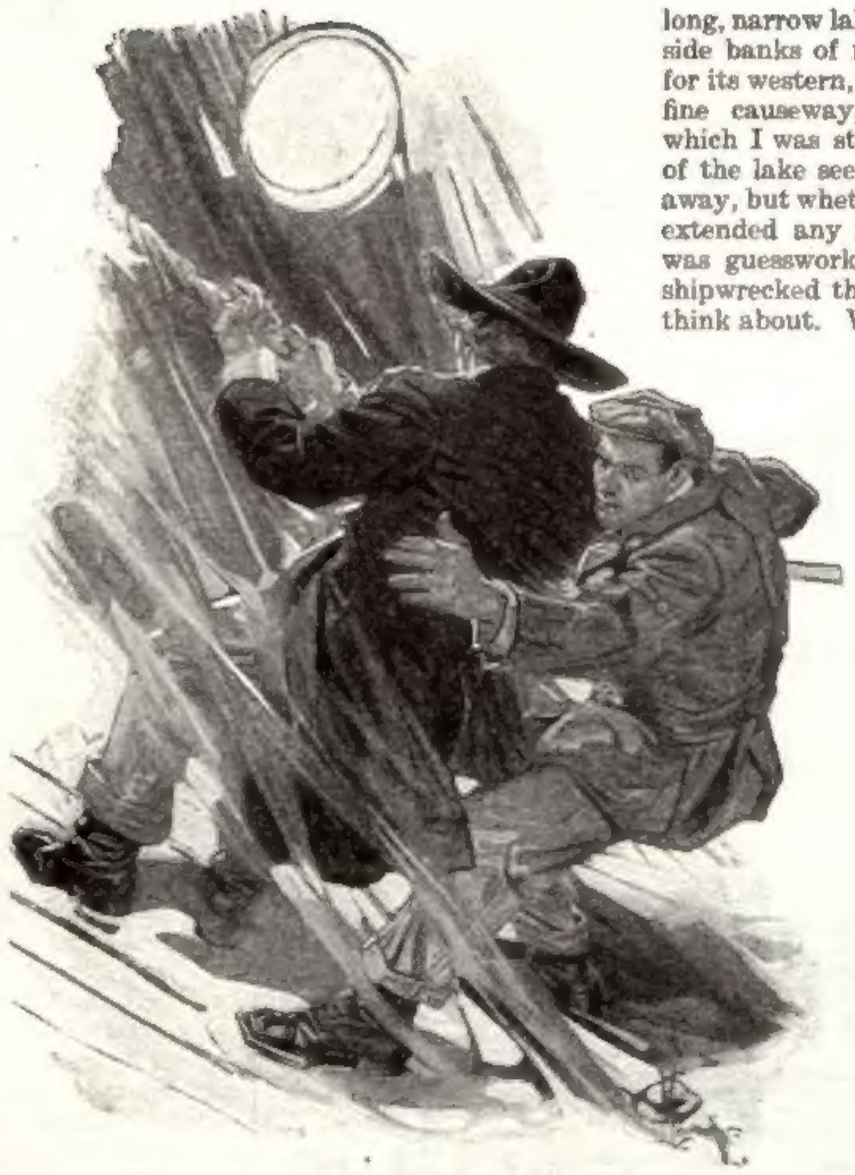
A TRAINED journalist will fall overboard (for pay) and describe you certain phases with such excellent judgment and selection as to give you a proper notion of the whole. I am not a trained journalist, and, furthermore, my chute came with unfair suddenness, and I did not enter the sea with a mind focused to selection before description. What there was left of my mind was wholly taken up with the fact that the water was very much warmer than the air; and it must have been instinct, set to work by this, that started me stripping off my coat, and clutching, as I was rolled and tossed and smothered, after my shoelaces. Not for many seconds, I am sure, did it enter my head to look for the ship or to call for help. From the top of a wave to which I had made a sudden and involuntary ascent, I caught a glimpse of the Major Pickins' lights in the windward smother; and, as I shot downward from the eminence, a choice of cries struggled in my mouth. I had an insane hesitation between "Help" and "Man overboard"; chose the former as the more piercing, and, in the moment of uttering it, had my mouth filled to the brim with water, and never cried out at all.

To get undressed obsessed me. And whenever I could get two lungs full of air I let the sea have its will of me, the while I ripped at shoelaces and buttons, and kicked and twisted myself free of this and that. Being at length naked, and in no fear of becoming waterlogged, I tried to think out a plan. But there was nothing to that. To breathe in well-chosen moments, and to keep afloat with the least possible exertion, destroyed all powers of inauguration. I could recollect, but I could not plan. It did not yet occur to me that the chance acquaintance with whom I had gone overboard might be in worse plight than I; might, as against a lifelong experience and delight in swimming, not have the learning to swim a stroke; might, as against entering the water without any strain, have been crippled from the very outset. It was fifteen or twenty minutes before I thought of these things, and by then I was more tired than I liked, and in no mood to pity another. Nor have I ever thought, perhaps, quite as I should about that sudden drowning of a cheerful man in the night. Perhaps I shall. It comes home to me the more as time passes.

I never reached the last throes of exhaustion, nor near them. I kept expecting to. But I was in splendid condition, after the long winter of hunting, and lawn tennis, and a youthful contempt for spirits and tobacco; a good fortune, I must believe, rather than a desert.

It was easy enough to keep alive in the big seas, and they must have carried me swiftly shoreward; but the sensation was of being in mid-ocean, half-way between

Charleston and Gibraltar. It was a growing regularity in the waves with which I swam that prompted me to think that I was nearing land, and presently I heard, far ahead, a thunderous booming, as of surf upon a beach. Had the undertow been at all commensurate with the rush and charge of the surf I must have bobbed about in the offing until strangled. But I have been more put to it to make a landing at Bailey's Beach in Newport through surf that hardly looked the name. You advance upon a wave, and when that has escaped from under your clutch you make a stout fight not to be sucked backward; the next wave advances you a little farther; you make a still stouter struggle, and so on. You must swim high, you must save a stroke whenever it is possible, and you must have swum strongly since childhood, and that is all there is to landing through surf—unless in the last shallows you get so rolled and choked and battered that you lose all presence of mind and your last vestige of strength. I noted with the most dismal forebodings how cold the air was after the water.



"Now, Sir—as We are Rising—as We are Rising"

I was upon a stretch of hard, fine sand; of what extent, whether continent, island or seaward rock, I could not guess. And the gale blowing upon my wet and open-pored nakedness (for I must have sweated profusely in the long swim) froze me to the marrow. I made an effort to find shelter, crossing the upward slope of the beach, and then descending, but only to find my feet among sharp marsh grasses that stuck like bayonets from an oozy mud. The night was dark as pitch, and I dared not advance in that direction. Nothing was open for me then, till daylight, but the beach, and returning I commenced to run gingerly up and down, swinging my arms violently across my chest, like a New York cab driver on a winter night.

Dawn came at last, showing upon the one hand a wild, white-maned sea, and upon the other, marsh and waterway, and waterway and marsh, and woody island, and pond, and pond, and woody island. And beneath my feet a splendid speedway, as it were, of white sand stretching illimitably north and south. Had I been an amphibian I must have thought myself upon the very boundaries of my paradise, but I was a cold, naked man, heartily sick of the amphibious parts of amphibianism.

The discordant cries of gulls rising by thousands from the marshes pierced the ear. Hundreds of shore birds, tired and discouraged by the storm, fed tamely in the shallow laps of water that ran up the beach after each thunderous bursting of a wave. The marsh at the back of the beach, into which I had inadvertently stepped during the night, was alive with myriads of fiddler-crabs, scuttling busily among the sharp, sparse grasses. I had never seen a region so full of life, nor so lonesome.

For want of a better offering I went south along the beach, only to find that it was by no means an illimitable highway, but was broken and crossed by streams and rivulets of marsh water, and, within a mile, by a wide river mouth.

One thing was of comfort. The loud voice of the wind, as if by some magic of the full tide about to turn, had fallen to a whisper; and here and there through the gray daybreak the sun had stabbed out a ray. In a hollow of sand I found three seagull eggs, fresh enough to swallow; and, with the fear upon me of all known and unknown fevers, I rinsed my parched mouth and throat with river water. Then I retraced my steps and passed a mile or so beyond my landing-place. The shore birds, thanks to the falling wind, and disturbed, no doubt, by me, began now to resume their northern migration, flying in little flocks from headland to headland of the beach, or in great flocks and in great, swinging curves out over the still wildly-troubled sea. The tide, by now setting out, kept uncovering inch by inch the black, shellfishy feeding grounds of the gulls; and these fought, piled upon each other, and screamed without decency or regard for the nearness of man.

The swamp on my left became wetter and wetter, until presently it was all water, and I stood at the beginning of a long, narrow lake, that had for its eastern side banks of reeds and river sand, and for its western, holding straight on like a fine causeway, the beach itself upon which I was stranded. The two shores of the lake seemed to merge half a mile away, but whether or not the beach itself extended any farther in that direction was guesswork; if not, I was so badly shipwrecked that it was not pleasant to think about. What should I do for food when the gulls had finished the business of raising their young, and what in the mean time for pure water?

My body was no more bare of clothes than my mind of comfort, and while I stood, trying to make head against an incipient rising of panic, I heard from the farther end of the lake two reports of a shotgun, very faint, but compact and distinct, and before I had even set out to run toward them they were followed by two more.

My case was not unlike that of the many-wiled Odysseus when he heard the voices of the girls at play; but unlike him I had no branch of a tree with which to cloak my unconventional advance. Yet I so wished to get to the owner of that shotgun, man, woman or child, before that owner got away from me, that I raced along the half-mile of beach in an unabashed delirium of hope and excitement. Twice more the shotgun reported, and I was soon near enough to see that there was an artistic flock of wooden curlew stuck into the beach, beyond the reach of the waves, and convenient to a blind built of drying seaweeds and jetsam. My burst of speed being spent, I relapsed into a trot, and then walked. When I was within thirty yards of the blind, an oldish man, very much humped in the back and thin to emaciation, rose, hopped nimbly out, and advanced to meet me—one hand held up, palm forward, with a kind of deprecating gesture.

"No hurry, sir—no hurry," he said. "Won't you walk into the blind, sir, and rest yourself?"

He had a pleasant, chirping voice, a clean-shaven skeleton of a face, at once humorous and bitterish.

"And now, sir," said he, when we had shaken hands and were seated in the blind, "don't say that you are a spontaneous creation of these beaches."

I told him my misadventure briefly.

"Well, well," he said; "and are you warm enough?"

What with the running, and the sun now hotly shining, I was; but I apologized for my nakedness.

"I assure you," he said, "that to one of Attic proclivities you are welcome as you are. And a handsome figure you cut, running down the beach! You have learned your running in a good school—Harvard—Yale?"

"Yale," I said.

"When you first appeared," he said, "I called to Coffee Pot. I said: 'Coffee Pot, there is a saying that, naked, all men are equal. To disprove it, look yonder. There comes a university man!'"

The hunchback turned and spoke to a clump of reeds in a strange tongue. At once from the clump came, fawning and rubbing his hands, a formidably big negro.

"This is Coffee Pot," said the hunchback. "He once spilled a boiling pot of coffee upon Lord Nairn. Hence the name. It is one of derision, shame and ignominy. He smarts under it as under a whip." He spoke again in the strange tongue, and the negro disappeared among the reeds.

"I have told him to make you a cup of coffee, sir," said the hunchback, "and to serve you with a little lunch. Since introductions are going"—he bowed, and laid a hand upon his narrow, peaked chest—"Sir Peter Moore," he said, "at your service."

"I am Richard Bourne," I said, "at yours."

But I wondered how he could be a Sir—for he had no more of an Englishman's manner of speech or greeting than I myself; less, if anything. He had, you might say, an isolated effect, as if he had invented himself, his way of doing things, his way while saying things, and even his quality of voice. While coffee was brewing, Sir Peter asked me if I were an athlete in more ways than one.

"You are very huge, you know," he said, "and I have seen you run. Do you shoot?"

"A little," I said.

"Delightful!" he said. "I have an extra gun along—both are by Purdy, sir, of London." He passed me a beautiful weapon, which I handled and admired, and put to my shoulder.

"Well, sir," he said, "we are missing the shooting. There are shells. I came down because of the storm; fortunate for you, sir. There is always fine birding at this season, after a storm. Now, sir, if you are loaded we will keep down——"

But almost before the words were out of his mouth he had darted to his feet, and fired twice into a wisp of robin-snipe that had suddenly swung over the decoys. Three fell, head over heels. Sir Peter crouched and reloaded.

We had splendid shooting for an hour, during which Coffee Pot served us with a delicious breakfast of coffee, bacon, sandwiches, cold corn pone and strawberries.

"I keep thinking, Sir Peter," I said, "with immense gratitude, of the change made by you in my mental outlook. Being cast naked away was never my favorite pursuit, whereas I am free to admit that *this* is."

"The breakfast, sir—or the gunning?" chirped Sir Peter.

"The two in combination," I said, and I asked him if he was on a trip, or if he lived in this part of the world; to which he gave me my own answer—"the two in combination."

He explained, however, that he had a house very far back among the marshes; but that for a day or two he had slept in a tent, pitched on the nearest dry land.

"When we get to the tent, sir," he said, "you shall have a *change* of clothes; and thus bring your pre-Adamite idyl to a close."

"And shall I be forced to lie down and sleep?" I asked, for drowsiness was getting the better of me.

"I am inconsiderate—very," he said. "You shall, sir. The cream of the shooting is over. We shall go at once."

He called to Coffee Pot in the strange tongue, and presently we had embarked in a pretty canvas canoe, hitherto hidden among the reeds, and were being driven by the negro's powerful strokes through a labyrinth of diminutive waterways, that spider-webbed it among the solids and semi-solids of the marshes.

"What language," I asked, "do you use when you talk to Coffee Pot?"

"The degenerate remnant of his original African, I suppose," said Sir Peter, "mixed with English unintelligible to an English-speaking person. Our coast negroes speak nothing else, and few of them understand anything else."

A little later, to make conversation and keep myself from falling asleep in the canoe, I remarked that Coffee Pot seemed to be a most efficient servant.

"What do you have to pay for your labor?" I asked.

Sir Peter thought for a moment.

"Mr. Bourne," he said, "I have come to certain conclusions in your case, which I have no doubt will be borne out up river. So I will be frank with you. We feed our laborers; but we do not pay them. In our happy, inaccessible and amphibious little country we have never felt the necessity of giving up our slaves. Immediately after the incident from which he derives his name I purchased Coffee Pot from Lord Nairn. He is very well treated, very happy, very efficient, very ignorant. He does not even know that in certain parts of a benighted world other negroes are *not* slaves."

I did not take Sir Peter seriously. Who would? He was amusing himself at the expense of a naked and sleepy stranger; tempting me, as it were, to rise to a somewhat clumsily-baited hook. I refused to rise, and pretended to accept his statements as a matter of course. But another day was to startle me into knowing that Sir Peter had spoken the truth, and that strictly.

I fell asleep in the canoe. When Sir Peter waked me we were in a deeply-bushed cove; there was no view in any direction. I got out of the canoe, blinking and very groggy, and followed Sir Peter along a trail, narrow like a deer run. It was very hot away from the ocean, and the bushes were already in dense summer leaf, shutting off the least breath of air. But we had not far to go. The bushes opened presently to right and left, and disclosed a small space of white sand, level as a room floor, from the midst of which sprouted a very ancient, very stunted liveoak, hung with long beards of gray moss.

In the shade of the oak was a white tent, and the flaps looped back disclosed a neat canvas cot, made up like a bed, with a monogramed collar of white sheet turned down over the neck of the blankets.

"That is yours, sir," said Sir Peter, "for the asking."

What if my head overlapped the cot at one end and my feet at the other? I slept as I hope some day to sleep again.

The only light when I awoke came through the open end of the tent from a lantern set in the sand. Sir Peter was crouching near it with his back to me, and seemed to be poking at something with a stick.

"Hello," I called.

"So you're awake!" he answered, but without turning. "Come out here. I've a fine moccasin; the first of the season. A little sluggish, sir, but full of fight."

I am afraid the hair stood up on my head.

"Where are those clothes you promised me," I answered, "and especially those hip boots made of sheet steel, lined with rawhide?"

Sir Peter made a sudden dart with his hand; laughed, rose and turned, holding by the throat a thick, writhing horror—the more horrible for the faint light.

He held it so a moment for me to see, then turned and flung it far off into the night. I heard it land with a crash among the bushes. Sir Peter entered the tent.

"I am afraid you're too big for clothes, after all," he said. "But as there's nothing ahead but boat work I think that if we cut armholes in one blanket, and give you another to cover your bare arms, you'll make out. We sha'n't get to my house before two o'clock, I should say, and I can smuggle you up from the landing without the ladies seeing you."

Then came supper, and, afterward, interminable hours of waking and drowsing in the canoe, driven by Coffee Pot. We never followed one course for long. We were always turning, it seemed to me, a right-angle corner, and now, you knew rather than saw, so dark it was, we were out on open water with a faint breeze blowing over it, and now voyaging through tall, sighing reeds that rasped along the sides of the canoe, and now following some stagnant waterway that writhed about among the stems of trees. Once, in such a place, Sir Peter gave an order to Coffee Pot, who stopped paddling.

"Listen," said Sir Peter.

I could hear abrupt, faint ripplings of water, cautious splashings, and within a foot of the canoe at my end a sudden swirling commotion as of a rising fish taking fright.

"The whole place seems alive," I said, and was not happy.

"Moccasins mostly hereabouts," said Sir Peter. He spoke to Coffee Pot, and we went on.

"From April to Christmas," said Sir Peter, "we are very little troubled by trespassers in the Santee. But during the winter months, when the snakes and the alligators are hibernating, we sometimes have to stand upon our rights. The great menace to the peace and security of this country is your duck hunter. Where there are ducks he *will* come, backed, if necessary, by his Government." Sir Peter spoke bitterly. "If I could invent the means," he said, "I would abolish the whole Atlantic flight of wild fowl."

So far as I could see we were still in the wildest of land and water wildernesses, when suddenly Coffee Pot ran the canoe alongside of a little float, and Sir Peter hopped nimbly out.

"Here we are, sir," he said. "This is Moore House Landing. You shall soon be snug in bed—in your own bed, sir."

III

I WOKE in a great double bed of Domingo mahogany inlaid with brass. Through the blinds of three east windows sunlight streamed; and when I opened these it was to look down upon a brick-walled garden laid into walks edged with ancient box, that radiated from a centerpiece of marble—an Italian well curb, I think. Half a dozen negroes were at work among the flowerbeds, raking, trimming and gathering flowers. Beyond the garden a screen of mighty liveoaks shut off any further view. The house in which I had passed the night was, like the garden walls, of old Scotch brick, laid with the ends showing, and trimmed with white marble. It was very low, very extensive, I could make out from my window; and a little porch, opening on the garden, half marble columns, half yellow roses, was a dream of pleasure to the eye.

During my sleep some one had entered my room and laid out clothes, but they were too big, even for me, and I was told later that they belonged to Lord Nairn, who had loaned them until his tailor could better provide me. You may think that by this time I had had enough water, but exploration disclosed a bathroom opening from the bedroom. It had been a cupboard, I suppose; but now it had its porcelain and nickel fittings, tub and shower, and a frieze of cool fishes in cool, green water, English by the look of it, and many rough blue towels of great size and invitation.

So I was a long time luxuriously bathing and dressing, and I had not finished before Sir Peter knocked on my door and came in to wish me good-morning.

"I did not disturb you with breakfast," he said, "but you must learn to ring the bells in my house, and if the servants do not understand what you say they will, at least, gather something from your signs. Now, if you are ready, we will go downstairs."

While I was having strawberries and eggs and corn pone and coffee, in a long dining-room of mahogany and Chinese porcelain, with no end of portraits, Sir Peter gave me the news.

"I have sent the telegrams you wrote out last night," he said, "to apprise your family of your safety, but they will not actually go until tomorrow, as it is a real journey to the office. I breakfasted with Lord Nairn. He expressed himself as wishing to receive you tomorrow. I had wished to present you today. But he is an old man, something of an original, and not to be hectored. He thought it best that you should first receive more information from me as to the nature of your surroundings, and the people among whom you have fallen.

"These explanations," he said, "will astonish you no little, and it is just possible that you will be somewhat alarmed at first. To us, of course, they are every-day matters, and have been for centuries."

"Nothing but having this breakfast taken away before I am done with it will alarm me, Sir Peter," I said.

"There are," said he, "hereabouts hundreds of thousands of such acres as you saw yesterday and passed through last night. Islands in swamps, swamps in islands; waterways in forests, forests where ought to be waterways; and rice, rice, rice, everywhere rice, and the main mouth of the Santee River and all the hundred other mouths. You might leave Moore Landing in a fast motorboat, with only *yourself* to steer, and not get yourself out of this region in a month. Have you ever been in the labyrinth at Hampton Court?"

I said that I had.

"Well," said he, "the labyrinth in whose midst you now find yourself is a million times as big, and a million times more complicated. For instance, sir, if we desired, for some reason or other, to keep a man prisoner among us we should have only to wish him good-day and let him go."

"Well, Sir Peter," said I, "I am having the time of my life. You won't have to keep me prisoner."

"I am glad, sir," he said rather gravely, "to hear you voice such an opinion."

Somehow, I felt uncomfortable.

"It's curious," he said. "You could take me in one of your great blacksmith hands and break me into a thousand pieces—none of the servants would touch you, let us say—and still, *here* you'd be. It's a curious thought."

"Sir Peter," I said jocularly, "in spite of the breakfast you are rapidly alarming me."

"Well, well," he said, "a man—even a hunchback—must do what he can for his—country. And," he said, "this region is *my* country. Mr. Bourne, we differ in some policies from the States; we, for instance, only allow desirable immigrants to settle among us. We make *them* settle. As, for instance," he went on, "yesterday, when I saw that physique of yours coming down the beach as lightly as blown thistledown, I said to myself, 'There's a man we want.' And here you are."

Of course I thought that Sir Peter was just being jocular and complimentary, in spite of his gravity. Not a thought of anything seriously intended against me had as yet entered my head.

"I wish," said I, "that you would tell me more about this country of yours."

"Oh, I will," he said; "I must. Lord Nairn said: 'Show him as many ropes as you can, Sir Peter; your accounts of his appearance, of his running, of his shooting, delight me. Bring him to see me tomorrow.'"

"Who is Lord Nairn?" I asked.

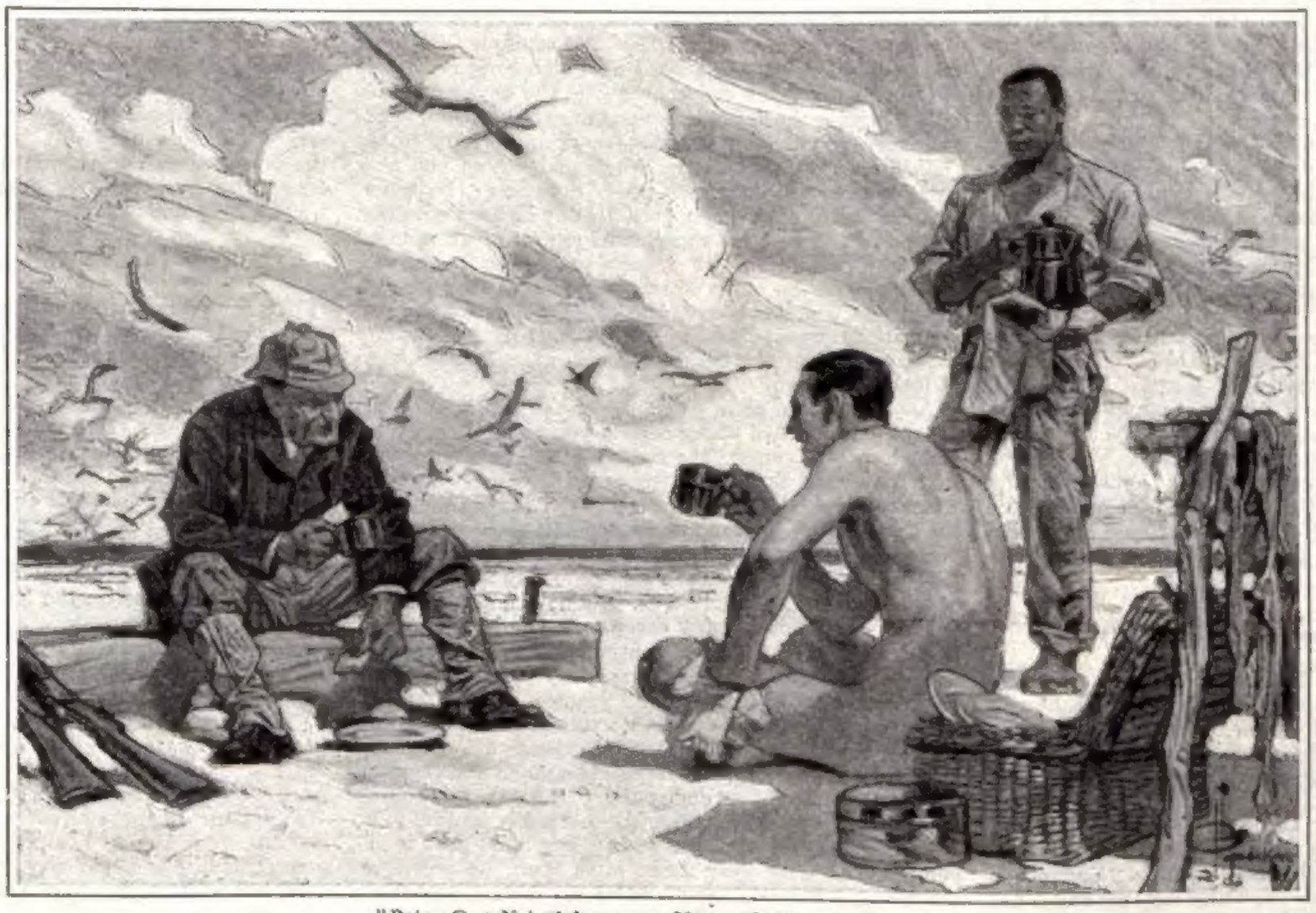
"Vulgarly," said Sir Peter, "we speak of him as 'The Governor.' But he is in reality chairman of a committee of three who make our laws. Lady Wrenn is one member of this committee, and I have the honor to be another.

"Our little country," he continued, "is a logical growth. Such provisions as the Royal Governors made for our little territory in the old days never reached us at all. We were obliged then, as now, to be a law to ourselves. Some of our ancestors fought in your revolution against England, but purely as soldiers of fortune. The laws of the newly-made United States reached us, for good or ill, no more than had those of the Royal Governors. There was, therefore, no earthly use in our swearing fealty to such a Government. We kept out. . . . Later our sympathies were, of course, with the State of South Carolina when she seceded, and although many of our young men shed their blood for her, we, as a body politic, preserved a strict neutrality. Had Grant surrendered to Lee we should have been no more disturbed than we actually were by Lee's surrender to Grant. We would never have joined the Confederate States, we never acknowledged any sovereignty over us by the Union. In these marshes no government but our own has ever enforced a law. If, sir, I were caught setting fire to Lord Nairn's barn—which God forbid—who is to punish me? Unless my neighbors, no one. When Lincoln freed the slaves he only freed such slaves as he had the power to free. Ours were in no wise affected. They have never heard of a Civil War or of Lincoln.

"The United States—even in their most populous centers—are only able as yet to punish crime. They do not make so much as a beginning of preventing it. Indeed, sir, they have bitten off far more than they can chew this thousand years.

"I will give you an example. Suppose I were to discover a trespasser on my land. I order him off. He goes. In the United States, unless he were a smaller and a weaker man than I, which is unlikely, he would not go. The Government would not put him off for me, nor make it terrible for him to trespass again. It is possible that the United States, by a supreme effort, unwilling, let us say, to let well enough alone, might reach us in the Santee and destroy our property in slaves; but we who were scattered would return, reënslave the blacks and resume our beneficent laws and customs."

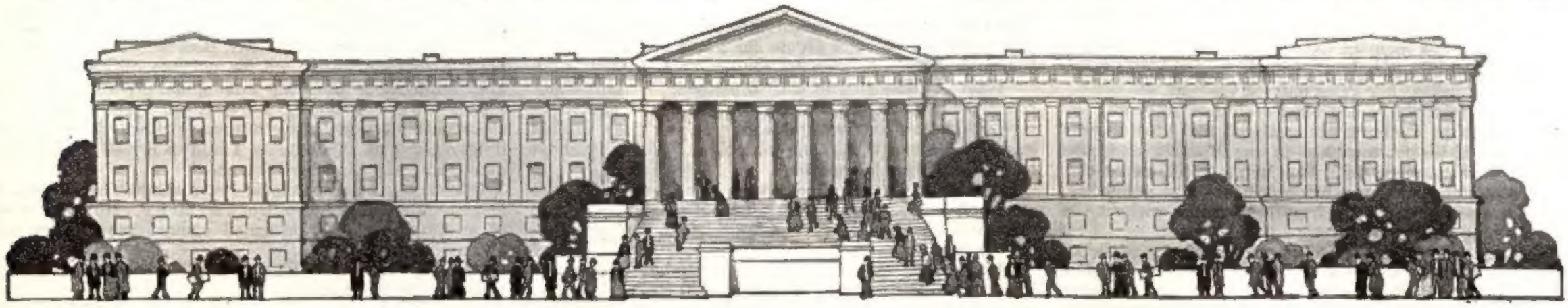
Having finished breakfast Sir Peter led me into the garden, and, seating ourselves in an arbor of yellow roses, he resumed his explanations.



"Being Cast Naked Away was Never My Favorite Pursuit"

(Continued on Page 41)

The Control of the Senate



By ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

SENATOR HALE, of Maine, has been kept steadily in the Senate by his state for nearly thirty years; and therefore he is now chairman of the Republican caucus of the Senate, chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, senior member of the Committee on Naval Affairs, and member of the Committee on Finance and Census.

Senator Frye, of Maine, has been kept in the Senate by his state continuously since 1881; and therefore he is now next to the chairman of the Republican caucus of the Senate, chairman of the Committee on Commerce, and senior member of the Committee on Foreign Relations.

Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, has been kept steadily in the Senate by his state since 1881; and therefore is in line next to Senator Frye for caucus chairman, is chairman of the powerful Committee on Finance, member of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, and senior member of the Senate Committee on Rules.

Yet when these veteran Senators entered the Senate thirty years ago, they were assigned to the bottom of committees—mostly unimportant committees; they were without Senate experience or prestige. Continuous service for thirty years has given them their Senate potency. The same course will give the same power to any Senator and the same dominant influence in national affairs to any state.

For example, take Iowa and Senator Allison. At the time of his death, Senator Allison had served in the Senate thirty-five years; and by that time he had become chairman of the Republican caucus of the Senate, chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, next to the chairman of the Committee on Finance.

Or take Illinois and Senator Cullom. Illinois has kept Senator Cullom continuously in the Senate for twenty-six years; and therefore he is next to Senator Aldrich in succession to the chairmanship of the Senate Republican caucus, and is chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, senior member of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, and a member of the Senate Committee on Finance.

What I have said of the Senate is true of the House. Take the case of Speaker Cannon—he has been a member of the House, all told, thirty-six years. Mr. Payne, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, which frames all revenue legislation, including the tariff bill, has served for twenty-six years. Mr. Dalzell, who is next to Mr. Payne on the Ways and Means Committee, and who with Mr. Payne and Mr. Cannon is a member of the powerful Committee on Rules in the House, has been kept in Congress, without the loss of a day, for twenty-four years. So there you are.

Natural Laws at Work in Society

HUMAN nature cannot be revolutionized; it will have its way. Devise ever so cunningly, and still human nature stands. This is why laws intended to affect the depths of men's souls are never successful in the end.

And, indeed, human nature is only universal law working itself out in human beings. Two such laws are conspicuously influential in society: the law of least resistance and the law of effectiveness. A current of electricity will take the easiest course—the path where the least resistance is encountered. So will a man. You may say that this is not true, because frequently it is easier to do the wrong thing than the right thing, and yet the right thing is done. But look deeper, and you will find that as the morality of one's character is greater it becomes easier for one to do the right thing than the wrong thing. Do not we see some men so constituted that, however much it may be to their advantage to do a wrong thing, they simply cannot do it—the resistance of their moral nature and ethical sense being too great to be overcome? It is hard for an honest man but easy for a scoundrel to do unprincipled things. Each obeys the law of least resistance. So, taking all things into consideration we find that human beings, like the blind forces of Nature, take the line of least resistance.

The other natural law which is dominantly influential in human society is the law of effectiveness. Sometimes we call it the survival of the fittest. It is more brutally true to call it the survival of the strongest. Go into the forest and take with you an instructed forester. He will point out to you feeble trees vainly struggling for life which their more vital neighbors are surely choking out of them. So we see in business that, however much we may like a man, nevertheless he must go if he is not the most effective person to do the work. Thousands of individual hardships are caused to individual employees, all over the world every day, because it is found that they cannot perform so well the labors required of them as other more vigorous and effective men. This is hard on the individual—indeed, it is one of the cruel circumstances of all human society—and yet it is necessary for the business organization whose success requires this apparent cruelty. And the business organization is necessary for the service of the millions.

The Senatorial Policy of New England

TAKE the composite result of these two laws—the law of least resistance and the law of effectiveness—and you will find the almost automatic intelligence that operates railroads and factories, mines and ships, and, indeed, that directs all systematic activities. For example, if a great railroad system secures a good man who constantly does his work better each day than he did the day before it is only following the law of least resistance to keep him in the railroad's employ and steadily to promote him, rather than discharge him and try a new man whom you may think to be better, but whom you do not know to be better. Automatically, such a man goes steadily higher in position and power. So we see superintendents of great railroad lines who began humbly. I know one whose first service to the system he now commands was that of a freight-handler at a dollar a day, and another—one of the real generals of transportation—whose start in his railway career was in turning brakes on the obsolete freight-trains of forty years ago.

Applying these plain principles of the operation of all nature to the United States Senate, you find one reason for what loosely is called "the control of the Senate." It is said that New England exercises an influence over this American legislative court of last resort far beyond what the area of New England or its population, or the intelligence of its people, or any other natural circumstance justifies, when considered in comparison with other sections of the Republic; and this is true. But how simple the explanation! With notably few exceptions, the New England States keep their Senators continuously in the Senate—keep them for life, one might almost say. Upon the death or retirement of a New England Senator, his state selects the man it believes to be the best man to succeed him; and whether he is the best man or not, he is usually a fairly strong man. At any rate, he represents with steadiness and vigor the dominant sentiment or ruling power of the state that selects him and keeps on representing it—is steadily faithful to it.

Having selected him, the state keeps him—that is the point. Year after year, term after term, he serves at the nation's capital, accumulating experience, absorbing information, acquiring all those elements of usefulness, or at least of power, which come from long familiarity with the work of government. Even if such a man have only moderate abilities, he is, at the end of twenty or thirty years' service, more than a match, so far as conduct of the business of the Senate is concerned, for any two new Senators who might be much abler than he; and so far as "the control of the Senate" is concerned, he is more potent than half a dozen brand-new Senators, no matter how talented—for the Senator of long service is in places of power which nothing but long service can give.

Let us reduce this to concrete illustrations; let us take, for example, the State of Rhode Island and the State of Washington. It might almost be said that death alone changes the Senators from Rhode Island; while on the other hand, the State of Washington has never returned a Senator for a second term (except once, when the state was admitted—and even in that case the Senator was reëlected for a full term after having served only two years of his first term). Then let us say that Senators from these two states, equally able and equally effective, enter office at the same time. Both are assigned to equally unimportant committees, because the Senate, like any business body, wants to prove what is in those new members by seeing how they perform the humbler tasks, before they are given more important tasks—at least that is the theory. Only men of tremendous and universally-recognized power, possessing special and extensive knowledge on some subject of immediate and critical importance, are given prominent positions when they enter the Senate; and no other new men should be given advanced places until they have earned them.

Let us say that these two Senators, one from Rhode Island and one from Washington, perform their duties equally well—impress the Senate as being exactly alike. Make the statement even stronger, and let us say that the Western Senator proves himself superior in mind, courage and industry to the New England Senator. When they have served two-thirds of their first term—four years—each is assigned to more important committees. In each instance, of course, they go to the bottom of these committees. It would be fundamentally wrong to put them any place else, just as it would be fundamentally wrong to put a new railroad employee above other men who have served the railroad capably for a long time; and, besides, the other Senators already on these committees would not consent to have the new Senators put ahead of them. That is only human nature, is it not?

The Law of Automatic Promotion

THE six years of the first terms of these two Senators expire. Suppose the State of Washington retires its Senator, and the State of Rhode Island continues its Senator. The State of Washington sends a new man, who necessarily cannot step into the shoes of its retiring Senator, but who must himself begin at the beginning and travel the same road that the retiring Senator has traveled. But the Senator from Rhode Island keeps right on—he is miles ahead of his new colleague from Washington. He is not only ahead of the Western Senator in experience, in knowledge of the methods of government and in training in the machinery of legislation; but he is six years ahead of him in his place on the Senate committees, in which latter circumstance resides one tangible source of "the control of the Senate."

Pursue the illustration still further. At the end of the second term of this imaginary Senator from Rhode Island, he is still continued in the Senate by his state, and the imaginary Senator from Washington is again retired, and again a new man is put in his place. Again the new man from Washington must begin where the first Senator from Washington began twelve years before, whereas the Senator from Rhode Island now, by the very laws of least resistance and efficiency, is not only a member of the most important committees but is well advanced toward the chairmanship of them.

But what is the method of placing Senators on committees in the first place or at any time? In this method the long service of a Senator counts still more heavily in his concrete influence over that body. This, then, is the method: each party holds a caucus, which every Senator belonging to that party attends. This caucus first selects a chairman. By immemorial custom the oldest Senator in point of service becomes chairman of the caucus by force of his seniority. In theory, the caucus is supposed to select its chairman by a majority vote; but custom is stronger than theory. Unless this veteran Senator, whose long service makes him the caucus

chairman, is actually revolutionary or unbearably autocratic in the discharge of his tremendously important functions—which I shall describe in a moment—or unless he is plainly too weak a man for the place or offensively unpopular, it is not practicable to replace him with any other Senator. At any rate, it never has been done.

Thus, if we pursue the illustration of the states of Rhode Island and Washington, the Rhode Island Senator would be certain in time not only to be more experienced and better informed in the work of the Senate, not only well toward the head of important Senate committees, but what is more important from the point of view of the so-called "control of the Senate," the Rhode Island Senator would also be certain to become chairman of the caucus if he lived long enough; whereas the long succession of changing Washington Senators—a new man each term—would not only be comparatively uninstructed in methods of legislation, but also at the bottom of the Senate committees and with no chance in the world of being a powerful factor in the Republican caucus; and, of course, without the possibility of a hope of ever becoming the caucus chairman, with what has been described as the "tremendous duties" of that office.

The Power of the Caucus Chairman

WHAT, now, are these "tremendous duties" of the caucus chairman? First, the caucus chairman, by ancient custom, selects the Committee on Committees—that is, a body of Senators who assign all Senators to their respective positions on Senate committees. It is within the power of the caucus chairman, therefore, should he see fit to do it, to appoint a Committee on Committees, a majority of which would be of the same way of thinking as the caucus chairman, and which would place the remaining Senators on or keep them off such committees as would advance those views and retard opposite views. If this were done it would be nothing more than human nature. Let us suppose that the caucus chairman has very decided opinions on certain vital public policies. To make the illustration glaringly plain, suppose war or peace were hanging in the balance. The chairman would be merely human if he were potently anxious that Senators whom he knew to favor his views should be placed upon committees to which bills affecting these policies must be referred, and that Senators opposing his views be kept off such committees.

As an illustration, suppose the West or the Middle West were to adopt New England's wisdom and keep their Senators continuously at Washington until one of them became caucus chairman. Suppose—and I am supposing merely for the sake of illustration—that this group of Senators would remain steadily "progressive," as nearly all Western and Middle-Western Senators are when they first come to the Senate—I mean by the word "progressive" in favor of up-to-date laws.

Does anybody imagine that such a "progressive" Senator, kept in the Senate by his state until he became caucus chairman, would not prefer that the committees which handled these laws should be composed of Senators of his own way of thinking? Does anybody suppose that Senator Progressive would not be as glad to see "progressive" Senators on the committees in charge of the bills in which he is vitally interested as Senator Reactionary would be glad to have "reactionary" Senators on the same committees? Human nature again, you see!

So we see that the power of any state in the Senate is determined by its own people. If, like Iowa in the case of Allison, or Maine in the case of Hale and Frye, or Rhode Island in the case of Aldrich, a state keeps its Senators continuously in office, the power and influence of that state in the Senate increases almost by geometrical ratio.

Continuously, mind you; because if a state retires one of its Senators, no matter for how brief a period, he loses his place on all committees and, should the state return him, he goes to the foot of the list. In short, he loses much of his tangible power in that body, and the chief advantage he has over an entirely new Senator is his experience, information and training as a legislator.

This is well illustrated in the case of Senator Wetmore, of Rhode Island, who was one of the most industrious and useful members of the great Committee on Appropriations. At the end of his last term there was a long-drawn contest for his seat. At the end of this contest he was successful, and his state returned him to succeed himself. But note this point—in the midst of the contest his term expired. So, although he was reëlected, he ceased to be a Senator for a few days. This little space of time was "not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door," but it served—he went to the bottom of committees to which he was newly assigned. Yet Senator Wetmore is one of the most popular men in either branch of Congress, and acknowledged by men in all parties to do his committee work with painstaking care and sound judgment.

Why, then, do not other states follow New England's method? The people of other states are the equals in intelligence of the people of New England. Where, then, lies the mystery? Why do they shatter their own influence in national affairs by changing their public servants?

May not this be one explanation? When new men are sent to the Senate by changeable states, these men fairly reflect the advanced views of their people at the time of their election; but they come to Washington comparatively ignorant of legislative methods, and, so far as committee assignments are concerned, perfectly helpless. They belong to a party, and they find their party in the Senate led by men who have been in the Senate for twenty-five and thirty years. What more natural than to look to these men for advice and guidance, approval or disapproval; for committee assignments—for leadership, in short?

Unconsciously to themselves, these new "progressive" Senators are apt to fall under the influence of the veterans. But, perhaps, these elders from so-called "conservative" states think these "progressive" views of other sections of the country are unwise or unsound. Let us suppose this is the view of the New England Senators of whose "control of the Senate" so much complaint is made. They are not to be blamed for that. They reflect the opinion of the people among whom they live—of the power which sent them to the Senate. They are as earnest in their views as the "progressive" ones are in their views; and if the so-called "progressive" sections of the country would continue Senators in Washington who keep to the "progressive" views held by their people as steadily as the "conservative" Senators keep to the views held by their people, those sections would have more power than New England.

What we are trying to do now is to find out why these changeable states lose their influence in the Senate by changing their Senators—why they *do* change their Senators. By the process I am outlining, these new Senators, naturally falling under the influence of Senators of longer service, become estranged in thought and conduct from their own people; they lose step with the advancing opinion of their states and fall into the stride of their older colleagues. They even lose sight of the fact that the people back home will surely learn of their change—often they are unconscious of it themselves. So, the first thing they know, the people back home retire them—as they should do. Of course I have not mentioned those rare cases where men in public life are found to have been doing wrong morally—making money improperly, for example. Not only should such men be retired, but also they should be driven from public life. No ability or length of service should save such a man; but such cases are so infrequent as to be negligible in their discussion.

The Dread of Being on the Losing Side

THEN, too, it is human nature to want to be on "the winning side." The compact body of Senators kept constantly in the Senate by their states are a powerful, disciplined force in any fight over a policy or law. If new Senators are not inclined to stand with these well-drilled veterans, it is made apparent to them that they will be on "the losing side."

It is astonishing how effective this subtle—almost unspoken—appeal is. It is natural to be influenced by our immediate surroundings, and so men are apt to forget that to be on the "winning side" in Washington may mean that we will be on the "losing side" in the country. So sometimes it comes about that Congressmen and Senators "win out" in the Capital by voting with "the organization," and "lose out" at home. This was well illustrated in the fight in the House on a certain notable bill three years ago. A certain Congressman was earnestly in favor of the whole bill as the Senate passed it; but one day he became convinced that the opposition to the bill would "win out," as he put it, and said he: "I can't afford to be on the losing side." He is not in Congress now.

So when we search for the cause of the changeable states changing their Congressmen and Senators, perhaps the people of those states are not so much to blame, after all; perhaps the unconsciously influencing causes above outlined tors from such states Congressmen and Sena- home feel that they no longer make their people back views, but the views of others. Perhaps it is about equally the fault of these changeable states on the one hand, and their Congressmen and Senators whom they change so often on the other hand, that they do not have the influence in the Senate which the more stable sections like New England exercise. Be that as it may, certain it is that the remainder of the country will never have, and never can have an equal influence with New England in the Senate until, like New England, it keeps its public servants in Washington as steadily as New England keeps hers. And yet, of course, the Middle-Western and Western states are not going to keep their men in Washington unless those men as steadily represent the views of the Middle-West and West as New England's men represent New England's views.

Again, the most fervent desire of every new Senator is to get on important committees. The desire for important committee assignments is as strong among Senators and Congressmen as is their desire to be elected to the Senate or House in the first place. It takes a Senator at least ten years to learn that, so far as his personal career is concerned, a committee assignment does not amount to a hill of beans.

Some Senators never learn this.

One of the ablest men I ever knew, Senator Platt, of Connecticut, told me that he came to the conclusion that the chairmanship of one committee and just as few other committee assignments as possible were by far the best thing for a personal career, for opportunity to study public questions and for effectiveness on the floor. But you cannot beat this into the heads of new Senators. Thus it is that Senators from changeable states forget that the people back home do not know very much about their committee assignments and care nothing at all about them; and that if they get what they mistakenly think are advantageous committee positions, and then cease fighting for the views they formerly held, they are in danger of cutting the vital cord of sympathy with their people back home who sent them to Washington in the first place and who alone can keep them there.

How a Humdrum Method Works Out

THERE is another thing which makes for the power of the Senate of those states which have acquired the practice of keeping their Senators continuously in office—from a practical point of view, a very important thing. These Senators seldom give the slightest attention to patronage. There are only one or two New England Senators who ever call at the White House to solicit an appointment to office. Some of them have not the remotest notion as to who occupy the appointive official positions from their states, which, in other states, are so fiercely fought over. Senator Hoar, for example, never went near the White House except when asked to go there to discuss some important legislation or some critical matter of national policy. Three of the most powerful of them seldom attend a state convention, and never a national convention. Therefore, these Senators have just about twice as much time to give to the country's laws and policies as have Senators from what may be properly called the changeable states. Here, then, is another source of power in the Senate which is seldom noted.

The truth about this whole subject is that when the states and sections of the nation that are now railing at New England's dominance in the Senate, select men who faithfully reflect the opinions of the people and who keep on reflecting their opinions after they get to the Senate—when such states continue their men in the House or Senate as steadily as New England, those states will become equally powerful with New England. And that is the only way by which the distribution of power among the various states can be restored and maintained.

Of course, there is an occasional exception at long intervals of time. Now and then a man of dominant personality, of vast ability, of tireless industry, of perfect fearlessness and rectitude develops; and for such a man there is in the Senate, as there is anywhere in any country at any time, always an immediate and conspicuous recognition.

But these rare exceptions prove the rule. We cannot have a steady stream of geniuses, and perhaps we ordinary human beings do not want them; perhaps legislation by a Congress of geniuses would be a little stronger meat than we could manage to digest and assimilate. So the humdrum method of the people of any section or state standing by their public men as long as their public men stand by them is, in the last analysis, the only way of securing "the control of the Senate," or, for that matter, the control of anything else.

THE QUICKSILVER WINDOW

She Carried the First Act to a Joyous Curtain

By

Rupert Hughes

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED C. YOHN

STARING into a mirror has always been among the most awful delights of the human soul. Apart from any grace of modesty or flaw of vanity, one's features are a fascination, a mystery. To gaze into a looking-glass is to study a hopeless stranger. For what soul ever recognized itself in the alien being on the other side of that casement? What soul ever found itself truly expressed by its own image? or felt itself anything but belied and mistranslated by the eyes, the nose, the mouth, the brow, across that barrier between the inner self and the outer self?

It was now an actress who sat before her glittering reflection, peering through a border of well-wishing telegrams as she built upon her own face a new face, underlaying and overlaying, calcimining and painting, lining and dotting with black and white and blue and red. She worked it up with expert knowledge of values, finishing a cheap chromo that should look divinely beautiful through the veil of the footlights. Her own skin was like a canvas set upon an easel, and she toiled over it as over a stranger's portrait, fashioning a grotesque and living mask for herself to wear. She was privileged to explore all the mystery of her own personality and the endless mysteries of the personalities she assumed.

The while she plied the rabbit's foot and the pencil, mascaro and rouge-stick, a frowzy-headed messenger boy, whose tilted cap bore the number 88, was drawling along his way to the theater with a telegram of such dire import that it were almost better for her had he carried dynamite.

The wisdom of experience fathered the rule that telegrams arriving at theaters are not given to the actors just before or during a performance; but, being a rule, it is set aside at the times of most importance. That is why, on the first night of the new piece at the Longacre Theater, when the people were as flighty as a pack of running horses at the starting-post and as ready to be stampeded by a flutter of paper, telegrams were handed to them in bundles, uncensored.

Of course, these messages were pretty sure to be the preliminary ovation of an invisible audience of remote well-wishers; but among these greetings what baleful news might come, to throw a leading woman into hysterics or plunge a low comedian into tragic grief!

As a matter of fact, unsuspected by anybody in all that anxious playhouse, a telegram was bound their way which boded ill to the peace of mind of Sally Sloane, and, therefore, to the whole gleaming band-wagon hitched to the ruddy little star she was.

Without knowing it Sally Sloane was running a desperate race with a tortoise. She thought it only a first-night fever that goaded her to finish making up for her entrance, but she would have said later that it was Providence trying with whip and spur to carry her under the wire before the arrival of 88.

Blessed, then, was procrastination for once at least, for Sally was rather a little sun than a large star, since, if she lapsed in her orbit, her fall would disintegrate a whole system. If Sally Sloane failed to captivate the public this night it was all up with the manager's money, the repute and royalties of the authors, and the company's bread and cheese and press-notices. None realized this more keenly than Sally, and the burden frightened her to the point where fear was a disease, a seizure, a dread as of death. And yet, suffering a panic that would have driven a woman of private life to bed and a professional soldier to flight, Sally must prepare herself and go forth to the guillotine of public censorship, and she must go beautiful—she must sparkle and she must be very, very beautiful.

As she hid her features under an impasto of artifice she paused now and then to let tremors of alarm ripple icily along her, like a cold breeze shivering the surface of a lake. When at length she had finished her guise her pallors were concealed under a stationary blush. But she felt them none the less.

Seeing the pretty thing patter from her dressing-room in the tinsel radiance of elfin beauty one could never believe how grave and potent an executive of how large a corporation she was. It was like electing a fairy to be president of a railroad or commissioning a butterfly to command an army.

She left her dressing-room in time to escape the crucial telegram, but a new danger threatened her all-important poise of soul. The manager of the attraction (if that should prove to be the right term) was plunging hotfoot her way.

Hermann Blaumann had small right to cross the deadline of the footlights, for he was merely the owner of the show. But the front of the house had proved too doleful to him during the first part of the first act.

As he stumbled down the side aisle people turned listlessly to watch him. He paused in the dark cave behind the boxes and, through an opening in the hangings, perused the audience.

It was simply an enormous field of heads, bushels on bushels of cabbages spilled along a market stand. The aggregation was a mere congeries; it had no unity, no focus; it was not held together by the action on the stage. Those who were laughing were laughing against the play, not with it. The air was full of the fidget and cough that betray a fatal indifference.

Blaumann turned from the spectacle in dismay, groped for the fire-door and sprawled through to the stage. He was pale, sweaty, trembling as a huge clam; and about as resourceful. The chorus had just danced off the scene with violent artificial glee in which the audience had not disturbed them.

To Blaumann they looked like a clutter of Noah's Ark mannikins, painted, wooden and stupid. He pushed roughly through and hurried to the star's dressing-room. There the maid, ashen with subordinate terror, opened the door and whispered that Miss Sloane was in the right second entrance, waiting her cue.

Blaumann started to cross the stage and was narrowly rescued from walking plump into the scene. That would have been one way of getting the first laugh of the evening, but he denied himself the luxury and bulged along a narrow alley at the back, his figure creating a brief eclipse of the moon and an earthquake in the pillared castle painted on the back drop.

He found his star waiting at her post, dying the death, agued with chills, hot flashes and nausea as she watched the acting actors slaving like joke-stokers and madly shoveling wit through the furnace-door glare of the footlights at the banked audience. As they felt, only too well and all too helplessly, they were rather smothering what fire the assembly had brought than setting up any new combustion.

Sally Sloane had watched the leading comedian, Harry Elwell, make his elaborate entrance after a big fanfare of preparation. He dashed into the limelight in his excessively humorous make-up and hurled at the audience his first magnificent hand-grenade of humor. The powder must have been wet. There was no explosion. But there was a thud.

Sally Sloane saw her leading comedian go green under his grease-paint. Behind the hilarious smile on his painted lips she saw the rigor of tragedy, the awful tragedy of comedy that does not go. Sally Sloane hated the leading comedian professionally and personally, but she felt sorry for him professionally and personally. Besides, his failure could not help her.

In the shadow of an upper box she could see the librettist hiding, yet feeling publicly exposed in the pillory of chagrin. He was watching his best lines die miserable deaths, his epigrams read like epitaphs. He wanted to lean over the rail and apologize to the audience, saying:

"I meant well, and it went well at rehearsal."

The star did not like the author personally or professionally, but she was sorry for him—and for herself.

The composer was conducting. His face was as white as his gloves, and he beat time jerkily like a toy wound up, snapping at encores rehearsed by the troupe but not requested by the audience.

When, next, Miss Devereaux, the handsome contralto, whom Sally loathed, swept into the fierce white light that beats upon an actress, she stumbled on her skirt and lost

He Had Found What His Lonely Little Soul was Pining For

her lines utterly—"faded" is the vivid technical term. Sally prompted her from the wings, and all the people on the stage threw her the line surreptitiously. But she was too panic-paralyzed to take it. Her plight was so dismal that the audience was not moved to its usual guffaw at a mishap on the boards.

Sally caught the ominous import of this and groaned inwardly:

"If they won't laugh at that they won't laugh at anything!"

The Prime Minister, seeing that the contralto was stuck in the mire of stage-fright, spoke her speech, asked himself a question and answered it. The dialogue limped along, and Sally quailed as she realized that the moment was near when she, too, must romp into this morgue and try to turn it into a bower of mirth. She must dance around this corpse and scatter confetti on the mourners.

In such a mood Blaumann found her. But he squandered no pity on her terror. He saw twenty thousand dollars of real money going up in smoke. There was one hope—a miracle. If Sally Sloane could somehow—he couldn't imagine how but somehow—hypnotize the audience into thinking that they were being entertained the night might be saved.

He tiptoed close and whispered in her ear: "When you go on, Miss Sloane, lift it. The show's gone to ballyhack so far. It's up to you to lift it. You've just gotta."

"Go away!" she whispered. But he persisted in a fiercely shrill tone:

"Give 'em ginger, Miss Sloane. Whatever you do, give 'em ginger. You gotta get some ginger in this show or you might as well ring down."

"If you don't go back in front and stay there I'll walk out of the theater now—this minute."

Blaumann stood glaring at this little painted, powdered doll that dared to boss her boss about. Even as he bristled he heard the orchestra strike up her entrance music. All his fat melted with terror. His emotion was one of hatred and fear, of mixed desire to murder her and to mollify her. He made haste to urge:

"I didn't mean to upset you, dearie, but it's—you see—we're depending on you—and ——"

He put out his clammy, hairy hands to caress her, but she knocked them aside. She gave him a look of black ferocity, the black ferocity of a desperate veteran knowing that the battle is going wrong and seeing the captain turn craven.

Contempt and wrath for Blaumann, who had brought panic back on his own stage, fear and terror of the public, which had turned thumbs down for the other gladiators writhing now in the arena, were all knotted in her daubed, distorted, unhuman features. And then—instantly—as if an angel's hand had passed over them—they were soothed into a smile of heavenly charm, heavenly grace.

She had heard her cue, and her features, like trained soldiers, fell into line almost automatically.

The snarl she had visited on Blaumann turned to an arpeggio of laughter, the laughter of a child let out of school. And she joined the hard-put skirmishers on the firing-line.

Sally Sloane never made entrances. She just walked into a room or ran down a lane, and the public happened to be eavesdropping. There was something about Sally Sloane—you could only call it something—that made everything all right when she was on the stage. Tonight, as usual, her presence was a sort of panacea. The audience, which had been trying as doggedly to be amused as the troupe to amuse it, suddenly felt its lockjaw released. Sally had the combination. People who had not smiled at masterpieces of wit now chuckled and held their sides in ecstasy at a mere exhibition of good nature.

She said "How d'you do?" and by some magic of delivery it seemed a personal greeting to everybody; her hand reached out and enfolded all the hands in the house.

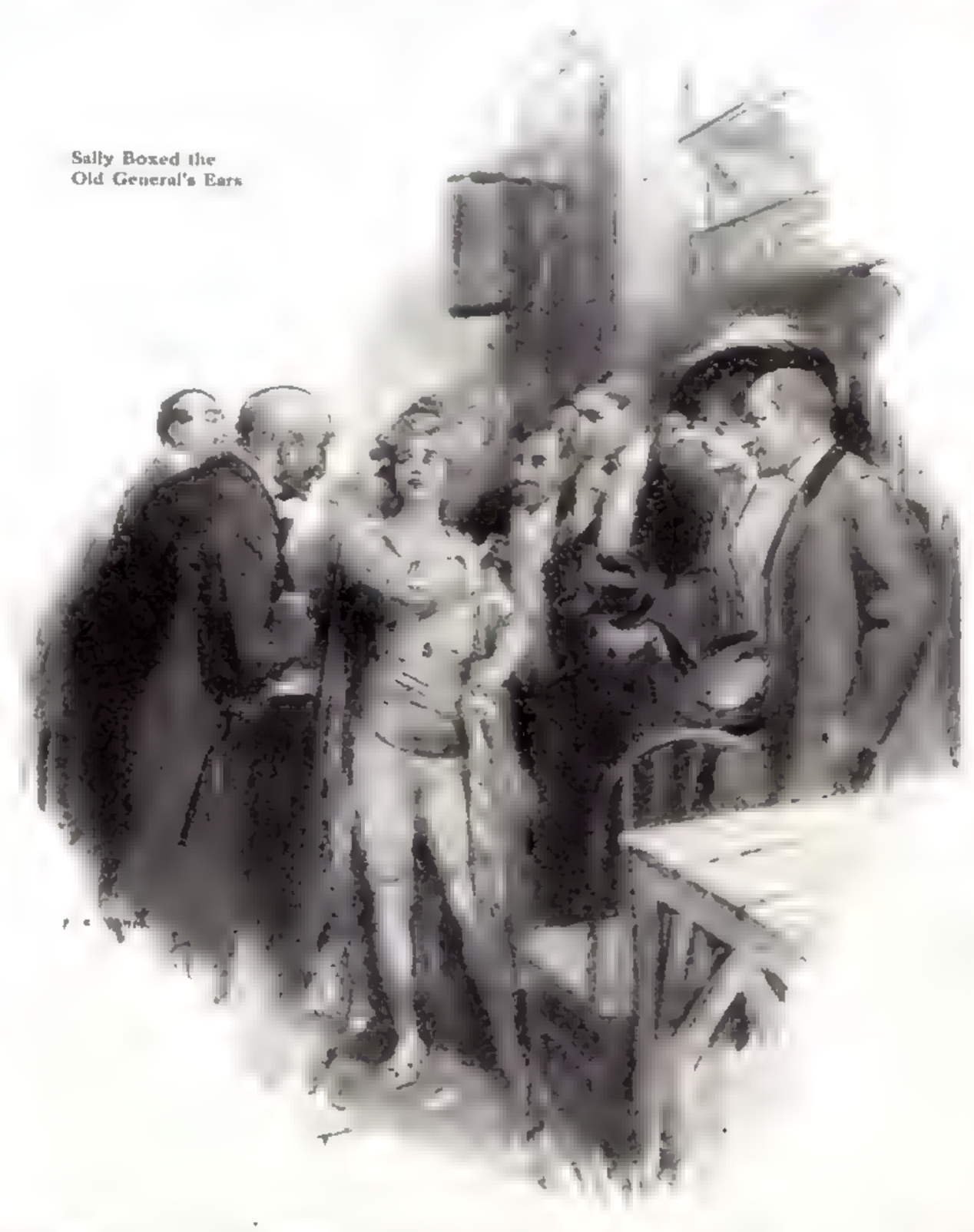
Blaumann, watching her from the wings, felt his heart unclutch as if some one had put twenty thousand dollars into his palm with a promise of more. He growled to the stage manager, who had tiptoed up to watch the effect of Sally's appearance:

"Sloane's a genius, a genuine genius. I hate her, but I love to watch her work."

He decided to watch her work from the front. As he squeezed through the fire-door he went galumphing over a pair of steps, but nobody heard him; all ears were Sally Sloane's, all eyes hers, and waves of laughter were chasing one another up to the shoreline of the footlights. Once more Blaumann stood and perused the audience from the dark cave behind the boxes.

The miracle had been wrought. The cabbage sprawl had become lines of human faces in profile, profiles upon profiles all pointing one way, like plates in racks, all showing one mood, but in infinite variety. Every imaginable style of smile was there—from the shy sniggle of lean old souls to the quake-jelly glee of the fat, parsimonious grins from hard men miserly of mirth, democratic delight from high-bred ladies and unshackled squeals from beauties of lesser birth, care-effacing smiles on careworn faces and smiles that turned deep old wrinkles to sweet new uses.

Blaumann stood in the shadow and gloated. It was not an entirely commercial emotion that led him to sigh to himself contentedly: "A pretty sight! A pretty sight!"



Sally Boxed the Old General's Ears

He felt like a philanthropist looking down on a Christmas dinner he had provided for a horde of newsboys. But he made no bones about rendering the credit where it was due. He said to the first man he passed: "Sloane's got 'em going."

The man answered: "She's so pretty she makes folks glad to be alive."

That was Sally's gift. Her lines were unimportant—her spoken lines; the lines her costume revealed were important, indeed, to her success, for they spelled youth, grace, rhythmic charm. The character she played was a stenciled figure. The situations the author had placed her in were trite, and the music was a mere book of quotations. But all these things were as a vase to a flower. The perfume and the grace were Sally's. Her secret was herself.

She had no special art as an actress. Numberless women sang with better skill and purer tone. But no other woman had so much dramatic and vocal craft with so much beauty and so much magnetism. Her beauty was so great that it had an exultance in it, like a sunrise in spring or the Milky Way on a June midnight. It made people glad; it made people wish to be competent poets. Even women acclaimed her beauty and did not envy her it, for she wore her crown with the appeasing graciousness of a queen of lineage.

Millionaires could build colleges and hospitals and give alms; demagogues could extend liberties and uplift the downtrodden; inventors could give speed and comfort and make luxuries cheap; preachers and priests could give hope and solace and good counsel; painters, writers, musicians could give color and zest and song. Sally Sloane gave joy. She deployed for the public her personality, her body, her soul. She was a great philanthropist, a founder of airy institutions. Eight times a week she gathered a throng and endowed it with the joy of life.

So, this night, this anxious night, she came on the stage like a lamp into a dark room. She frightened the bogies from the gloomy audience and the ghastly crew.

She carried the first act to a joyous curtain—to many curtains. Then she ran to her dressing-room, flung off her finery, dived into a new splendor of costume. Number 88 had come and gone, but there was no time to pause for telegrams, and the baleful message he left remained unopened.

The next act brought the tide of success higher up shore and ended in wild salvos of ovation. After the company and groups of the company and Sally alone had been revealed again and again, the composer was called for to make his gawky bow. The air was full of clamors. "Author! Author!" People had forgiven or forgotten the dolorous wit of the early evening, and he who had like to have been a scapegoat was a benefactor. The librettist made a speech, of course, a stupid speech with old rubber-stamp "Thank you's." And he "especially thanked Miss Sloane for her," etc., etc.

Once more she must dash to her room and throw off one suit of silken armor and throw on another; a hundred hooks-and-eyes and buttons and pins must be engaged, while the men, smoking in the foyer, voted the operetta a success and congratulated Blaumann, and Blaumann strutted like any pouter-pigeon—a very other man than the flabby bivalve that had sprawled so helplessly an hour ago.

The last act did not lose the ground gained before. Sally's final costume was generous to a fault in its disclosure of her many graces, but her face was the most beautiful of her beauties, more beautiful even than her wonderful shoulders; and the light in her eyes was more beautiful than her eyes, as her smile was sweeter than the lips it illumined. The evening closed with pomp. The members of the company scattered to their cells to return themselves to mufti. But Sally Sloane must stand fatigued and receive the congratulations of a throng of acquaintances. Everybody was drunk with the new wine of success and everything was blissful until one woman—who shall know with what intention?—murmured:

"And how young you looked, dear!"

The tinkle of the compliment fell on Sally's ears as from a cracked bell.

Then old General Buckley must roar out with a battlefield sense of humor:

"My son tells me he has succumbed to Sloanitis just as I did—how many years ago was it? Good Heavens, how tempus does fidget!"

A fly is a small thing, but it can spoil a deal of precious ointment. Sally boxed the old General's ears. She passed it off as a joke, but the slap was sincere. She just had to box those ears. The General laughed and cherished it as a red badge of glory.

With a queen's prerogative Sally dismissed her court and fled to her room. Suddenly the taste of success soured in her mouth, a too sweet candy. Exhilaration fell from her with the costumes which her maid plucked off like petals. The aftermath of triumph sank upon her and she felt the drain of all the strength of spirit and flesh she had lavished on the crisis. Smiling was her trade, and the day's work was over; her very muscles ached and her nerves were like worn fiddlestrings.

"I feel as though I had been through a year of one-night stands," she sighed as she dropped into a chair.

"And I look it," she added as she propped her head on her hands and stared into the mirror.

She dug her fingers into a jar of cold cream and smeared it on her face, scumbling her complexion into a gruesome mess, like a portrait that has been stepped on. She must doff one disguise and don another in haste, for she had promised herself for supper with Henry Creighton, a wealthy devotee, whose intentions were just as honorable as Sally might compel them to be. She liked Creighton in

a sophisticated way—she was graduated from the school of illusions. She knew that she could have the man and his million in marriage if she wanted to take them at so dear a price of liberty. She knew, too, that a large part of his admiration was for the Sally he saw across the footlights. That was for him the renewing potion of glamour.

He was the typical Tired Business-Man, enemy of the serious drama and patron of all that frivols. Being a trust-builder by trade he longed to monopolize Sally at any cost, and he was forever at her to leave the stage—"quit the business," as the phrase is.

But Sally knew him better than he knew himself, and, weary as she was of her homelessness—she called herself a dramatic drummer—she felt that her best guaranty of Creighton's fidelity was in her elusiveness, her fame, and in the rivalry of a many-headed suitor, the public. It had been Sally's doctrine:

"If you want to keep a man keep him jealous."

Her public triumph tonight had meant, among so many other successes, a new control over Creighton. She had overwhelmed him on the stage, and now she planned to overwhelm him at the table. She removed the heavy daubery of the professional varnish and began a new veneer, the make-up of a lay-lady for close inspection under a lover's microscopic gaze. She had laid on the colors crude and thick before, as if she had been painting a back drop. Now she would limn herself as a miniature. She must be Monet or Meissonier as the test varied.

While she was etching the new likeness her maid reminded her that there were several telegrams still unopened.

"Read them," said Sally.

The yellow girl intoned them in a halting voice that lingered over the large words with an Ethiopian passion for polysyllables. Her lumbering elocution got on

Thrust Back Two Generations, and Labeled "Superfluous"

Sally's nerves and interfered with the masterpiece she was at, till at length she snatched the remainder away and skimmed them with hasty eyes, which softened at some tender remembrance, hardened at some formal congratulation that breathed policy or envy.

And so at length she reached the telegram brought by Number 88. The words were so out of step with her other messages that she forgot her first rule of beauty and frowned. She thought she had received it by mistake. Then she recognized the name that was signed. The message read:

Jenny presented me with twelve-pound boy. Congratulate you on being grandmother to so handsome a lad. Jenny doing as well as could be expected.

LUTHER NELSON.

Sally's first sensation was a gush of tenderness for her daughter, whom she always thought of as a babe. And now that babe was a mother with a babe of her own! She felt a flash of remembering sympathy for the pain and the terror her child had undergone.

Then a cold chill shook her, as she glanced over the message again, and came upon the word "grandmother." She a grandmother! Sally Sloane a grandmother! The pet of the public, the very soul of endless youth, already thrust back two generations, and labeled "superfluous."

She had winced at even the shadow of an insinuation smuggled in with the compliment, "How young you looked." She had boxed an old General's ears for implying that she had a past, and now she was a—a *grandmother!* The word tolled like a knell from a churchyard It ached in her ears, shivered in her bones. It meant to her what insolvency means to a financier. It meant what closing the doors means to one whose bank has been a Gibraltar. Beauty was her power, her glory, her currency.

She stuffed the telegram into her bosom where so many other secrets dwelt. She made haste to get her grease-paint off. When at last she had emerged from all the spurious blushes and snow, she glared into her looking-glass to see what face might mock back at her.

There was a new woman in that magic room through the window. For the first time Sally saw in her reflection more than the jade of overwork. There was a weariness

(Continued on Page 34)

THE SUPPLY OF WHEAT

Where it Comes From and How and Where it Goes

By WILL PAYNE

FOR some years wheat has tended to become rather dearer, and for many weeks this spring it stood around a dollar and a quarter a bushel at Chicago—decidedly the highest price since 1898. Naturally, therefore, arises the old question: "Will the white man's world have to change its dietary habits because it can't get the wheat to make white bread of?"

A number of persons of greater or less scientific attainment have answered this question in the affirmative at various times. To construct an affirmative answer is not difficult. First you take the best estimate you can find of the wheat-eating population of the world and the average consumption per capita per annum. Then you estimate at what rate this estimated population will increase. Next you take an estimate of the wheat-growing area of the world and estimate how much it can be enlarged and how many bushels per acre it will produce. Obviously, if you estimate production low enough and consumption high enough, you will have a deficit and prospective starvation.

Upon taking the presidency of the British Association for the Advancement of Science (or the "British Association," as it is affectionately called for short), in the autumn of 1898, Sir William Crookes delivered an address upon the wheat question. This was directly after the Leiter deal, during which wheat had sold at $1.85 in Chicago; France had been compelled to suspend her import duty, and pretty much all Western Europe had indulged in a bread riot for months. This circumstance, the scientific reputation of the speaker and the nature of the occasion, attracted great attention to the address.

Sir William pointed out that wheat is the most sustaining food grain of the Caucasian race, comprising the inhabitants of Europe and North America and the white people of South America, Asia, Africa and Australasia. This wheat-eating population he put at 371,000,000 in 1871, 416,000,000 in 1881, 472,000,000 in 1892 and 516,000,000 in 1898. They required on an average, he estimated, 4½ bushels apiece yearly, which would make 2,322,000,000 bushels for 1898, and this was considerably more than the world produced that year! In short, consumption had already overtaken production. The average yield of wheat per acre the world over he found to be 12.7 bushels. Surveying the globe for possible additional acreage he found that, "should all the wheat-growing countries add to their wheat area to the utmost capacity, on the most careful calculation the yield would give us an addition of 1,270,000,000 bushels."

As soon as the Caucasian race, consuming 4½ bushels a head a year, increased in number sufficiently to absorb that total possible margin there wouldn't and couldn't be wheat enough to go around. As any one can see by applying the ratio of increase shown above, that time could not be many years off. In justice to Sir William, however, it should be said that he proposed to escape the "colossal dilemma" by resorting to chemistry—in other words, by a general scheme of fertilization which would decidedly raise the yield per acre.

The Crop Census Here and Abroad

BEFORE noticing how this production has worked out, it should be said that wheat is a subject which is necessarily treated in arithmetical terms—so many million acres, so many million bushels, so much yield per acre, so much consumption per capita; but the figures are merely more or less good guesses. The United States, for example, is decidedly the most important wheat-growing country in the world, and the United States Government spends a great deal of money to find out how much wheat is grown here. This it does in two ways. First, the Department of Agriculture, having thousands of correspondents all over the country, reports each year the area planted and the size of the crop. Second, the Census Bureau, once in ten years, makes an actual farm-to-farm canvass and reports the number of acres planted to wheat and the size of the crop. The last census report as to acreage and yield—not only upon wheat, but upon corn and oats—was so enormously different from the Department of Agriculture's report of the same items that a very unhappy family squabble ensued between the two Governmental offices. Although the census report was supposed to be the result of an actual farm-to-farm count the Department of Agriculture declared it was egregiously wrong and flatly refused to accept it. Time was when the Department's estimates of crops were so unreliable that the wheat trade generally rejected them. Of late years they have greatly improved, and now command much higher respect; yet only the other day Mr. Patten, whose deep interest in agricultural subjects is well known, said that the Department's report of the amount of wheat in farmers' hands March 1 was all wrong.

The city of Chicago is not a wheat-producing area. None of the golden grain is grown there. The Board of Trade collects, from railroads and boats, reports of the amount of wheat shipped into the city and the amount shipped out. It has happened that these reports have shown more wheat shipped out than was shipped in; and as no such thing could have happened, the secretary has been obliged to "readjust" the figures arbitrarily.

So much for the United States, where, as I have said, a great effort is made to get the facts. The next most important wheat-growing country in the world is Russia, where the effort to get the facts is of a quite different order. It is said, indeed, that the Government has frequently stopped the crop-reporting operation of the Central Statistical Committee over whole provinces for fear the Committee's correspondents would disseminate revolutionary literature. The wheat trade generally regards Russian crop-reports as exceedingly unreliable. Probably this view is shared by Mr. Joseph Leiter. The Russian crop of 1897 was reported as only 286,000,000 bushels—less by more than a hundred million bushels than the average of the three preceding years, and only about

sufficient, theoretically, for home needs. Yet in that crop year, under the lure of Leiter prices, Russia actually exported 128,000,000 bushels.

Somebody said of human justice that, though faulty, it is the best we have. So of these wheat statistics. They do, no doubt, reflect the facts accurately enough for purposes of discussion—which need not be so very accurately.

Taking the figures as they stand, production of wheat has been increasing more rapidly than Caucasian population. In 1894, '95 and '96—fairly normal wheat years—the crop of the world averaged 2,570,000,000 bushels. In 1904, '05 and '06—also fairly normal years—it averaged 3,300,000,000 bushels—the increase being 28 per cent in ten years.

But the consumption of wheat also has been increasing faster than population; for, notwithstanding the increased production, we have again a period of unusually high prices.

In 1850 the United States produced only 100,000,000 bushels of wheat, and in 1860 only 173,000,000 bushels. For the five years 1866-1870 the crop averaged 217,000,000 bushels. For the five years 1903-1907 it averaged 650,000,000 bushels. The increase, you will see, is 200 per cent, while population increased only 125 per cent. To deduct the exports does not materially change the ratio. Crops, less exports—roughly, the domestic consumption—were 182,000,000 bushels in the first period and 536,000,000 in the last, the increase being almost 200 per cent. We are raising more wheat per head and eating more. This latter fact has been particularly marked of late years—due, no doubt, to heightened general prosperity. From a crop of 612,000,000 bushels in 1891 we exported 226,000,000 bushels. From a crop of 748,000,000 bushels in 1901 we exported 235,000,000 bushels, and from one of 735,000,000 bushels in 1906 we exported only 147,000,000 bushels. Of course, the difference between crop and exports in a given year does not show actual home consumption, for second-hand stocks vary; but it gives a sufficient indication for our purpose. In 1905, from a crop of 693,000,000 bushels, exports were only 98,000,000 bushels

The Wheat-Eaters of Europe

IN OTHER words, the consumption of wheat may be influenced by changed economic conditions quite as much as by increased population. Undoubtedly, consumption the world over has risen faster than population. So one of the prime factors in Sir William Crookes' calculation is subject to an incalculable modification.

Notwithstanding the advice of many diet specialists, people eat wheat bread just about in proportion as they are able to, and that in spite of the price. France, for example, places a protective import duty of 36.8 cents a bushel on wheat, and, though she grows pretty nearly enough for her own needs, that duty keeps the price far above a parity with England. Yet the French are the greatest wheat-eaters in the world, using nearly 8 bushels a head a year—against 2½ bushels in Russia. England has to import about three-quarters of all the wheat she consumes, but uses about 6 bushels a head; while Argentina, exporting over half her crops, uses only 4 bushels a head, and India—also an exporter of wheat—about three-quarters of a bushel a head.

Comparing the average of the five-year periods 1866-1870 and 1903-1907, the area planted to wheat in the United States has risen from 18,000,000 to nearly 47,000,000 acres; and the average yield per acre has increased about two bushels. This increased yield per acre, if applied to the 1866-1870 area, would have given a crop about 15 per cent larger; or the average yield of 1866-1870, applied to the 1903-1907 area, would have given a crop about 93,000,000 bushels smaller.

That is, to raise the yield per acre introduces a modifying factor of enormous proportions—which Sir William Crookes took into account, but which some scientific famine-prophets do not. In the last-named period the average yield per acre for the United States was under 14 bushels. In the splendid spring-wheat lands of the Northwest the yield runs only 11 to 13 bushels an acre.

The World's Great Granaries

NOW, Germany gets an average wheat yield of 27 to 28 bushels an acre by proper fertilization and careful tillage. Italy, cultivating steep hillsides, gets 20 bushels to the acre. In France the average is nearly 20 bushels, but in the best districts yields of 40 bushels to the acre or more are obtained. Sixty years ago the average yield in France was only 15 bushels to the acre. In Hungary the average yield runs close to 20 bushels. Five bushels more to the acre on the present area in the United States would add 230,000,000 bushels to the crop. Russia already cultivates nearly 60,000,000 acres of good wheat land. The black-soil region where most of the Russian wheat is grown is famous for its fertility. In 1880 the average Russian yield per acre was under 8 bushels and it is now below that of the United States. India cultivates 25,000,000 to 30,000,000 acres of wheat land and gets an average yield of about 11 bushels. Argentina's wheat area is near 15,000,000 acres, and the yield slightly below our own.

The United States, Canada, Russia, India and Argentina supply 85 per cent of the world's export of wheat, and they plant, roughly, 150,000,000 acres. Throughout that great area, as shown above, the average yield per acre is much below that in the wheat-importing countries · England, Germany, Italy, France. In a general way, dear wheat leads to better cultivation. At any rate, it is clearly possible to increase production very greatly on the present area by fertilization, crop rotation and more careful tillage.

Not long ago this matter of bread supply was investigated at first hand by Rollin E. Smith, who is not a scientist, but who knows much about wheat. Mr. Smith has a personal acquaintance not only with the statistics and literature of the subject, but with a considerable part of the land on which the world's wheat is grown. In his recent book, Wheat Fields and Markets of the World, he sets down the opinion "That the world's supply of wheat can be brought up to five or possibly six billion bushels, there can be no question"—that is, increased 50 to 75 per cent, this increase being sufficient to supply an additional Caucasian population of at least 300,000,000 to 500,000,000 on Sir William Crookes' estimate of 4½ bushels a head a year.

This increased production can be brought about not only by better tillage, but by bringing new areas under cultivation. The late Edward Atkinson, several years ago, in combating the theory of prospective wheat-famine, pointed to the Canadian Northwest as a region where much wheat ought to grow. A scientific critic consulted an almanac and replied with much scorn that Alberta was colder than St. Petersburg. Twenty-five years ago the wheat area in Manitoba was only 300,000 acres. Now Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta have 5,000,000 acres under wheat, with prospects of much more. It is said that scarcely five per cent of the arable land in Siberia is under cultivation. An immense area in Argentina awaits the plowman. Even in the United States irrigation may well add vastly to the wheat-growing lands.

For the three calendar years following the extremely high prices of 1898—the Leiter year—the average price of No. 2 winter wheat at New York was 80 cents a bushel—that is, wheat was cheap and fairly abundant. The reports of the Department of Agriculture give the average area planted to wheat in the United States for the three years preceding 1898 as 36,000,000 acres, and the average for the three years following 1898 as 45,000,000 acres (in round numbers). Unfortunately, there is nothing very conclusive about this comparison, for it is generally admitted that acreage in the former period was understated. It does, however, seem most probable that the high prices of 1898 quickened the world's interest in wheat and stimulated production of that cereal. It is likely that this spring's high prices will have a similar effect. Probably, in short, as often as the world is pinched it will let out the belt another notch, and there is no question that the belt is capable of being let out a great many notches.

Eight years after Sir William Crookes delivered his address on "the burning question of today"—that is, in 1906—the world produced 3,435,000,000 bushels of wheat, which, on his basis of per capita consumption, would be sufficient for 760,000,000 white bread eaters, or nearly 50 per cent more than the number he then estimated to be in the world. I am using for world's crop the Department of Agriculture's totals, which are compiled from the governmental or the most authoritative reports, and are doubtless as good as any other.

The Drop in Transportation Charges

THE Caucasian race could hardly have increased in number by 50 per cent in eight years; yet the big crop of 1906 was all taken care of somehow, at relatively high prices and without piling up any extraordinarily large stocks of wheat. In fine, if that much wheat was raised, somebody ate it up. Both production and consumption have increased faster than population—which naturally tends to upset calculations based on a stable ratio of increase in either.

Still another factor may be mentioned—namely, transportation. In 1870 to carry a bushel of wheat from Chicago to New York by rail cost 33 cents, or 22 cents by lake and rail. The present cost, in each case, is about one-third as much. Ocean freight rates also have declined materially. It is said that from 1884 to 1897 the cost of carrying wheat from the farm to the consumer declined from 22 per cent of the Chicago price to only 6 per cent. Cheap transportation means, of course, both a higher price to the producer—hence higher incentive to produce—and a lower price to the consumer.

More than twenty years ago it was pointed out that wheat in Mark Lane might decline from 52 shillings a quarter to 34 shillings, and the Western American farmer still receive the same price as before, because of the cheaper carrying charges. Naturally, England—or the United Kingdom—is peculiarly subject to wheat scares. Consuming 250,000,000 bushels a year it has raised on an average, of late years, under 60,000,000 bushels. In fact, the average imports of the United Kingdom for five years

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THE GUNFIGHTER

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

Ferris Crumpled Up and Slid Down Between His Horse's Legs

Padden Meets His Match

THE pack-horse balked at the descent into the *arroyo*, and, instead of beating him with heartiness over the head or alighting to kick his ribs, Padden eased him down into the bed of the stream with a strange, stern patience above cajolery or threats or brutality. Here he watered his tired beasts, and when they had had their fill he breasted the precipitous sides of the gulch and struck westward. At the close of the day he rode up to the straggling adobe headquarters of the Lazy L ranch.

"You're Mr. Harris?"

The voice was deep and even, and it brought the manager's head up from his cattle tally with a jerk. In the tones was absolute sureness of self, and no man was quicker to sense personality than the Lazy L ruler. That's why he was where he was.

"That's what they call me. And you're ——?"

"Yes," said Padden.

"Ford told me to look for you some day this week."

"Thursday."

"Quite so"—with an uneasy laugh—"and this is Thursday."

He slipped a rubber band about the tiny red notebook and his eyes sought the eyes of the Texan, which were cold and steady and steel-gray. Whatever he read there, Harris turned hastily to his desk and a subtle change came into his voice and manner.

"You've done some work for Ford?"

The visitor nodded.

"And they made it too hot for you?"

"Talk business," retorted Padden heavily.

"No offense, no offense. But you know in a general way what I want you here for?"

"Cowhand."

The manager chortled and slapped his leg in noisy approval. "Sure! Cowhand!" His mirth subsiding abruptly, he waited for some sort of lead, but Padden continued to stand easily just inside the door, his hat on the back of his head; he rolled a cigarette with deft fingers.

"You'll report to Lisby at the wagon, and he'll fix you up. They're working over on Bear Creek this week."

"Shore."

"Tell him I said you were to have the pick of the horses. You can throw your own two in with the *remuda* if you like, and I'll buy them from you. We can fix that later. We're short of horses."

"Pay?"

"We give our cowhands thirty-five a month."

"I git eighty."

It was flung at Harris with assured finality. Perhaps the manager had expected some such dictum, for he checked an apparent impulse to expostulate and surveyed the Texan attentively, pursing his lips and inclining his head in reluctant affirmation. Evidently Padden awaited further instructions. He lolled against the door, blowing rings of smoke into the air while the cowman studied him.

"There's a nester over near Pine Spring who's been stealing our cattle going on six years now. Ferris, his name is. Lisby can tell you all about him," he resumed.

"Married?"

"Widower. Their baby died, too, poor little rascal—played with a rattler. Why?"

"Nothin'."

"I think you'll like the boys, Padden. They're a pretty good crowd and you'll get on all right. Of course you'll be expected to do your share of the work, you know. Otherwise ——"

"Shore. *Adios.*"

His spurs jingled musically as he turned about, a splendid figure of a man. Harris had never seen a finer; this he admitted grudgingly to himself, not having traveled much on his own beauty and mistrusting it in men and women. The Texan had closed the screen door when the manager remembered something and followed. There was a peculiar note of singsong in his tones, as though he recited a set speech.

"Just a minute, Padden. Of course you understand thoroughly that we don't stand for any lawlessness on this range. When one of our boys gets into trouble he can't expect me or the Lazy L company to stand back of him. It's his own funeral and he has to take care of himself. I don't like shooting."

"No, I reckon not," was the mirthless answer. "I kin take care of myself. S'long."

Twenty-eight men of the Lazy L gave him civil, lugubrious greeting. One was bitterly polite. He was the twenty-ninth and he wanted to know—this to Lisby out of earshot of the new arrival—how in thunder Harris expected him to feed them all, and whether he supposed any man would cook for the whole cussed Territory for fifty dollars a month. Indeed, Padden's arrival provoked a measure of uneasiness; nobody could settle with any satisfaction upon an adequate reason for his engagement, because already they had three more hands than there was any actual need for employing. Nothing of this speculation showed in their attitude toward the newcomer and he soon made himself one of them, a process easy in his case. He minded his own business and showed conclusively that he knew the work, and he never shirked. Perhaps the unconscious respect accorded the lank puncher in Lisby's attitude aided in securing this foothold, because the wagon-boss was not usually given to deference to anything in the shape of man.

Taciturn he was—glum, compared with Sam or Reb—yet the Texan was uniformly courteous. When he talked at all, it was intelligently and to the point, even if it was in monosyllables, and he joined the circle at night when they sang The Red Light Saloon and other ditties, without instilling constraint, though he lay silent on his back, smoking and taking no part. Mit, the cook, a godless man who wotted not of consequences, took careful note of the big puncher during these feasts of soul and spoke the mind of all: "I'm kind of shy with the cuss."

"I've met up with him somewheres," added old Pete, and spent hours probing far back in his memory to discover where he had seen the fellow before. It must have been in Texas, he finally decided, whence Pete had emerged six years before, the wherefore no man inquiring; and he was profanely positive that wherever he had met with Padden it had been on an occasion of which nothing good could be said. This also was credited readily.

"What's the matter between Padden an' Ferris?" demanded Mit. "Holy cats, this ol' iron's hot!" He skillfully transferred a pot from the fire to a bed of coals. The outfit had worked up through the valley and was sweeping the country about Pine Spring.

"I never learn of anythin'," answered the horse wrangler, shaking dice on the fly of the chuckbox for imaginary bets. "Come a lil' seven! Come 'leven!"

"Ferris went by hyar early this mornin'. An' I swanee, the way he cussed Padden out was a caution. I give him a piece of beef—it would 'a' gone bad—an' when he took it he done told me to let Padden know he hadn't stole it."

"I reckon Padden's been after him—there's the six—for killin' Lazy L cattle."

"What ef he does run off a yearlin' now an' agin?" observed Mit magnanimously. "I'd let the ol' fellow have 'em."

"You ain't Harris. You don't own the Lazy L. Eighty days—come eighty days! There's that seven agin."

What started the feud between the two remained a matter for conjecture. It ate like fire through prairie grass. Bitter the quarrel grew and ever more bitter, and though Ferris talked much to all whom he met, his volubility revealed nothing and clothed the first cause in wordy mystery. He would kill Padden if the chance offered within two months—that was accepted as a fact throughout the three counties of the Lazy L range. Yet from the Texan not a syllable had dropped concerning the nester or the latter's hatred of him, and there was not a man in the outfit who cared to broach the subject. Even Mit felt his mouth grow dry and his curiosity simmer out when he tried cunningly to steer the talk to Ferris' threats and Padden raised himself on one elbow to listen.

And then the clash came. Padden and Reb were riding back toward camp in late afternoon from doing day herd duty when they encountered Ferris in a draw, driving ahead of him a dozen head of yearlings. Reb called out a greeting and did not slacken gait, but the Texan pulled up and ran his eye with deliberation over each animal.

"Some of these yourn, Padden?" inquired Ferris.

"I aim to see."

Reb could never take his oath as to the true sequence of events after that, because the action was too swift. He was positive of this much, however, that Padden's back was half-turned toward the nester and he affected to be inspecting a steer when Ferris' hand flew to his gun. Such want of caution was plain suicide. Followed two reports, one hard on the other, and when Reb whirled his mount sideways to escape the anticipated fusillade, Ferris crumpled up and slid down between his horse's legs, while the Texan sat erect, his six-shooter gripped ready for an emergency. The yearlings sped away like the wind.

"Ferris done started for his gun first an' never had a chanst to pull it; you-all never seen a quicker play," cried

Reb to the listening circle around the fire. Whereat a great white light broke upon the memory of the adventurous Pete. He jumped to his feet and stilled the low-voiced conversation with one upraised arm.

"Now I know. Shore as you-all breathe I know, Padden? His name ain't Padden. You said he was sort of turned away when the shootin' begun, Reb? Shore. That's Lynch, that's who he is—young Lynch, son of the ol' sheriff. He was a gambler over to Ford County, jist a kid, an' when it come to gunfightin', he could sort of sleep an' rest while the other fellow was reachin', an' then beat him to it."

The wagon-boss had no comment to offer on the duel or its possible results. In ten years' employment under Harris he had seen many odd occurrences, had conjectured more, and while it was his business, yet it was none of his business. Like many another honest man before and since, Lisby shut his eyes and would not see, allowing his associate a free hand. He granted Padden permission to go into headquarters to explain the affair to the manager, lest some unpleasantness arise from a misunderstanding.

Harris received the puncher gloomily. He would have stormed had he dared, but in that first interview the Texan had put the thrall of his will upon him. It was a silent domination that the manager chafed under, and he had sufficient courage to grumble. The man was not dead, but would recover, and the trouble would be even more acute. What about his land, too? A hundred and sixty acres cutting into the best part of the range.

"I thought you could shoot," he burst out.

"I kin—a little," was the slow reply.

"You got Ferris in two places and only enough to stop him. He'll be up in a month looking for you; and me, too."

"I hope so."

"What d' you mean?"

"I didn't want for to kill Ferris. He ain't a thief any more'n I am. An' I'm gittin' tired of this—dirty—work."

"Do you want your time?"

"No-oo, I reckon not. They'd think I was runnin' away. Gimme thirty-five a month. I'll punch cattle for you. This is a right pretty range."

It was on the tip of the manager's tongue to refuse, to order him back to finish the job or move on elsewhere; but an instant's reflection convinced him this would not be safe—he remembered an idle tale of one Loring—and to gain time to think he turned to a calendar. The swish of skirts came pleasantly from the corridor that led from his office to the house, and the door opened with a careless bang of the wire screen. On the threshold a girl smiled at the manager confidently.

"Oh!" she caught her breath in surprise. "I thought you were alone, Dad."

"No, I'm very busy, Mary."

"That doesn't mean me, I reckon. What do you want for dinner, Dad?"

"Anything. Anything at all. I'm busy, dear. This gentleman and I were talking over some matters."

"Gracious, what difference does that make? I know all about the ranch, Dad. Would you like chicken or beef?"

She advanced boldly to his chair and a hand he put out testily to stop her was seized in both of hers. The girl slipped his arm about her waist, and through the manager's sham anger shone a pride and love that were the best part of him. Guiltily he turned to Padden, but the gentleman from Texas was taking in this domestic scene with a grin of admiration. Miss Harris saw the grin and eyed him haughtily.

"You haven't told me who the gentleman is, Dad," she reminded. "I thought I knew everybody in these parts."

"Oh, I forgot. Padden—this is my daughter Mary, Padden."

At mention of the Texan's name, Miss Harris' buoyancy vanished and she shrank away from her father, back against the door until both palms pressed against it, repulsion in her eyes. Whether or not Padden interpreted the movement aright he gave no sign. The smile was gone, and he stared at her with intent, level gaze until she felt her flesh creep and her face and neck flame. Up went her head and she looked at him long and dauntlessly. Whereupon a curious thing happened. To the gunfighter's temples mounted a slow flush, he shifted his weight from the left to the right foot and back again, his stare wavered and dropped to the tip of his boot, which began to trace the pattern in the mat. Suddenly the girl gave vent to a ripple of laughter and crossed over to her father's chair and stood at its back with her arms about his neck, her chin lightly resting on the top of his head, looking up sparklingly into Padden's face.

"So this is Mr. Padden? It doesn't seem possible. Are you the man the whole county is scared ——?" she began mirthfully.

"Mary ——" exclaimed her father.

"Now, Dad, don't try to stop me. You're afraid, too, you know you are. The cook shakes every time he says your name, Mr. Padden. He's a Mexican and he says a Tejano is a devil. He was telling me about Ferris."

"Yes'm," mumbled the gunfighter.

"Mary, we're busy. Run along now ——"

"I wonder"—she left her father's chair and placed herself in front of Padden impudently, her hands clasped behind her—"I wonder what they're afraid of. You don't look as if you'd hurt anybody. Would you?"

"No'm."

"Mary, go and tell Lucero to have dinner at twelve sharp," cried Harris.

"In a minute, Dad," returned Miss Harris coolly.

Here was a little business to be attended to first. For in all the country, over an area of about ten thousand square miles, there was no girl like unto Miss Harris, daughter of the Lazy L manager, and Miss Harris knew this quite as well as anybody else, perhaps better. She was friendly with every man in the outfit, called each by his slang name; this had she done since childhood. And they called her Mary, all of them, even Lucero, the Mexican; and worshiped her. They called her Mary until that day when she returned from school in the far East, from Dallas, Texas, on which occasion five or six begrimed stalwarts got as far as "Ma——" and halted shamefacedly, realizing with wondering awe that the ranch-house child had blossomed into a woman. So, for a week or two the boys didn't call her anything, but avoided her shyly, addressing her as "Ma'm" when they could not flee. Perceiving which she simulated a very pretty rage, ordered all, everybody, every last mother's son—except the Mexican—to call her as of old, and raised so delightful a fuss that a dozen of the outfit began to save their money and to dream wild dreams, and even old Hank fell to nursing a sneaking hope that his varied experience might atone for the flight of youth; he had, moreover, forty head of cattle. She saw all this readily enough and enjoyed it hugely. Thus now: "In a minute, Dad."

She was endeavoring to catch Padden's eye. Tall, lissom, with a glorious crown of copper-hued hair, she was good to look upon in her white summer dress; fresh and sweet as a spring breeze calling the land to life, and as intoxicating. No man could look upon her with disfavor. Yet the Texan did not look at all, but obstinately shifted his glance. Three times, so game was the man, he forced himself to raise his eyes, but the battle was already gone against him. He was struggling against an unknown force. Beads of perspiration broke out on his forehead.

"Lucero says you didn't give Ferris time to shoot at all. He doesn't like Texans. What was the quarrel about?" she demanded at last.

Twice Padden attempted speech, but the best his tongue would do was to moisten his dry lips. With a final vain endeavor to give back look for look, he crammed his hat down on his head, mumbled some unintelligible words to Harris and incontinently bolted. Behind him sounded a peal of laughter and apologies called in a tone of mock regret. Harris was furious. He demanded to know if this was what they taught girls in the schools back East, if this was what he had paid good money for during an entire year, that his daughter might hold her head up with the best—to have her flout a dangerous man, a man he was in no position to offend? No girl who thought anything of herself would exchange a word with him, not to speak of deliberately setting herself to put him out of countenance.

"Then what did you let me talk to him for?" demanded his daughter.

"Let you talk? Suffering saints, I couldn't stop you."

"You know you made us acquainted, Dad. Why shouldn't I talk to him? And what did I say? I just asked him some questions."

"It ain't what you said, it's the way you said it. He'll think now we were making fun of him," returned her father maliciously. "You've got to be more careful, Mary. It's all right to poke a little innocent fun at our boys—oh, I've seen more than you think; they know you, so it's all right. But this—this Padden is different."

"And what will Padden think?" inquired Miss Harris, grave in her turn.

"He'll probably figure you're bold and the kind of girl the likes of him meet up with. You've brought it on yourself."

"Dad, Dad, you make me laugh sometimes. He'll think that? Not much, or he wouldn't have been scared. There are a lot of things you don't know and can never learn to understand. And—listen—I don't believe—I don't believe Padden is a bit dangerous."

She was humming a tune when she went out, erect, vigorous, radiating health and confidence.

The Texan did not go back to the wagon that day or that night. He stayed in the bunk-house, where the once autocratic cook waited upon him with a solicitude almost painful. The cook came to the conclusion that he had never met with a man less given to talk, nor one who slept so evenly. As a matter of fact, Padden lay in his bunk with his eyes fixed on the ceiling through the slow-dragging hours, his perfect self-control stilling all impulse to toss, though sleep would not come and his thoughts were in a mad whirl. Not long after breakfast he beheld from afar the Lazy L manager drive away in a buckboard in the direction of Tucalari.

"Is Mr. Harris at home?" he inquired of the Mexican.

Lucero held the door open for him to enter the office, his memory being insufficiently resourceful to hark back two hours to the manager's departure. In a minute he returned to say that Mr. Harris had gone to Tucalari to be absent two days.

"I'd like for to see Miss Harris—Mary."

The Mexican knew Padden and he delivered this message precisely as it was given to him—the Tejano would like to see Miss Harris, Mary. Presently the gunfighter heard a swift, light step and regretted too late that he had sat down. Why hadn't he stayed on his feet? For when he rose on her entrance his head swam dizzily and he experienced difficulty in breathing.

"Why, good-morning, Mr. Padden. Did you want to see me? I thought you had gone back to camp?" Her tone was one of casual interrogation, but her eyes held mischief and the parted lips flaunted danger signals.

"Yes'm. That is ——" He gave a hitch to his belt and got one hand on the back of a chair. "It's about Ned Ferris. You done asked me."

"They tell me this morning he will live. Oh, I'm so glad; aren't you?"

"He's a Professional Gunfighter. His Job is Shooting People"

"Yes'm, Miss Harris. I shore am. An' I jist wanted to say that Ferris went for his gun first. I I could have killed him easy.'

"You could? And yet you didn't? That's fine"—surveying him kindly—"and now tell me why."

"I don't know." For an instant he met her gaze frankly, an expression of troubled speculation on his face; it was plain that self-analysis was not within his ken. "I reckon I didn't want to," he added lamely.

"That's the best reason you could have. Tell me"—she hesitated, picking her words—"tell me, is it true you've killed men? Six men? Don't look angry. I didn't mean to—that's what the boys say, you know. But you don't look it, honestly."

"They lie!" his head up, his tones deep.

"I'm so glad. I was afraid, just a little ——" she sighed in relief and sat back in her chair. "Perhaps I shouldn't have asked you that. Dad would be wild, I bet. You won't tell him?"

"No-oo." The resentment evidenced at her question vanished from his manner—it was a question no man in the cow country dared to have put. His assurance was given with amused emphasis.

She watched him from her chair in childlike wonder. It was inconceivable to her that this man could be a shedder of blood, his name a blight upon the tongues of men she had counted fearless; surely there was something back of it all. She had read of a dual personality—could this be an instance? Then her mind leaped to that first glimpse of him yesterday, the hard, cruel eyes with their hawklike penetration fixed on her; yes, it was possible.

"Do you mind telling me how you—how this row with Ferris happened?"

"Yes, I would. These questions ain't what any man would care to answer, ma'm. I'll tell you just this much—I never went for my gun first."

"No, surely you didn't, but you got it first," she flashed at him. "I reckon that's the usual way, isn't it? Did you ever start the trouble? I mean, did you ever force a quarrel on purpose?"

"Yes," he replied, his head hanging

"Then it's—no, I can't say the word," she breathed. "You banked on being quicker. Because you are quicker, because you can shoot straighter, you have come out of your fights all right. And the others have died. That's it, isn't it?"

"No'm. You're wrong. They ain't died, not a one. I been lucky, I have. An' I've been hurt, too—hurt five times, I've been."

Strive as she would she could not repress her laughter. Running her eye over his supple, erect figure she decided that he could not be more than thirty years old; having so decided, of course she asked him.

"How old are you, Mr. Padden?"

"Twenty-six," he replied, sitting down in a chair opposite her. "But I feel a whole lot younger. How old might you be?"

"Guess."

"Seventeen," hazarded the crafty Texan, smiling into her eyes.

"Not so young as that. But I'm young enough not to mind you asking. I'm twenty."

"You're shore a fine woman," he observed simply.

"You mustn't say things like that"—she was crimson—"they're—they're ——"

"I'm mighty sorry. I ain't never talked to women—much."

"Of course, men often tell women they're pretty or that they're—they're nice, or something like that. But they don't say it that way—the way you did," continued she, anxious that the cause of education should not suffer.

"What way?"

"Why, the way you said what you said. That's raw."

"I'd like well to learn," answered the gunfighter.

The girl found it necessary to stare him out of countenance; such progress was too phenomenal. "I don't think it's needful in your case," she said stiffly.

Finding himself slipping back into the mire of helplessness, Padden got awkwardly to his feet and picked up his hat from the floor.

"I jist wanted you to understand about Ferris an' them others. That's all, I reckon."

"You've got to go? It makes me glad to know that you care what I think. Good-by."

She gave him her hand, which was a foolish thing to do, but she could not know that. At touch of the warm fingers the steel-gray eyes lit up and the man drew in his breath sharply, but an involuntary, quick movement toward her he checked as soon as it was prompted, and he dropped the hand roughly.

"Good-by," she said again and hurried to the door. For the second time in two days Miss Harris was frightened.

The wagon-boss began to wonder what had become of Padden. Secretly he hoped that the gunfighter had been sent away, because ugly stories were afloat since his shooting of the nester, and Lisby foresaw dire consequences and trouble among his men. Meanwhile Padden stayed on at the bunk-house. The manager did not return from Tucalari on the second day, as he had announced he would, and the Texan informed the cook that he was compelled to await his coming.

It was evident that his anxiety to see Harris was intense. Else why should he call twice a day at his office to ascertain what word had been received? Only once did he obtain a glimpse of the manager's daughter, and that was when he bumped into her at the door of the ranch-house as she was mounting for a ride. He stepped aside with a muttered "How are you?" and did not offer to assist her into the saddle, never having done such a thing before and never dreaming that it might be expected. The girl gave him a cool nod, flicked her horse with the quirt and went scampering away. Once she looked back; Padden was standing on the steps staring after her, and the next instant she whipped her pony to increased speed. He would have given a month's pay to follow, but timidity held him, that dreadful fear of unknown conventions that will shake the heart of the strongest. It was owing to this same constraint that he could not screw up his courage to the point of asking to see her. Sometimes the Mexican servant wondered what kept the terrible Tejano lingering in such an ungainly fashion on the stoop after he had been told that Mr. Harris was not at home.

"Jest Aweary'n' for You, All the Time a-Feelin' Blue"

He determined to go back to the outfit and he rode over to the office for a last call. His eyes were red and troubled, but then the dust and sun had been unduly bad; his manner was the same as of old, a nonchalance suggestive of curbed strength. The manager would be home the following day, Lucero said.

"You go an' say to Miss Harris I want to tell her good-by," commanded Padden.

When she came in, the set purpose in the man's face arrested her gay greeting, and she hesitated near the door.

"I'm goin' back to the wagon," he began.

"Oh, are you? I'll let Dad know when he comes back."

After a minute: "I done hearn you singin' a piece when I rode by yesterday. Would you mind singin' it agin?"

"No, of course not"—smiling at the oddity of the request, yet glad to be relieved of the tension and to escape into the house. "Do you want to wait here to listen or will you come in?"

She led the way down the corridor to the family quarters, Padden clanking behind, and took her place on the horsehair stool in front of the piano. The gunfighter let his glance roam gloomily about the room and remained leaning against the doorcase. He was not overawed by the evidences of comfort he saw; it was the girl who upset him.

"What was the piece, do you remember?" she asked over her shoulder, fingering some sheets of music.

"Somethin' about bein' weary. It was shore pretty."

Again she laughed and sang:

Jest aweary'n' for you,
All the time a-feelin' blue;
Lookin' for you, wonderin' when
You'll be comin' back again.
Restless—don't know what to do—
Jest aweary'n' for you.

When she had finished he was standing beside her. His legs had carried him there of their own volition, but she felt that he was mortally afraid and it gave her courage. It also spurred her to impudence.

"Thanks," he muttered huskily.

"It is a pretty song."

"I admire for to hear you say so."

"A friend of mine in Texas gave it to me. Were you ever in Texas? Yes, of course you were!"

"Reckon so. Raised there," was the brief answer.

"That's where I went to school. Some day I'm going really, truly East. Way back to Boston, where Dad came from. I reckon I won't come back, but just live there."

Padden shook his head negatively with conviction. "No," he contradicted in his heavy tones, "you're meant for out here. You'd never get to be happy or satisfied in the East."

"How do you know? You don't know me. And you don't know what it's like in the East."

"Yes'm. I was to Chicago once."

"And what would I do all my life out here?"

The gunfighter swept an arm about with a generous gesture that in some way conveyed all the vastness of the country.

"Just live," he said slowly. "Live an' enjoy yourself, an' marry—about the same as if you were anywheres else, only a heap better."

"Marry?" she echoed sharply. "Who is there for a girl to marry out here? Cowboys who can't can't even read, some of them."

The hint of scorn in her voice brought his shoulders back. "There're some mighty good men in this country, Miss Harris. They ain't much on education, but they're pretty good men, I reckon, as men go."

"Well, it's not worth talking about, anyway. But it makes me angry when any one tells me I ought to stay here forever. Dad keeps saying that—just what you said. You won't remember that about the cowboys, will you? I really like them—all our boys, anyway. You know that, don't you?"

"Shore. I knew you didn't mean what you jist said."

"I wonder if Lucero is doing the chicken. Do you mind if I run to see?"

"I'll be goin' then. Miss Harris, ma'm, I've got a hair bridle I'd like for to give you for that li'l hoss of yourn."

"Thanks, Mr. Padden, you're surely kind, but I reckon I couldn't take it."

"Why not?" asked Padden in intense surprise. "It would suit him fine."

"Don't you see? It wouldn't—well, Dad wouldn't like it, for one thing."

"I'm shore sorry."

"Mr. Padden"—she was standing in the shadow of the window curtain and a red spot glowed in each cheek—"you said something about not having talked to women much."

"Yes'm. Not to—women like you."

"O-o-oh."

He had grown awkward and ill at ease, and she perceived that the turn she had given the conversation did not suit him. Standing there shamefaced and reluctant to raise his eyes, the gunfighter had so much the appearance of an overgrown schoolboy that she thrilled with delicious amusement. Curiously enough, too, she felt a desire to protect, to take this big waif of fortune into her keeping. Afraid of him? She laughed caressingly.

"Why are all the boys scared of you?" she inquired, leaving the window.

"I didn't know they was," he mumbled. "We're friendly."

"And you've shot men?" she resumed in a wondering tone. "And they've shot you? Do you know, I can't believe it. Why, sometimes I think you're half afraid of me, of little me."

The bright spots in her cheeks deepened. Miss Harris was in fine fettle, sure of herself, sure of him, courageous with the courage of untried purity. She went close to him.

"Are you?" she repeated.

There was no reply.

"Are you?" she insisted, mischief driving her on.

The gunfighter ceased to worry the mat with the toe of his boot. Unwillingly his eyes were raised to hers; too late she regretted her indiscretion and began to tremble, for the unbeatable will of the Texan held them steady and held hers. With a swift movement he leaned forward and caught her in his arms.

"No, by ——" he gasped.

She broke from him at last, her cheeks white, her lips burning. She rubbed one hand across them fiercely and staggered back against the wall, panting for breath.

"You beast!" she moaned in loathing. "You beast!"

Padden's face was set and somber. He took a step toward her, and, stooping, raised to his lips the fringe of the Mexican sash she wore, but she tore it from him.

"I love you," he said hoarsely.

(Continued on Page 46)

THE BARGAIN

(RUINS NEAR NEW SMYRNA, FLORIDA)

By Robert W. Chambers

Out of the east the whitecaps flee,
The schooner she fled likewise;
Her little black flag flew merrily
In a sky as blue as the sapphire sea,
The flag with the bones crosswise.

Bones and a skull on the sapphire sea,
And a man by the long bow-gun;
His cutlass hung to his ruffled knee,
His jacket was gold and cramoisie,
His pistols gleamed in the sun.

The little black flag flew merrily,
And the man by the long bow-gun
Tightened his lips and stared at the sea
As the schooner heeled with her helm a-lee
Till her copper flashed in the sun.

They headed her into the sandy foam,
And they ran her ashore in the surf;
She buried her beak and drove it home,
Turning a furrow of silver loam
And floodweed greener than turf.

Her long gun tilted athwart the sky,
Her flag came down on the run;
"All hands to careen!" rang out the cry.
Said the man by the gun: "I think you lie!
For our bloody course is done!"

The sea-wolves stared in a sullen pack
With the stare of death in their eyes—
José of Texar, Lascar Jack,
Pedro, Bocca and little red Mack,
And the Greek with the eyes cross-wise.

But the youth he has cocked his pistols twain,
And he's driving the crew ashore;
And little red Mack would fain remain,
And Gunner Alec glares back in vain
At the gun he will fire no more.

The pistols glitter, the cutlass shines;
He's driving the crew ahead;
"The lad's stark drunk with the Spanish wines
We took from The Swan," the Lascar whines;
But the veins in his neck swell red.

And Peter, the Pilot of Martinique,
Said naught till he stepped ashore;
Then: "Strip me The Buzzard from keel to peak,
Rib and rudder and steel-shod beak,
For I harry the seas no more!

"Your day of atonement is now at hand;
My penance began at sea.
Now build me a chapel on good dry land,
With altar and rail—and room to stand,
Knowing my sword-arm's free!

"And you shall pray for the maid who died
When you scuttled The Swan at sea,
And you shall pray and humble your pride,
Nor stir from your knees 'twixt tide and tide,
Lest you anger my sword and me!

"And Bocca shall catch you a priest who shrives—
You've needed him long, God wots!—
To turn you aside from your evil lives,
To chasten the body which basely thrives,
Hiding a soul that rots!

"All day I listen and hear her weep
As she wept when I slew her soul;
All night I shudder and dare not sleep,
And I hear her weeping beneath the deep;
No depths can drown her dole.

"You slew her body; I slew her soul;
And ever in sky and sea,
High in the heavens where white clouds roll,
Under the reef where the breakers toll,
She cries to her God—and me.

"I hear her crying when seas are high;
She's weeping through calm and stress;
Over the breakers the sea-mews fly,
And I hear them cry as I heard her cry
To Him in her helplessness.

"Since I woke and stared through the blood-red rays
When The Swan went down with the sun,
Never an hour but a blood-red haze
Smothers my eyes and clots my gaze
Till the sea and the sky are one.

"Till the skies and the ocean unite in fire;
And I crawl to the mast and lie
Watching the flame in the west expire,
Watching the staggering seas mount higher,
Watching the last star die.

"No day since she died but I've heard her sigh;
No hour has her sobbing ceased;
I pray for silence. The sea and sky
Quiver and thrill with her childish cry
Till daybreak silvers the east.

"Till the foaming waves flash white as her neck,
Then pink as her cheeks in the sun,
And the noon moon totters, a specter wreck,
And all day long on the plunging deck
I lie by the long bow-gun.

"And all day long on the sun-scorched deck
You're dogging me with your eyes!
And I feel your dirk-points prick my neck!—
Carlos, Rico, Gunner Alec,
And yon Greek with his eyes cross-wise!

"And you in blue, with the *lys* on your back
And your French jaw dripping with lies!
And Gomez, Pedro, little red Mack,
Manuel, Bocca and—Jack! Stand back!
The man who draws on me dies!

"Yes, here, dear God, we'll build her a shrine
And garnish it from our store;
And a priest shall serve with wafer and wine,
Candle and bell and the pyx divine,
And the Book with its awful lore.

"And you shall travel the stations nine,
Five have we left at sea!
Five days I've drifted from sign to sign;
Nine more are yours; those five are mine;
I've suffered my Calvary.

"And now, to ransom her soul that cries
From the blind sea-depths unlit,
I'll live unshrived till my body dies
And offer my soul that hers may rise
Out of the depthless Pit."

Then Peter he kneels him down on the shore;
"Save her, O Lord," quoth he,
"And take for Thy wrath the torments sore
My soul shall suffer for evermore,
Burning eternally.

"Spirit and body, ghost and bone,
Punish with vengeance dire!
Visit Thy wrath on me alone.
I lose ye both: let that atone
To rescue her soul from fire!

"Take for Thy pay my hope of Thee
And of her. And the bargain stands!
Never, O Lord, her face to see—
Her white face cradled against Thy knee,
And her hands within Thy hands.

"If Thou accepteat her soul for mine,
And Thine anger appeased may be,
Show me, O Lord, some holy sign,
That I acknowledge the pact divine
And bear me accordingly!"

A shuddering cry from the sea-wolf pack
Rings over the shore and sea;
Down in the sand falls Lascar Jack,
Down on his face drops little red Mack,
And the Greek prays lustily.

A shining Cross on the sea descends;
Over the waves it glides,
Over the surf it shimmers and sends
A rosy ray that quivers and ends
Where the forest of palm divides.

And now they follow the sign divine,
And the Cross moves inland still,
Shining through thicket and tangled vine;
And on they come in a frightened line,
Gaping and praying their fill.

Panting and praying as best they may,
Till the Cross stands still in the air—
Glimmers and pales from rose to gray,
Whitens to ashes and fades away,
Leaving them praying there.

And there they builded a martyr's shrine
Out of the strange sea-stone,
Cross and altar and stations nine,
Dragging the slabs from the sandy mine
Till their flesh ran blood to the bone.

And Peter hath taken a fever, and lies
Watching the last stone laid:
A horror of skin and bone and eyes—
Over him swarm the poison-flies
That batten on things decayed.

"Summon no priest from Augustine,"
Gasps Peter, "but let me lie
Here where the Devil awaits unseen;
Nor long will he have to wait, I ween,
For now I am ready to die.

"O God, who dwells in the sunlit sky,
This day her soul goes free.
Now let the Slayer of Souls draw nigh!"
Whispered a voice: "Lo! Here am I.
Long have I waited thee."

And Peter he lifts his eyes in dread,
And there at his side She stands,
Veiled in the snowy stole of the dead;
Slender and white, she bends her head
And touches him with her hands.

"I offered my soul for thine," she said,
"When The Swan sank under the sea;
And I have bargained with Him who bled
When every nail on the Cross ran red,
And He's given thy soul to me.

"Come—for I love thee." And all the air
Whistled with rushing wings!
Rubbing their eyes, the sea-wolves stare;
Only the shrine and the sun are there,
Only a wild bird sings.

. . . . . .

Centuries old the ruin stands,
Riven with rents and scars;
Tall palms touch it with slender hands
Under the moon, and she understands
And teaches the tale to the stars.

Vaudeville and the Vaudevillains

By PERCY G. WILLIAMS

SCARCELY ten years ago a trip to a vaudeville theater was regarded as a sort of slumming expedition; today no town is complete without a vaudeville house, and nearly everybody at some time attends a performance there. It has not only become our most popular form of amusement, but is attended each year by more people than any other kind of public diversion. The vaudeville theater is the people's playhouse. The reasons for this are that, first, it appeals to a great variety of tastes; and, second, the prices are reasonable. While the story of vaudeville, as we now know it, is not so long as the story of the legitimate drama, it has, nevertheless, experienced an interesting development.

Vesta Tilley

Vaudeville really goes back into the centuries. Originally *Voux-de-Vire*, it was the name given by Basselin, a French poet of the fifteenth century, to his convivial songs first sung in the Valley of the Vire. Subsequently vaudeville came to be any short comic piece with song, pantomime or dance. In modern French poetry a vaudeville is a light, gay song, embodying satire or burlesque, sung by the common people to a popular air.

The forerunner of the present-day vaudeville performer, however, was the old-time minstrel who amused our fathers before and after the Civil War. Then came the concert-hall artist, who later appeared in what was known as the variety house. This got its name from the fact that it afforded a variety of entertainment, mostly singing, dancing and fun-making. These houses appeared during the opera-bouffe days when tights were necessary adjuncts of every musical show. It followed that the variety shows included many persons in tights. Those shows were something like the burlesque companies of today in which there are hefty Amazons carrying spears.

The Bills of the Early Days

IN THE early seventies Tony Pastor, himself a singer and dancer, introduced a form of entertainment that was a combination of the variety show and the concert-hall bill. The list of attractions, or bill, as it is called, always included two energetic young men, dressed in ruffled shirts and silk knickerbockers, who did an endurance clog-dance on a marble slab. Then there was a lightning-change artist, who came out bulging with clothes. She sang songs and scaled off her clothes at the same time. These garments were "trick clothes"—that is, fastened with strings which, when pulled, would release the whole suit. Under the outer dress was an evening gown, a boy's costume and, finally, tights. Other acts were an acrobatic turn, comical songs and an impersonation. Usually the bill was concluded with an "afterpiece," in which most of the people in the bill took part.

In the eighties Mr. B. F. Keith introduced in Boston what came to be called the continuous performance. He cleaned up the performances and cleaned up the theaters and introduced a vaudeville bill which was an improvement on the old variety offering. It began at ten o'clock in the morning and lasted until ten-thirty at night. No matter what time you came in during these hours you would find something doing on the stage. Later, Mr. F. F. Proctor used this idea in his theaters in New York. The continuous performance was the first bid for the patronage of women and children, for it had "refined" acts. These were the first houses that used the word vaudeville.

Ruth Allen

Up to this time the variety bills had appealed especially to men and to a Bohemian taste. The Koster & Bial music hall in New York was run along these lines, and so was the Olympia, which had been opened by Oscar Hammerstein. Thus, at the end of the nineties, there were two kinds of variety or vaudeville shows: the continuous, which was attended mostly by women and the children, and the show of the Koster & Bial type, which appealed to the sporting element; smoking and drinking were allowed, and only one or two matinées were given each week.

I had started in the amusement business back in the seventies as a boy with Colonel William E. Sinn, a well-known variety theater manager in Baltimore. In the nineties I had two variety theaters and a summer resort. I then conceived the idea that a beautiful theater that was a compromise between the men's variety and the women's continuous vaudeville would succeed.

I also believed that two performances a day would be better in vaudeville than the continuous show. In 1900, acting on this theory, I formed a company that built the Orpheum Theater in Brooklyn, and began the "two-a-day" shows now generally given in vaudeville theaters. I permitted smoking in one balcony and called it a "smoking balcony," which is today a feature of many vaudeville houses.

The Neighborhood Theatre

MOST vaudeville managers then believed that one "headliner" was enough to carry a bill. I felt that every act should be a good one. The old bills had involved a weekly pay-roll of from $1000 to $1500. My first bill at the Orpheum cost $3000. My friends in the business thought I was headed for ruin. They called it the era of frenzied vaudeville. But the people seemed willing to pay for it. I began to import European novelties, stars like Albert Chevalier, Alice Lloyd and Vesta Victoria.

In vaudeville you must always get fresh audiences, because with them you win regular patrons. For example, if I advertise Vesta Tilley I am bound to get to my houses people who do not ordinarily go to vaudeville, but who want to see a big star. Then they sit through the rest of the bill; they may like the house. Later, if they have nothing definite to do, they will go to a vaudeville show. It's like showing a good sample.

After building the Orpheum I invaded New York, with the result that, at the present time, I have eight vaudeville houses in the greater city. In the development of these theaters I had one object in mind, and this object, I think, is peculiar to vaudeville. To understand it, it must be borne in mind that a vaudeville feature cannot have a run like a play. You must change your bill constantly if you want to keep your clientèle. Therefore my plan was to build theaters in various localities and draw each week on the people of that section. I call my theaters neighborhood theaters. There are many of them in London. I have a theater in the Bronx, Harlem, the upper West Side, two in Brooklyn, in East New York and at Greenpoint. I can keep an act going for seven or eight weeks on my own personal circuit. I arrange the bills so that each one has a particular appeal for the people of the locality in which it is played. Harlem wants more laughs than the upper West Side of New York, and so on.

As vaudeville has developed, so has the cost of operation greatly increased. In addition to a headliner, who must be a star, there must also be at least two features which may be headliners elsewhere. One of the rules in vaudeville, however, is, "Once a headliner not always a headliner." A successful bill today must have ten and, possibly, twelve acts. In many houses moving pictures are always given.

The moral side of the bill has improved, too. Repulsive acts have been cut out; feats that shock the audience are barred; even the man who does a tramp act must wear a clean shirt, despite the fact that it is contrary to the ethics of the hobo.

The old-time weekly pay-roll for artists has grown from $1000 to $7000. Yet the value of these high-priced bills is not always appreciated, as an episode which I now recall shows. To celebrate the fifth anniversary of the opening of the Orpheum I put on what was probably the most expensive vaudeville offered up to that time. It cost $9000 for the week. I got the best acts from every country and called it The International Topliners' Tournament. A week later I met a prominent Brooklyn business man on the street. He said to me:

"I went to your theater last week. Fine building."

"How did you like the bill?" I asked.

"Well, those were great moving pictures you had," was his reply. My $9000 all-star cast had been wasted on him.

This brings me naturally to the subject of the vaudeville audience. Just as the vaudeville field and its people form a separate and distinct amusement world, so is the vaudeville audience peculiar to itself. The regular vaudeville-goer is a keen and discriminating judge. What he wants, summed up, is the greatest amount of diversified entertainment with the least possible pathos. "Cut out the heartaches," he says, "and give us a song and dance." He wants to be amused, not grieved; he goes to bury sorrow, not to praise it. Above all, he wants the optimistic, not the uplifting spirit. He has a fine scorn for the so-called "high-brow" act; he wants no literature on his stage; he desires his entertainment straight and unadulterated.

La Petite Adelaide

All vaudeville bills are changed each week; hence the Monday afternoon audience is the critical one. Most of the regulars go then. They follow the various acts as a follower of the race-track watches past performances. They can tell you the form of every feature. Most of them have their favorites.

The vaudeville gallery god is as keen as his brother who fills the roost of the other theater. His is the real verdict. He knows when the heart-throb has the real thrill and when it is forced; and he is quick to express his judgment.

Laughs are the barometers of vaudeville acts. Sometimes when a turn is put on for the first time people are stationed out in the audience to count the laughs. It takes a good act to make a record of "a laugh a minute."

Why Vaudeville Enterprises Fail

HAVING seen what the really critical attitude of the genuine vaudeville audience is, you can readily understand why most legitimate managers fail when they try to become vaudeville managers. The vaudeville manager cannot just happen. He must grow up in the business, because it takes years of experience and contact to learn it. Take, for example, the cases of Mr. Keith and Mr. Proctor, my two principal associates. Mr. Keith began with a circus, and his first managerial venture was a "store" show with a fat baby as the main attraction; Mr. Proctor was a vaudeville artist himself. In short, the vaudeville manager must know the acts and what they are worth. He must be able to make up a bill that will have an appeal for many different kinds of people.

If the legitimate manager puts on a musical show he knows, in a general way, what his audience wants. He can estimate the amount of marcel waves and shapeliness he is to pass over the footlights. So he makes a production along these lines. But the vaudeville manager, on the other hand, must not only cater to the man who likes musical shows, but also to the man who likes impersonation, mimicry, athletics, juggling, illusion, farce or singing. He must provide amusement for everybody, because a Sunday-school teacher and a prize-fighter may sit side by

side in his house. Great discretion must be employed in arranging the bill. He cannot follow one dancing act with another dancing act, or one talking act with another act of the same kind.

Many legitimate stars share the manager's experience when they go into vaudeville. They have the idea that vaudeville is a haven for shipwrecked actors, and always a first aid to the star in distress. They find that they are much mistaken. Success on the vaudeville stage requires a peculiar talent. When you consider that the actor or actress must walk out single-handed and amuse an audience of twenty-five hundred people for fifteen minutes, you find that it is little short of a stupendous task. Stars that have delighted thousands when they had the background of a drama have failed utterly when they tried to go it alone. Hence the phrase, "taking a flyer in vaudeville," often becomes, taking a drop in vaudeville.

Mabel Barrison

Yet no branch of the amusement field offers such opportunity for advancement of income as vaudeville. Some of the rises have been phenomenal. The first salary that I paid Emma Carus was $15 a week; now she gets $600. It has not been so long since I was paying Blanche Ring $60 a week; now she gets $1500. Alice Lloyd went from $200 a week to $1500. Clarice Vance, who is well known in vaudeville, started at $30 a week. Her salary is now $400. I might cite many others.

The big dramatic stars have found lots of easy money in vaudeville. We paid Henrietta Crosman $2000 a week for exactly twenty-two minutes of work twice a day. Virginia Harned got $2000 a week, and so did Williams and Walker. May Irwin drew down $2500 a week in vaudeville. A few years ago we paid Henry Miller $600 a week to do a sketch; now he could get $1500.

The Pay Envelopes of the Stars

YET in vaudeville, as in most other things, big names are of no lasting value, unless the people behind the names can deliver the goods. The name may have some commercial and drawing value as it appears on the bill-board or the electric-light sign in front of the theater; but the wise audience inside soon finds out if it has artistic value. It might be interesting in this connection to say that a number of well-known dramatic and musical stars graduated from vaudeville. They include David Warfield, Montgomery and Stone, Jefferson De Angelis, Francis Wilson, Elsie Janis, Victor Moore, George Cohan and Nat Goodwin.

Vaudeville salaries range from $100 to $3000 a week. The average is about $250. I suppose the highest-priced vaudeville artist in the world is Vesta Tilley, whom I recently brought over for a six weeks' engagement at a weekly salary of $3000. Why do I pay her so much? Simply because she is alone in her class. There are other male impersonators, but none like her. It is like painters. There is only one Meissonier, despite the fact that many artists paint soldiers.

Other very high-priced vaudeville artists are Vesta Victoria and Harry Lauder. Each gets $2500 a week. Many feature-acts get from $800 to $900 a week. Some of these are capsule comedies. An act like Maude Odell's, the English beauty who poses, gets $800, and Annette Kellerman, who dives in a tank, now gets $1500 a week.

There is no field where competition is livelier than in vaudeville. In the fixing of salaries there is this astonishing thing: the more desperate or hazardous the act, the lower the price it gets, as a rule. The man who may be shot out of a cannon or does some daredevil feat on the rope gets about one-fifth as much as the chap who comes out with a clever line of talk which shows off his specialty. I heard one of these men once say, as he stood in the wings:

"That fellow has just risked his life on that bar for $50 a week, and I am going outside with my swift conversation and get $400 for it."

Vaudeville today depends less on acrobatic feats than the old variety shows. One reason why they are not so well paid is that the audience does not understand the amount of skill required or the time involved in the training. I know of a certain vaudeville family that spent six years practicing a plate trick, as a finish for their act, which took half a minute to present.

Though the average vaudeville artist does not possess an assorted artistic temperament like her sister in the grand opera, she can, on occasion, make things lively for the managers. It is sometimes hard to keep the "headliners" in good humor. The electric sign in front of the theater is one particular source of trouble. Nearly everybody on the bill wants his or her name up in the lights. When there are ten numbers you may well imagine what the complication is. One New York vaudeville manager solved the difficulty by putting up part at least of the name of every one on the bill. The result is that his sign is like a blazing code.

The Longest Year on Record

THE distribution of dressing-rooms is another sore spot. Everybody thinks he is the star and wants the best room. Now we have half a dozen "star" rooms.

The average vaudeville performer follows the rule, "If you can't be a genius then be a specialist." He takes up one stunt and plugs at it. He sometimes finds his specialty by accident. Once, in order to keep up with a bad orchestra, a singer sang his song in a sort of monotone. It made a great hit. Ever afterward he sang his songs this way.

The vaudeville actor is much more thrifty than his colleague in the legitimate. You find the $50 a week dramatic actor stopping at the best hotel in the town, while the vaudeville artist who gets $200 a week is content to live at an actors' boarding-house.

The vaudeville actor has this advantage over the legitimate actor: he can play a season of fifty-two weeks each year, for the reason that as soon as the theaters or "hall-shows," as the circus men call them, close, the summer-garden or seaside parks open. I have known some vaudeville actors who played sixty weeks in one season. This is done by doubling up in a town—that is, playing engagements at two theaters in one week. One thrifty vaudevillain made sixty-five weeks one season in this way.

The vaudeville world speaks a language all its own. Here is a vocabulary of some of its choicest expressions:

Headliner	The strongest feature of the bill.
Sure fire	Certain of success.
They died	Failed dismally.
A knockout	Pronounced success.
A riot	Great success.
To close the show	To be the last on the program.
To open or close in one	To begin or close the act in front of the drop curtain.
A comedy finish	The end of an act which brings a laugh.
A big hand	Much applause.
Working the curtain	Hauling the curtain up and down rapidly in order to increase applause.
Trick stuff	Costumes or scenic effects worked by means of mechanical tricks.
A lemon, onion or frost	Failure.
A pippin	Success.
Getting time	Obtaining vaudeville dates.

Instead of writing letters many vaudeville artists carry on communication with each other by means of advertisements in various trade papers.

Willa Holt Wakefield

The so-called vaudeville "families," especially the acrobatic teams, are recruited from many sources. The nearest that some of them have to real family relation is fine team-work in their various stunts.

Despite the fact that there are always thousands of people eager and anxious to break into vaudeville, it is sometimes as hard for the vaudeville manager to get a big new act as it is for the legitimate manager to find a good play. Yet nearly everybody who knows how to use a pen is engaged in writing a play.

The whole world is combed with a fine-tooth comb for acts. We have agents in every foreign capital who report on all the music and concert-hall performances. I venture the statement that no matter what new sensational act might be put on in any part of the world next Monday night I would hear of it by cable the next morning. If the act happens to create a furore we do not wait to investigate but engage it by cable.

We are constantly in touch with people everywhere. There lies before me on my desk a letter which I have just received from a man attached to the American consulate at Shanghai, China. He tells me that a famous Chinese magician, Ching Ling Foo, who was believed to have been killed in the Boxer uprising, has turned up in Shanghai with a wonderful new act. Ching spent a season in the United States many years ago and made a hit. My correspondent at Shanghai tells me the terms on which the old Chinaman will come to the United States. This is only one way that I keep in touch with acts.

Maude Fulton

Every summer I go to Europe and visit the leading music and concert halls. I also go to the smaller places out in the provinces, because very often you can find a big act in a very obscure hall. I have one case in mind. One night I went to a concert hall at Salford, near Manchester. In the bill was a young man named Laddie Cliff. He sang several good songs and gave unusually good imitations of the English boy. I brought him over at a small salary; now he gets ten times what I originally paid him.

On one of my visits to a provincial English music hall I witnessed an amusing incident that involved two Americans. In the old days there was always a chairman in the English music hall who announced the various acts. A few such places survive. It was the custom for the performers to give him a tip if they wanted a particularly good announcement. Two Americans came along. They had not been told about the tip, so, when the time came for their turn, the old chairman gravely said: "Next, ladies and gentlemen, we will have the Brothers Brown, Americans. They say they are good. We shall see."

I make a note of every act I see in Europe. I take the name of the act, the place I saw it, the kind of act, the price I think it is worth, and whether it seems to be available for America or not. This book becomes a sort of handy guide to Europe's vaudeville attractions.

Much good vaudeville talent is available in this country. Yet only one out of every hundred skits offered to us is accepted. When people ask me how they can break into vaudeville I say, "Get a kit of burglar's tools."

When a Smile May Cost Money

THE man who books or engages a vaudeville act must never laugh. One small smile during a "try-out" has been known to send up the price of an act one hundred dollars. So the agents take no chances.

When I first commenced booking acts I took no one's word for anything, and it is only of late that I have intrusted the engaging of acts to others. I see all principal acts before I engage them; in some cases I see them several times.

Every Monday I make a tour in my motor car of most of my houses in Greater New York. I watch part of each performance. When the day is done I have obtained many ideas for improving and changing bills. Incidentally, I watch the audiences to see how various acts impress them.

Daniel Frohman once said that plays are not written but rewritten. The same is true of vaudeville acts. They are not built but rebuilt. After the first presentation a

(Continued on Page 43)

A STATE IN A HURRY

Oklahoma, the Land That was Settled Over Night

By ELEANOR GATES

". . . . Be careful in going down through Oklahoma and the Five Nations on horseback. If you do try to make the trip, there should be more than one man in the party. How about your rations? Remember that it's a new, unsettled stretch of country, with a lot of scalawag redskins scattered through it."

IT WAS a California pioneer who wrote me thus a man who had crossed the plains from Arkansas in '49 at the head of a wagon-train, fighting Blackfeet, Cheyenne and Sioux as he went, burying two dear ones whom disease struck down at the infantry-guarded ford of Green River, getting lost and going half mad from lack of water when the train was crossing Nevada, and enduring continual anxiety and lack of sleep, even hunger, throughout the greater part of that long, danger-fraught trip. And this letter of his, filled from end to end with expressions of concern and with warnings, was written from San Francisco, and was dated—November, 1907!

It was while saddle and slicker, and khaki and quirt, were being packed in their canvas holder in the cement-paved storeroom of a New York apartment house that an Easterner unconsciously set forth his views of our newest State.

"I wish I had time to go out into cowboy land, too," he said wistfully. "I've never seen any wild country yet, and I'd like the excitement of it. I've half a notion to offer myself as assistant defender. But, I suppose, you won't leave the well-traveled roads; and, anyhow"—tentatively—"I understand that a person is fairly safe among those rough Westerners."

A Large Stock of Misinformation

THESE observations, amusing, and even ridiculous, were made, respectively, by men of more than ordinary intelligence. The one has a wide knowledge of the West; the other, though he has not been across the Mississippi, is, nevertheless, held to be more than fairly well-informed about the country that lies on the sunset side of his beloved Appalachians. Yet these two, who differ so widely in experience (both are past the middle line of their years), and who have lived the whole breadth of the United States apart, agree substantially as to the character of Oklahoma. Which led me, for a time thereafter, to the frequent inquiry—put to all sorts and conditions of people—"What do *you* think Oklahoma is like?"

A composite pen picture, made up from one hundred or more of the answers, would read something like this: A great, virgin prairie—a vast, natural garden—grassy and unfenced, and very nearly level, upon which the sky fits down like Omar's inverted bowl, and across which long-horned herds roam, unrestrained except for the watchfulness of cowboys garbed like those who tour the cities in near-Western plays; across which Indians roam, too, and are seen either silhouetted against the sky from some ridge-top, or traveling, closely banded, upon fleet ponies, with feathers of the golden eagle thrust proudly into their black scalp-locks.

Occasionally an answer modified this picture; but only by the addition of a few widely-separated towns, primitive and altogether ramshackle in their character, and by a sprinkling of immense ranches. And if the natural garden idea was ever departed from—just a little—it was because, by some, Oklahoma was considered to be a part of the Great American Desert (the result, this, of our defamatory geographies!); as a part of that desert, it was entirely too sandy and too dry for a garden, or even for farming purposes, and, consequently, formed an undesirable section of the United States.

"And what kind of people inhabit the place?" I asked.

There was invariably some hesitancy in replying. For, after Indians and cowboys, the average person who was asked the question had no well-defined notion about the population of Oklahoma. Was there any, anyhow? Well, then, the inhabitants were ignorant, probably; rough in dress, but, as a rule, kindly; "poor, but honest"; hard-working; and—were they not given (the men, at least) to overmuch gun-play? When a woman was interrogated, she invariably ended by admitting that she thought there were too many Indians in Oklahoma; after which she inquired as to the chivalry of the masculine white element of that distant and unknown land! (By which it was evident that she had been to see The Great Divide.)

All these extraordinary ideas, then—even after the publicity that Oklahoma gained through her "rushes"; after tons of printed matter had been spread broadcast by the real-estate and railroad interests of Oklahoma; and in spite of the fact that her citizens of farm and city have vigorously denied a scant rainfall and meager crops—in a chorus, both vocal and written, that is only equaled for volume and enthusiasm by that of the Californians!

The ideas entertained concerning Oklahoma's agricultural status it became a pleasure to contradict, because they were so unfair and so remote from the truth. But the romantic ideas—of wide, rolling prairie, wild herds, untamed "punchers" with guns on their thighs, red warriors and ungallant, trespassing "greasers"—ah, how almost cruel it seemed not only to shatter them, but (mixing the metaphor) to strive to root them out!

They are Lamblike, and Distinguished by No Paint and No Feathers

Six-Cylinder Cars and Fast Trotters

WHEN the traveler enters Oklahoma, headed south, he scarcely realizes that he has left Kansas—except that the face of the country looks so much like Iowa. The land is undulating; the deep swales are well wooded, mostly with cottonwood, but sometimes with walnut, too; the rises are cultivated and bear rich crops; and nearly every quarter-section is "held down" by a comfortable house. And everywhere run the fences—a disappointing sight to whomever comes expecting to see open range. Circling the farm residences, the fences are often of dressed posts and laced wire; but farther away, around fields and pastures, they are usually of the familiar barbed-wire variety. There are many other signs of excessive civilization besides the numerous neat homes and plentiful fences. Presently, as the train rushes fairly into the new State, the traveler notes the presence, along the highways, of little gray iron boxes. They are Uncle Sam's, for he is fast extending his mail-routes to cope with the miraculously growing population. Next a lone wire is seen, shooting off toward the far horizon, and keeping its length up by holding to occasional trees, or even shrubs. It is a telephone, bringing distant homesteads into touch. And here, raising the dust like a sand-twister, comes an auto—this year's model, too!—with a gentleman in corduroys and a sombrero at the wheel. Is *this* Oklahoma? The next instant a green-roofed, shingled bungalow flashes into sight, with a smart buggy and a fast trotter at its shaded gate. And—no Indians yet!

So They All Get Together and Swap Advice

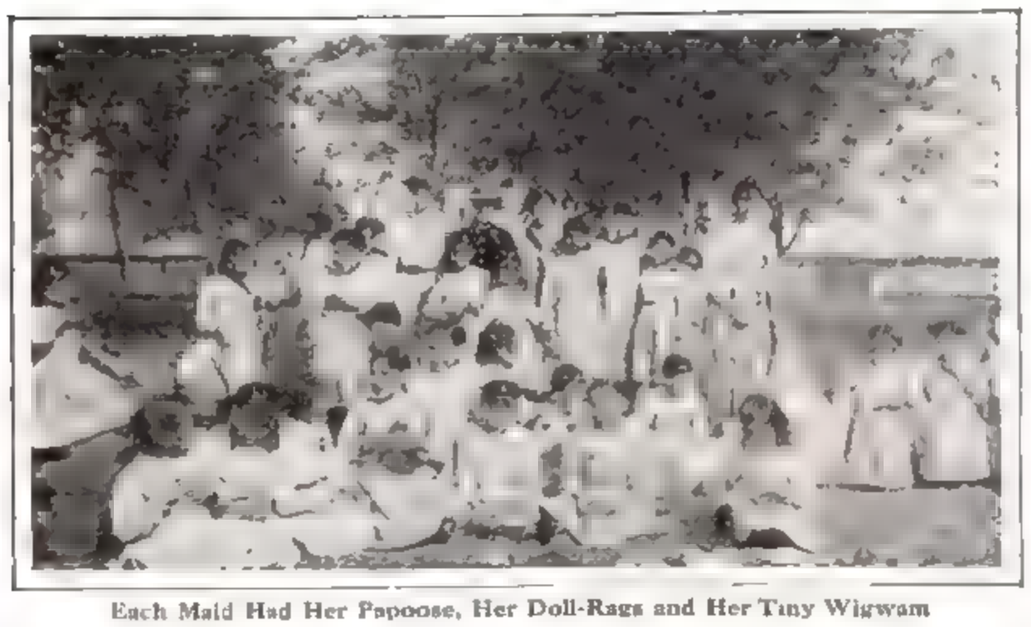
When Indians are seen—loitering about the first stop, perhaps—they are more disappointing than was the disappearance of "free grass." For, outwardly, they are lamblike, and distinguished by no paint and no feathers. It is true that, now and then, one may be seen wrapped in a blanket. But he is wearing it only because it will help to keep him warm in the absence of an overcoat; not because he has any sentiment about blankets. Even now that Indian Territory is no more, having cast in her lot with a stronger mate and, like a dutiful bride, forever put aside her name, yet the big, new State has no picturesque savages. The bronze-skinned people of what was Indian Territory drive high-steppers, ride in up-to-date rigs, live in substantial houses, and belong to fraternal orders. (The Federation of Women's Clubs of the Five Nations has thirty organizations in its membership.) And down in that part of Greater Oklahoma, if you were to chance upon an Indian who was journeying your way, rather than touch upon any of the classic subjects of redskin conversation, he would be far more likely to inquire if you think that a plentiful diet of sour milk will prolong life. Indians? Yes; but so thoroughly civilized that, at a distance, they cannot be told from their tanned white neighbors—except that their appearance is more prosperous!

In the old days, before the white man came, they called all these miles of country "The Beautiful Land." (This in itself seems to contradict the libelous geographers!) It was a good choice, that name, and as the country has been transformed, first into "the cattleman's Paradise," and then into the "El Dorado of the farmer," "The Beautiful Land" has grown only more beautiful. There is a saying down there that the man who rode a cow-pony was driven out by the man on the riding-plow. It is true. And so swiftly was the change made that it is small cause for wonder if, today, Oklahoma's condition is not well known. She did not have a place on the map until 1889—except as a part of that old bugaboo, the Great American Desert. But when she found her boundaries, she was quick to show her mettle and her resources. She broke out in towns all over her green coat—towns with nothing of the ramshackle or temporary about them. And between the towns her crops emerged. The whole thing was like a miracle. This week hundreds of square miles of flower-studded mesquite-grass; next week, cotton, alfalfa, fruit, potatoes, corn, wheat, cane, kafir, milo maize and watermelons—and new varieties of planting always awaiting the next seeding-time.

The Riding-Plow and the Cattle-Pony

WHEN one has seen the people that have settled the country, no wonder is felt at the progress in building and cultivation. Oklahoma teems with Americans—settlers from adjoining or near-lying States, from Kansas, "Nebrasky" and "Ioway," from "Arkansaw" and "Missoury," and from the Panhandle of Texas. The transplanted farmers from above the Cimarron speak of their new home as "Oklahomy." The natives and their brothers from farther south say "Oklahomaw." (You are permitted to take your choice.) All these people, no matter where they hail from, are of the kind that cannot be discouraged or kept under. Each, on his or her arrival, knows the agricultural tricks that were practiced back home. So they all get together and swap advice, and the result is the best that can be done with their new holdings. And that best is very good.

Given reasonable health, what is there left in the whole wide world that can daunt that man who came to Oklahoma with a postage stamp, a pair of hangdog mules, six children and a sick wife, and in five years owned his own "quarter," his small herd of cattle, his fat teams, his



Each Maid Had Her Papoose, Her Doll-Rags and Her Tiny Wigwam

fourteen-hundred-dollar house, and a phonograph? (It is the kind of story that one hears every day down there.) Or what can prevail against a family that "didn't know where the next meal was coming from," but settled anyhow, endured a dugout, "broke out" their strip of prairie, borrowed seed, planted, reaped, and in one year drew themselves out of their chill cellar into a cozy home? What can keep people poor who, after getting one generously big crop of potatoes out of a field, sell that crop outright—then turn their attention to the little potatoes that were too small for selling. Having dug these up because they could not help doing so, they now turn them over and replant them. And the next time these same potatoes come to the surface they have grown somewhat, and form the late second crop, which is for home consumption. A keen scheme for getting ahead of laggard potatoes!

This is the way that the Oklahoma farmers manage in every part of the State. Conditions of soil or moisture do not trouble them. They plan to stay permanently. They are "smart." So they study their surroundings, and then adroitly adapt their agricultural operations to the requirements of the land and the climate. If the ground will raise fine beets, well and good. The farmer turns feeder. He buys in poor cattle that have been bred in the mammoth pastures of Texas, or on the open ranges of New Mexico and Arizona, and he fattens them up on beet pulp. Or, if his land is good cotton land, he sells his cotton, and then gives his stock cottonseed meal and hulls in the proper proportion. It is prime, cheap feed, and is better than raw seed. (This is a new discovery in cattle-feeding. It involves little trouble and moderate cost, and may solve some problems of pasturage.) Again, there is the farmer who finds out that broom-corn is his best crop. He specializes on that; while his neighbor on the flats puts in kafir, alfalfa and cow-peas, and ships broilers and crated eggs to Kansas City.

For all that the man on the riding-plow has come out winner in his tilt with the cowpuncher, the shipping of beef cattle from Oklahoma has increased during the last few years, instead of diminishing—which bitter dose of knowledge is swallowed reluctantly by deposed cattle-kings. The reason is that cattle-raising after the old fashion has gone out, and cattle-feeding has come in. In some parts of Oklahoma the style was ten years in changing. Out Woodward way—"the cattleman's home"—it took only four. The stock-farmer—rather sneeringly called "feeder"—has better breeds than his royal predecessor. And his principles are safer. He raises his forage—acres of it; consequently, he is never under the necessity of watching his beeves starve. And he does not let them stay out in the cold and lose weight, nor suffer a lack of water on hot summer days.

The Fall of the Mighty Cattlemen

A FEW of these stock-farmers are old cattlemen in a new guise—and ashamed of themselves, too, much as if they had been caught raising sheep! As they found their ranges going, and their business being cut out from under them, they yet determined to hang on—but how pathetically! If they are not raising stock, as in the old days, well, then, they are at least handling stock. It is a point of pride with them that, as long as they live, they will "work cattle and eat cattle and sleep cattle."

"Sam Rawson," said one of these men, "a' ole cowman, he's took to raisin' hawgs—what do you think! *Raisin' hawgs!* I says to him, 'Sam,' I says, 'why don't you buy cut-backs'" (these are the cattle that, at Kansas City, are found to be unfit for killing), "'or Texas stock, and feed 'em? Then you'd feel like one of us boys same as ever!'"

"What did he say?" I inquired.

"Wal," was the answer, accompanied by a slow shake of the head, "he just natu'lly didn't say nothin'. Y' see, Sam's pride is gone—that's it, his pride is plumb gone."

It is, in other words, a big step down in the social scale when a cowman descends to hog-raising. But the men who have flocked in from Kansas, Missouri and Iowa don't "give a bean" for that variety of pride, and are even shameless enough to put ropes on the horns of their favorite cows (if the cows happen to have horns), or bells on their necks!

In some cases these feeders number their cattle by hundreds, even thousands, and may then attain to the dignity of having a round-up once in a while. I attended one of these, and found it a round-up in name only, for it consisted in taking a herd out of a wide-stretching pasture and putting it into the shipping-pens. There were some phases of the event, however, which were affectingly reminiscent of a "drive" of the old days.

At three o'clock in the morning there was a mighty banging on the doors of the various bunk-houses, and upon the door of the shack that housed the visitors. "Boots and saddles!" roared a voice as it went to and fro, at which matches were struck, loud yawns resounded, and some well-cloaked "cussin'" told of yearnings for further slumber. Soon afterward (but by sound only, for it was dark to the point of purpleness) I knew that the bunk-houses were disgorging. The visiting contingent was no less prompt, not wishing to be outdone. And soon by the light of a lantern each was selecting an elusive little pony from the bunch in the corral.

The Boys Were Neat and Clean Enough

The start was by starlight—a starlight so dim that the horses were given their head after being guided into the road that led to the crossing of the river. The air was more than pleasantly snappy, and as we loped along there was a merry drumming of hoofs upon the frosty, hard-packed ground. But, presently, the road was left; we entered a wide, board panel in a barbed-wire fence, and took our way thenceforth across grass.

It was a silent ride, except for an occasional monosyllable. The cattle-raiser led, the point of his cigar making a red spot in the darkness, and the rest of us came behind him in an uneven line. We rode through one great pasture, then another, and another. At the borders of these we were brought up sharply. Barbed-wire fences, not discernible in the gloom, but known to the boss, were stretched across our dim trail. Soon the light grew until we could see one another, when our breath and the breath of our horses looked white in the air, like the steam of so many busy kettles. Then, "the false dawn," said a tenderfoot, nodding toward the east. It was the real dawn, instead—such a dawn as makes men look and reverence. We were all looking, when—under the noses of the horses sounded a crisp whir, and a score of prairie-chickens rose and shot forward out of sight over the crest of a rise. Ah! Just so did they rise in the days of the old round-ups!

The next moment, in the most romantic way possible, as it might have been arranged for us especially by some great unseen stage manager, there were the cattle!

As we came upon them, our horses' ears betraying their presence, we saw, first off, their many curving horns, like the leafless tops of a distant grove of partly submerged trees, each horn clearly defined against the pale rose-pink of the lightening sky. All the horns were quiet, for the steers had their heads up, and were watching us—and, doubtless, taking our scent as we came. However, there was quiet only for half a minute. Then the leafless branches began to toss, and I made out a great cluster of flat, white faces, all turned our way. Another second, and the faces disappeared, and we saw a crush of dark forms; and next we heard the thud of hundreds of hoofs, the clicking of horn against horn, the blowing of fright, and the sound of the striving of body against body. The herd was on the run.

The Final Round-Up of the Longhorns

THE boss knew his business. There was no excited shouting, no spurring ahead in a foolish effort to turn and stop the cattle. He threw back an arm to motion our horses into a walk. Then he began a monotonous, coaxing drone, teeth and lips together—"Moo-o-o-o, moo-o-o-o, moo-o-o-o."

Presently some of the nearest cattle paused—looked back—then wheeled squarely toward us. Soon others brought up, and still others, until finally the entire herd was once more at gaze.

They were all Texas steers—longhorns that had been driven up from the Panhandle, lank and staring of eye, then; hidebound, and thin-shanked, too, and totally unfit for beef. Now, after having been fed for several months on the fine native grasses of the big pastures, they were ready for the slaughter-houses of "K. C."—as the biggest cattle market-place of the Mid-West, next to Chicago, is known. So we started them stationward very slowly, a man riding at some distance in advance of them to act as a lure. They did not always follow him, but at times made violent breaks for liberty, which instantly set us all on the move. Then more mooing, after which they went placidly on again.

For a while, the last pasture being a very large one, I was almost tricked into believing that we were on the open range—with all these agile, if plump, red-and-white creatures to control! But when you are riding cattle in Oklahoma these days you are not permitted to forget fences for a moment. "Go right," sings out Bud, a sample of the real, but fast disappearing, cowboy, "and we'll just about hit that west gate." Sure enough, there was the gate. The man who was riding in front opened it, and, after some futile milling, half a dozen steers were induced to pass through. The others followed in an impetuous crush—as if it were something they had been pining to do and had only just now seen their way clear to do it.

We were not retracing our ride through the dark, but were going due into the sun, whose golden shield now showed above the curving line of the horizon. If one did not glance back and see the fence, that splendid feeling of the old days—that feeling of boundless space ahead, and of the need to conquer all those swift, wild creatures and hold them—it could all be conjured up easily, particularly with the herd scattering out so prettily to climb a near-by gentle rise. But—"Hold up! Hold up!" It was the boss, this time. He swept past, his calico mount speeding him far around to the left. "Wow! Wow!" he shouted at the cattle. "Get out of the cotton, you sons-of-guns!"

Cotton! Alas, that something should keep persistently turning up, like Banquo's ghost at the feast, to spoil the dream that this was once more as it once was!

Just as the old cattle-ranges of Oklahoma have gone, just as the cattle business has metamorphosed, just so

The Visitors Lined Up for a Photograph

have changes come in the cowboy. Looking over the half-dozen men who were helping the boss that morning, I found two farm-hands, not too proud to leave the saddle for the plow, the pumpkin-wagon or the cotton patch; one tenderfoot who was living a romantic existence, and never permitted his six-shooter out of reach of his hand; a second tenderfoot who laughed at the first one, but who was enjoying his taste of the West to the full; an Easterner who had come out for his health and gotten well; and, lastly, riding somewhat apart, taciturn, self-possessed and altogether picturesque in his simple outfit—which is not at all like what is seen upon the stage—was Bud, the one genuine puncher.

I was riding next the boss. "Where," I asked him, "are all the old cowboys gone?"

"Where?" he repeated, with a look to make the guilty cringe; "where? Huh! Gone into the show business."

I dropped back close to Bud's blue roan. Its rider wore no jaunty campaign felt, but the broader, higher, less dashing type of sombrero; and he wore no "shaps," and no gun. He rode in his shirt-sleeves, which were held up by red elastics, and over his shirt was a dilapidated old vest, which he let sag unbuttoned. After a year in New York, with its surfeit of cowboys wearing their shooting-irons hung on the wrong side, I beheld once more a real cowboy! His up-turning spurs, buckled on the inside, proclaimed him!

"We've improved the breed of cowpunchers down here," a cattleman in the Texas Panhandle told me, "just like we've improved the breed of steers. We've got a kind now that'll turn his hand to 'most anything. You bet I never'd have the stuck-up kind around. When a man come to me for a job, I'd hand him a grubbin'-hoe and set him at a clump of mesquite. If he stayed at it all day, and went at it again the next morning, then I'd call him in and tell him to see the foreman. But if he wouldn't grub he wouldn't git to work cattle."

They have improved the breed of steers, but what of the punchers? Today, when a man in the saddle is not a farmer's boy, he is usually some Easterner who has gone bad on liquor or on lungs. Both of these brands usually have all the weaknesses of the old-time cowpunch, and will drink and play and carouse. But they are without many of the qualities that made the old-timers both admirable and picturesque. They are not hardy, and demand better food and quarters. They are what used to be known as "kickers." They do not love the saddle. But they talk a great deal. And their bravery unquestionably does not equal that of the men of twenty years ago. As for pride, they are woefully lacking in it—as pride is understood on the range.

But to go on with the cattle. We trailed them toward the shipping-pens, which did not come into sight until five hours were gone and the sun had already begun to draw out beads upon our foreheads. We had planned to reach the station at seven; it was nearer ten. "Allus that-a-way," said the old cowpunch gravely, "when you're drivin' cattle." As we passed under the telegraph lines at the railroad track, fully a thousand red-winged blackbirds looked down upon us in curiosity.

We corralled the herd in the first great empty pen of the series. Then, "Breakfast must be about ready for us over at the hotel," said the boss; "come along."

Hotel! Where was the mess-wagon—that strong, old, muddy vehicle with its four-in-hand of mules, its mess-box full of crockery and cutlery, its dangling pails, its "techy" cook, its pile of dusty bedding, and its four naked ribs sticking up into the sunshine? And where, alas! was the hoodlum wagon, that used to hang along behind the chuck, bringing wood and water for the next camp?

Breakfast was not quite ready, so we waited outside the hotel, seating ourselves along the sunny side. Our cow-ponies cropped about near at hand, the restless ones tied to the saddle-horns of the more quiet ones, whose bridle-reins trailed the ground. And as we waited we chatted—all but Bud. He spent his time whetting his pig-sticker on the yielding leather of his boot-leg.

It was difficult to get him started on a conversation. He was timid. Moreover, for actual want of exercise he lacked the ability to talk freely. He had spent too many long months alone with his blue roan and his cattle. And so he kept eloquently silent.

When he had thawed out against the warm hotel wall for half an hour, the subject of a certain bucking bronco happened to be broached. He looked up, his gray eyes lighting. The boss asked him a question. A flush of pleased recollection spread over his features.

"Buck?" he began. "Wal, by thunder, you oughta seen that critter! Why, say! She just natu'lly swallered her haid and begun swoppin' ends on a patch of ground no bigger'n my shirt, and ——"

"Breakfa-a-ast!"

Bud shut up like the proverbial clam. Who cared to hear him now? said the gray eyes. (Modesty is a leading virtue with genuine punchers.)

We were scarcely half done with our ham and eggs, our beef and potatoes, our coffee and flapjacks ah! the appetite that lies in wait for one in that clear air! -when we heard the sound of galloping hoofs. A courier arrived, the delight of exciting tidings making him fairly incoherent. "Hal," cried he—he was a hand and was addressing his chief—"all them steers has broke out! Busted the pen plumb flat! When the ingine brung the empties ——"

We were in our saddles in a jiffy and spurring for the station. Half-way we saw the longhorns. They were strung out and joyously trailing their way back toward the great field whence they had come.

Alas! those hopes were quickly blighted! We were soon beyond them, heading them back. They went willingly enough, except for an occasional one which, as if taken suddenly with an illuminating thought, went rushing to the rear, horns down and tail out, in a break for freedom. Invariably two tenderfeet took after the fugitive, whooping in glee, and, by keeping behind him and riding parallel, managed to let him get half a mile away before he was turned—when he started back on a gallop.

"One man to a steer in a case like that," advised the boss dryly as the tenderfeet came back, their faces scarlet.

Fortunately, it was only the first of the two big holding-pens that had been broken down. In short order the herd was gotten into the other, and riders were stationed along the sides of it to keep the "white-faces" from crowding against the heavy planks of the panels and laying them flat. Next began the work of loading.

Twenty-four steers were driven into the chute-pen, and a gate closed behind them, cutting them off from their fellows. The chute-pen was narrow, and terminated in the still narrower runway, which, in turn, ended at the broad, sliding door of the freight-car. At this door stood two men with long prods. And as the frightened cattle ascended, the prods found their shrinking sides and flanks, and urged the beeves on into the car. Once in the car their fear seemed to abate somewhat. Their eyes ceased to bulge, their legs to tremble, and they jostled each other about, seeking a more comfortable position, and gazed through the sides of the car at their brothers. Later, however, fear and curiosity give place to the agonizing weariness that follows a long trip in such close quarters.

The loading was accomplished with surprising quickness. By twenty-fours the longhorns crossed their Bridge of Sighs and passed into their small-spaced prisons. At last, the big holding-pen was empty. Then the "cutbacks"—unfit for shipment because they had been overtemperate in their appetites—were turned loose and headed toward a home pasture.

So much for the Oklahoma of today as a sample of cowboy land.

When our little crowd scattered that morning, the hands to the cotton-field, the boss to his overseeing, and Bud to a herd twenty miles away, the visitors first lined up for a photograph, and then cantered off toward Ponca City to see some Indians.

On the way fully a score were met. Some of them were Osages, some Otoes and others belonged to the Ponka tribe. They were in light wagons or covered buggies, the men occupying the most comfortable seats (naturally), and the women squatting upon a box, or a sack of corn, or the wagon-bed. The men wore broad, black hats, blue jean breeches, and store-made coats and vests; the women were in snug-fitting woolen dresses, and across the black hair of each was folded the ever-present, gay-squared shawl. As their teams passed the squaws answered our smiles with others, and the braves replied to our "How?" with a lift of the hat!

The Ponka children were visited next. The boys were neat and clean enough, and not without talent; but they showed so plainly that the discipline chafed them, that they loathed the restraint imposed. In fact, they said so flatly. And they were sullen and inclined to be saucy.

But the girls! Those who were the daughters or granddaughters of chiefs bore a distinguishing mark upon their foreheads. It was a round, black spot—smut worked into the skin with the point of a needle -and was worn just below the part of the hair. They took some pains to show it, much as a college girl will display her sorority pin. Their faces were pretty, their eyes earnest and of a slumbrous black, their manners were gentle. Ideal Indian maidens they were, their sleek cheeks tinted with Nature's scarlet, their hair well brushed and worn in a shining braid.

They were affectionate, too, and clung to the young women of the party with reiterated pleadings to lengthen the stay. "Oh, don't go!" they said; "we will show you our washroom. Each of us has a comb and a brush!" And their slim, brown hands caressed the strangers' hands, while their tongues were busily commenting on the long, blond hair of one of the visitors. "Is it real?" they asked. "Is it fastened to the head? Does it grow out just like ours?"

They were invited to make a full examination, and, being satisfied that such was the case, marveled more than ever.

In the workroom little tots, not yet nine, were mending neatly, and using sewing-machines to make their own blue pinafores or the checked blouses of their brothers. (How many white girls can do as much at nine?) Out on the school lawn others were playing. Each maid had her papoose, her doll-rags, and her tiny wigwam made out of three or four short sticks and a scrap of cloth.

When there is observed the astonishingly quick progress made by the Ponka girls it becomes at once a matter of wonder that this particular tribe of Indians has not advanced further in the adoption of civilized ways of living

The explanation lies with the boys. Like the cattlemen who will feed stock rather than come down to farming; like the old chief with his useless teepee in his yard, the Indian boys, when they are free once more from the shackling rules of their school, often cling obstinately to the old methods. And sometimes they go back to these methods because they have been taught the new as a hated task.

The girls follow their example—for the very good reason that they are completely dominated! Nevertheless, there is no denying the steady improvement among these people.

There are sections of the United States where the hardest-working and most abstemious of men cannot make such strides in a year as are everywhere reported in Oklahoma. That is because prosperity there is rooted in a deep, rich soil. The ground has but to be turned and planted, and Nature responds prodigally.

The Fitful Fever

By J. W. Foley

Times uncounted, without number, I have seen the lush cucumber
Painted green and fat and splendid on the box that holds the seeds,
That the corner grocer sells me and upon his honor tells me
That a few assorted packets will supply my utmost needs;
I have seen the red tomato and the fluff and fat potato
Done in most alluring colors and mouth-watering array.
And I follow each direction when I plant my radish section,
But I never raise such green stuff though I nurse it day by day!

All the luscious melons growing in the pictures I am sowing,
For the sight of them is tempting and the size of them is vast,
And I empty out the packet as I plant the seeds and tack it
On a stick so I may verify the stuff I planted last;
But alas! Some blight will wither them and I will wander hither
In the height of melon season, as I've often done before.
I will find some yellow, shrunken, puny specimens of pumpkin,
Or some runty summer squashes—only these and nothing more.

My asparagus and parsley I will sow, but not too sparsely,
For the pictures on the packets are both nourishing and fine,
And the printing on the packet tells me how to cut and stack it,
How to mulch it, how to bleach it, how to trim and prune the vines;
And with tender care I place it in a loamy place and face it
To the rising sun to give it just the chance to grow it needs.
Do I reap a harvest? No, sir! I must seek the corner grocer
And buy green stuff for my table, with my garden full of weeds.

Every springtime, when the tender voice of Nature croons the splendor
Of the field and of the harvest, then the fever gets on me
To go digging, hoeing, scratching, planting, pruning, garden-patching,
And the love I bear for Nature, oh, 'tis beautiful to see!
I have visions of cucumbers and my deep, soil-wearied slumbers
Are all full of corn and cabbage, dreams of crisp, fresh garden sass.
But the summer brings me sadness, for I know my dreams were madness,
And I learn the bitter lesson that all flesh is merely grass!

Letters of an Ex-Sultan to His Little Brother—By Wallace Irwin

I—ON THE VANITY OF REFORMING ANYTHING

From Abdul Hamid "Under Observation" at Salonika to His Brother, Mehmed V. on the Throne at Constantinople

Dear Mem:

Even if they kill me for it I'm going to drop you a big-brotherly line to remind you of the champion case of swelled head you must be enjoying by now, according to specifications. Now, what I intend to say is not inspired by any grouch—don't suspect me of that. Since my loving subjects gave me that little surprise party I've felt like a bank president on a vacation. I've been as happy as a retired king. Aside from the danger of being poisoned or lynched—and Allah knows I've gotten used to that sensation during my long and useful reign—the troubles of a lifetime have slipped away. I throw my fez in air. I frisk and gambol like a Young Turk.

Probably, as you read these lines you are occupying the best throne, with your jeweled slippers on the Sacred Ottoman. New-laid kings always act that way. New kings are like new car conductors. They are very fresh and important so long as their brass buttons are bright. Then somebody gives 'em a call-down and they go to work quietly ringing up fares from the proletariat. In my mind's eye I see you smoking one of my two-dollar-and-eighty-five-cent Abdul's Favorite perfectos and blowing rings piously toward Mecca. Methinks I see a line of generals, chefs, poets, theatrical managers, eunuchs, bartenders and cabinet ministers lined up before your presence, giving to the Grand Porte the appearance of a cashier's window on a Saturday night. I suppose they're calling you names, too, like the "Shadow of God," "Pillar of Heaven," "General Manager of the Universe" and "Girdle of Solomon." And you are swallowing that con until your fez sits tiny on your forehead, like a thimble on a watermelon.

In the name of the Prophet, get wise! Begin right and shoo the Softsoap Brigade away from the starry throne. That endless chain of worshipers does not wind its fawning way around your footstool for the mere privilege of admiring your kingly attributes. No, indeedy! They are flocking to see you because you are a New Boss, and they want to find out how much guff you will stand for. Exalted pet names are no luxury to a king. When a stranger begins an interview by calling you the "Shadow of God" it's a sure sign he's either trying to josh you or else he's looking for a job. Anyhow, take a chance and hang him.

It's a good thing, Meddy, my boy, for a freshman monarch to get over it as soon as possible. If they could only duck new kings the way the college boys do it! But, unfortunately, there is no precedent for this. They let a king go on with his infantile delusions and puppy ways until he grows up or is kicked off the throne. I realize, Brother, that you are sixty-three years old; but you haven't sown your political wild oats yet.

I see you've got that Reform Microbe. That's another disease that will wear off if you give it time and the country will stand it. You're all enthusiasm. You're yelling like Congressman Hobson for a new navy. You want kindergarten schools annexed to all the harems. You want direct primaries, referendum and recall, open plumbing and public playgrounds on the Golden Horn. You are already beginning to boast that Constantinople has the best high-school buildings east of Detroit.

But some day your kid enthusiasm will get a bump in the plexus and you'll wake up feeling as reactionary as a Sugar Senator in a secret session. You'll take a tuck in your virtue and begin attending to the serious business of Turkey, which is looting the customs-house, depopulating Armenia and leading a prayerful, polygamous life on black coffee and cigarettes, according to the will of Allah, as admitted to probate in the year 622.

When any courtly con man refers to you as the "Pillar of Heaven" remind him of the fact that you only stand five feet two on your bow-legs. As to your being the Girdle of Solomon—well, old Sol's belt would have to be spliced eighteen inches on both ends to circumnavigate your embonpoint. And because you've got one hundred wives it's no sign you're the Wisest Guy in the World.

And now, Kiddo, if you're sufficiently reduced to listen to the words of an experienced diplomat I'll elucidate to you one of My Policies on the graft proposition as outlined in the following:

The Story of the Caliph of Gabgab and the Predatory Pasha

Bishmallah! It is written that in the land of Amerika, a minor principality beyond the Frankish frontiers, there

dwelt a race of Infidels who were not so civilized as they thought they were. And in the stormy reign of Haroun al Roosevelt there sojourned among them a certain rich Pasha who stole so much timber land as to gain for himself wide esteem. So this wealthy noble decided to become a Friend of the People that he might go to Congress, where he belonged.

Accordingly, he cut nine furlongs of his valuable forest into a thousand stumps, and near each of these he set a brass band and a benzine lamp. And each night for twenty nights he stood upon one or another of these stumps and, lighting a benzine lamp, bade the band play Dearie until the people came flocking a-foot, a-horseback and a-taxicab. Whereat this Pasha would address them in a clear, sweet voice, saying: "Allah is great, and I am the Friend of the People! Why, then, should ye not vote for your Friend?"

And the People answered: "Exalted Kiddo, since you have already taken about all we own from us except our vote, why should you not bag that also?" And the Pasha, when he heard this, was secretly glad as one who has already arrived.

Now, it happened in the sixth week of the Great Panic that Haroun al Roosevelt, Caliph of Gabgab, spake unto his faithful vizier, Loebouli, saying: "It looks like a big night tonight; therefore let us go forth in the disguise of meat inspectors in order that we may see how our subjects fare among themselves." And Loebouli, the shrewd vizier, responded:

"You're on!" So that night they two went forth in disguise.

And when they came to the Grand Swipe Forest Reserve they heard the sound of one speaking passionately in self-laudation and saw a great crowd gathered around a benzine-burner. "Stay," said the Caliph, "we may find trouble right here." So they drew near and harkened a while to the predatory Pasha holding forth on the virtues of a pure home and a tightwad tariff.

"Fellow-citizens," went on the piratical Pasha, "let the mills of Capital grind your heart's blood, let tyrants threaten you and trusts assail, but *I* still stand upon my record like the rock of Gibr-al-Tarik, the champion of the masses and the Friend of the People."

At these words Haroun al Roosevelt stepped forward and interrupted the loud cheers. And the Common People salaamed, for they recognized their Caliph by his teeth.

"Backsheesh Graftik Pasha, by yon clock, you lie!" spake the great Caliph with the voice of an aggravated djinn.

"Beard of Münchausen!" cried the panic-stricken Pasha. "I tell no lie to the Common People. My speech is as pure as the tomato catsup that flows at the altar of Wiley, and my soul bows not to short and ugly idols."

"Your manner strangely interests me," cried the Caliph. "Report to me at the Executive Kiosk tomorrow in order that I may see if you are on the level with the masses, as you say you are."

So the Caliph and his vizier departed in the direction of Pennsylvania Avenue; but the unhappy Pasha groaned within and he slunk away like a Mombasa lion with a bull's-eye painted in the small of his back.

But at the hour of ten next morning the rich Pasha did put on the caftan of a humble office-seeker and did go meekly to the White Kiosk. And he was ushered without ceremony to the East Selimlik of the palace, where the energetic Caliph was giving a boxing lesson to the French Ambassador.

"Sit you down!" thundered the Commander of the Faithful to his trembling subject. "Now, tell me in plain words why you should not wear the brand of the Deliberate Falsifiers and be banished forever to the Brotherhood of the Long Bow. Since you have stolen Wyoming, Wisconsin, Colorado and Nevada, have you not a jumping nerve to ask to go to Congress as the Friend of the People?"

"Editor of the Judgment Book," began the Pasha, "it may seem strange to you that I, who am what I am, should yet claim to be the Friend of the People. Yet, hear me, Serenity, and I will prove it."

So Loebouli, the vizier, closed the door, and the Pasha proceeded:

"Know, O Prodder of the Trusts, that the Common People of my district are peculiarly human and given to the sins of man. When somewhat oppressed and downtrodden they are earnest, hard-working, frugal, industrious and devoted to Prohibition. But give them a little prosperity and their vices become apparent. What saith the Koran in the chapter of the Ant? 'Oh, ye ants! go in to your dwellings!' Give these Common People lands to call their own and they cease to be Common People. Their daughters go to Paris and their sons to Harvard. The simple frontiersman drops his rifle and buys a racing runabout. Commander of the Faithful, think how Seth Bullock would look in a racing runabout!"

The Caliph groaned and the Pasha continued:

"Immersing my ego in the general good I have taken this perfidious land, this dangerous timber from the People. I have not done this rudely through menace and violence, but smoothly through a corporation lawyer; so that the People suffered not the pangs of bereavement in losing what they knew not they owned. Thus have I separated a million of my fellowmen from their greatest evil, real estate, which has caused only dissension and murder ever since Cain tackled Abel with the ancestral Big Stick."

"Until now I have never understood your philanthropy," said the Caliph with tears in his eyes.

"I have saved the People from themselves," said the Pasha.

"And why do you wish to go to Congress in addition to all your generosity?" inquired Haroun al Roosevelt.

"In order that I may save myself from the People," replied the philanthropist.

So the Caliph bade the Pasha depart in the name of Allah. And the Pasha went to Congress, where he served through many years of usefulness—to himself. And when a Young Turk came to his village with reform in his eye and said to the People, "Backsheesh Graftik Pasha should give you at least a divvy on the timber he has stolen," the People dropped their corncob pipes in horror and cried: "Don't talk that way—you'll hurt business."

The moral of this tale, my dear Muddy, is: A good Caliph only serves two terms, but a good Graft lasts a lifetime.

So I say unto you, little brother, forget the Young Turks and get on the band-wagon with the Old Birds. I was a pretty bad Sultan, I guess, but I don't notice there's been any less prison, poison and perjury since I quit than before. I read in this morning's paper that the Young Turks have just mowed down eleven thousand Armenians—a pretty good average for a Turkish day of active politics. Do you think the Armenians care whether the fellows who burn their homes and butcher their babies are Lincoln-Roosevelt Reformers or Jo-Cannon Republicans? In the words of Hafiz the Golden, "I doubt it!"

(Concluded on Page 41)

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 5, 1909

Making Faces in the Senate

SENATOR DOLLIVER, the other day, made an interesting and important speech on the tariff. Spread over twenty-five or thirty pages of the Congressional Record it looks about like this:

Mr. Dolliver: "I will now take up Schedule K. (Reading.) All wool or hair of the goat ——"

Mr. Aldrich: "Mr. President ——"

The President: "Does the Senator from Iowa yield to the Senator from Rhode Island?"

Mr. Dolliver: "I do."

Mr. Aldrich: "The Senator should be accurate. The true language is, 'All wool and hair of goats.'"

Mr. Dolliver: "I hardly see ——"

Mr. Warren: "Mr. President. Excuse me. The importance of Schedule K is incalculable. The sentence should begin, 'All wool and hair of a goat.'"

Mr. Dolliver: "When the president of the National Association of Woolen Manufacturers ——"

Mr. Aldrich: "Mr. President ——"

The President: "Does the Senator from Iowa yield to the Senator from Rhode Island?"

Mr. Dolliver: "Certainly."

Mr. Aldrich: "It was the vice-president of the National Woolen Manufacturers' Association."

Mr. Dolliver: "Returning to the goat ——"

Mr. Aldrich: "Pardon me ——"

Mr. Dolliver: "I will yield only for a question."

Mr. Aldrich: "It is to ask a question that I rise."

Mr. Dolliver: "In that case I yield. State the question."

Mr. Aldrich: "Does the Senator know how many goats there are in Iowa besides himself?"

In Washington they call this Senatorial courtesy. At school we used to call it trying to disconcert the boy who was speaking a piece by making faces at him.

An Experiment With Sunday

TO FAMILIARIZE our foreign-born population with American institutions is generally considered commendable. We regard hopefully, therefore, a report, lately appearing in very reputable quarters, that the experiment of introducing steel-workers to the American institution known as Sunday is about to be tried—beginning, of course, in a small way, at one of the tube-works of the Steel Corporation.

There is a great mass of precedent in favor of such an innovation. Americans who are acquainted with Sunday think rather highly of it. There seems, indeed, to be a very general native impression that whenever Sunday has been given a chance it has worked very well. Experience of it, on the whole, has been so satisfactory that many conservative judges believe a prudent man need not hesitate to introduce it anywhere. It may be added that, while there are certain exceptions, most of the Americans who are already acquainted with their families think highly of them, and the two things—Sunday and family acquaintance—go very much together.

The bulk of the workers in the steel-mills, around Pittsburgh, at least, are "foreigners." Working twelve hours a day, seven days in the week, their knowledge of Sunday must necessarily be mere hearsay. Judging by their own experience, they doubtless believe that the institution itself is of a purely legendary character—quite as mythological as the benefits of tariff protection to workmen like themselves, whose wages "for the great majority are so low as to be inadequate to the maintenance of a normal American standard of living."

Officers of the tube-works, says the report, incline to the opinion that the man with a day of rest will turn out as much work in a six-day week as he now does in a seven-day week. That, of course, is the crucial point. That the individual man will live longer, and more like a human being, goes without saying.

The Small Boy With the Hoe

IT IS a question whether all these spring books about gardening should not be suppressed on moral grounds. Fairly numberless are the young lives which they blight. Father reads them as the buds start and the first robin appears. Infatuation seizes him for those noble implements, the spade and hoe; for the freshness of dewy morn, the primitive and penetrating scent of the newly-turned earth, the miracle of the seed—see pages 6 to 614.

So he plants a garden—and then, says he, with a deadly gleam in his eye: "Henry, as soon as school is out you will hoe seven rows of the cabbage patch and bug the potatoes."

Now, Henry never in his short life had any delusions about the noble implements aforementioned; neither Shakspere nor Marie Corelli could write a description of dewy morn, knee-deep in tomato vines, that would fool him. He has been there before and remembers just how it is. He can get his primitive and pungent scent of earth far more agreeably by digging angleworms. He knows the dreadful horticultural fact that the time when the cabbages are to be hoed is always exactly the time when the other boys are going swimming. He knows that if a match game of ball with the south-side boys is scheduled the potato bugs will come from hundreds of square miles and pile up on his patch until you couldn't get through 'em with a snowplow. The long vacation is at hand, but that garden stretches through it like a streak of alum in sponge-cake.

In the Persian garden, as the poet feigned, flowers sprang from some once-lovely head. We hope some day an Omar K. Pike will arise here, and tell in verse as moving and immortal how, in the American garden, the vegetables are watered by Henry's tears. We know grown men who aver that to this day cabbage always tastes salty to them. The really tragic picture is not The Man With the Hoe, but the small boy with a hoe on a day when the water is fine.

Woman's Work and Pay

"IF A WOMAN writes a novel," said a champion of the New York act to equalize the salaries of male and female school-teachers, "she is paid, not as a woman, but as an author; her royalties are just the same as a man's."

This we recommend to the consideration of the publishers, for they seem to have overlooked the point. There is no more reason why they should pay women as well as men for the same work than there is why anybody else should—and hardly anybody else, speaking in a general way, does.

It is said that women are not worth as much as men because they don't stick; working for pay with them is merely incidental and temporary. But another advocate of the same New York act argues that teaching school is especially a woman's permanent vocation; while a great many men teachers take it up only incidentally and temporarily, to boil the pot during the time they are studying law or medicine.

No doubt this is true, yet everywhere men teachers are paid more than women, and, the country over, their pay averages nearly a third higher. The only real reason that women are paid less than men for the same work is that they can be had for less.

The fourteen thousand and odd women teachers in the public schools of New York City are, undoubtedly, the most highly paid in the country, and they have made a stronger fight, we believe, for pay equal to men than has been made anywhere else. This may be simply another illustration of the familiar doctrine that you must be comparatively happy before you can realize your misery; you must attain a certain state of well-doing before you can struggle effectually for a higher state. When women have moved up a few notches economically probably they will demand and get the same pay as a man for the same work.

Too Many Men for the Jobs

OF THE persons, sixteen years of age or older, who received aid from organized charity in a city, during a given year of normal business activity, more than three-quarters were classed as wage-earners—that is, they were engaged in gainful occupations, and partly self-supporting, or self-supporting part of the time. But in only a little over one-tenth of the cases did the chief wage-earner of the family have steady work, the employment of nearly nine-tenths being described as "irregular." To how great a degree the cause of poverty is just plain lack of work probably no finite mind will ever know.

A pamphlet lately issued by the Labor Department of the State of New York shows that at the beginning of last year over a third of the members of reporting labor unions were idle. This proportion declined quite steadily to the end of November, when it was only a fifth. Arrival and departure of aliens at the port of New York show, for the last quarter of the year, a net inward movement of forty-three thousand—roughly, that much net addition to the crude labor supply, against a net outward movement of nearly three thousand in the third quarter. The destination of more than half the immigrants of the fourth quarter was either New York or Pennsylvania—the industrial centers. As the pamphlet says: "The stream of immigration has thus been very promptly affected by the gradual improvement in trade conditions." When a hundred more jobs appeared a hundred and two more men appeared to claim them.

The Socialists say they can cure this everlasting trouble of there being always more men than jobs. Probably it wouldn't be fair to reply that over thirty per cent of the immigrants of the fourth quarter of the year came from Italy and Germany, where there is a great deal more Socialism than there is here. At any rate, whoever thinks he has discovered a cure will find listeners as long as the trouble lasts.

A Good Rule Gone Wrong

WHOEVER takes the trouble to read the official text of the Supreme Court's "commodities clause" decision will find in it this paragraph: "It is elementary, when the constitutionality of a statute is assailed, if the statute be reasonably susceptible of two interpretations, by one of which it would be unconstitutional, and by the other valid, it is our plain duty to adopt that construction which will save the statute from constitutional infirmity."

If the court would only somewhat extend that rule and stick to it there would be much less ground for the criticism that the court is, in effect, a legislative body which is not subject to review and not responsible to the people. When four, or three, or even two, learned justices of the Supreme Court deliberately adopt a certain interpretation of a statute that interpretation must certainly have the quality of reasonableness. Yet time and again a majority of the court has overthrown a statute when a minority of the court has declared the statute to be susceptible of an interpretation quite in harmony with the Constitution.

A statute has been annulled time and again, even when, on the face of the court's own records, there was the greatest doubt as to whether it was really in conflict with the Constitution. What, on that point, could raise a greater doubt than the carefully-formed opinion of a number of members of the Supreme Court?

The court should surely extend the sanction of reasonableness to an interpretation of a statute which is made by one-third or four-ninths of itself, and so, by a logical application of the principle of its own rule, save that statute from destruction.

Under popular government the formal enactments of the people's representatives are entitled to consideration. They ought not to be condemned unless they are guilty beyond a reasonable doubt.

The Double Standard of Manners

PECULIARLY diabolical in its ingenuity is the charge leveled against an eminent Western politician that he wears a celluloid collar. Like the two-edged sword of fable it cuts both ways.

In the politer regions of the state it will put the politician under the withering imputation of being a crude and dowdy person whose uncouth appearance is likely to bring reproach upon the refined commonwealth whose official representative he aspires to be; while in the most bucolic district it will bring down upon him the no less damning suspicion of being a mere glass of fashion and mold of form, to whose effeminate hands the interests of the state's sturdy manhood cannot safely be intrusted. The city man will reject the politician as a hayseed, and the farmer will reject him as a dude. To the one a celluloid collar prefigures waving cornfields and smelly barnyards; to the other it suggests the ostentation and folly of the smart set.

The same article of commerce and adornment may stand for the extreme of simplicity or of sophistication, depending entirely upon the point of view of the beholder.

In the same subtle manner the politician might be double-crossed by a statement that he always eats pie with a knife—the prejudice, on the one side, being in favor of eating it with a fork, and, on the other side, in favor of eating it by hand. For wearing a white vest and claw-hammer coat in the afternoon a man might be defeated in two districts for exactly opposite reasons.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Hundredth Man

ASK yourself this question: Suppose you were fifty years old and a lawyer in an interior city, of good reputation and with a good practice built up after twenty-five years of the hardest kind of work. Suppose you had a taste for books and pictures and a liking for travel. Suppose a man at the head of a great corporation for which you did legal business came to you and said: "If you will devote yourself exclusively to the law business of my organization, doing nothing else, I will give you twenty thousand dollars a year for the rest of your life, the salary to continue to death whether you are incapacitated or not and no matter for how many years, and I will sign a contract with you guaranteeing you this sum each year, with a further guarantee of six months' vacation each year, and underwrite that contract in any way you direct, bonding our company for its faithful performance." Suppose you were a lawyer, with a fondness for books and pictures and travel, and a man came along, a man who you knew would carry out the contract, and handed you a thing like that on a silver salver and begged you to take it. What would you do?

Again: What would you do?

Answer (ninety-nine times out of a hundred): "Take it."

Answer (the hundredth time): "No, I will not take it. I am grateful for your employment, and will be glad to continue as your legal adviser as now. But I think I can be of more value to you under the present arrangement. I want to be my own man instead of your man, and I am sure if I bound myself with an agreement like that I would soon be of use neither to you nor myself."

Well, Charles Nagel, the new Secretary of Commerce and Labor, was the hundredth man. He didn't take it. Instead, he kept along with his general practice until President Taft scooped him in for his present place.

Taking the Pole He Began to Stir 'Em Up

It was ten years ago that Mr. Nagel refused that proposition. Like as not, he hasn't been sorry since. If he has been he doesn't show it, for he is having the time of his life in the Department of Commerce which Mr. Cortelyou started on a card-index plan, which Mr. Metcalf continued, adding voluminously to both cards and indexes, and which Mr. Straus buzzed about in for a time. You see, Mr. Nagel is a tall, thin person who hates peace. Likewise, he has decided views on being his own boss. Thus, when he hopped gayly into the welter of red tape, indexes, precedents, conventions and other perplexing paraphernalia with which they had managed to clutter that department in the six years of its existence, the first thing he did was to shout loudly for a long pole with a sharp point on the end, and taking the pole he began to stir 'em up.

He has stirred them up, all right. There are more department heads and bureau chiefs running around in circles and cheeping plaintively in Mr. Nagel's jurisdiction than elsewhere in the known world. To be sure, he won't get very far, but it is fun while he is at it. Presently the system will begin to close in, and Mr. Nagel will find himself facing that tall and thick stone wall known as the that's-the-way-it-has-always-been-done obstruction to new methods and new men.

The Affair of the Riot Guns

IT MAY take longer for Nagel to come to the unclimbable, un-go-roundable, no-thoroughfare place, for he is a fighter. Not so many years ago, when they had a street-car strike in St. Louis that began with the men quitting work and progressed to the car-wrecking stage, he went down to the sheriff and volunteered his services.

"What can you do?" asked the sheriff.

"I can go out and organize a company of citizens of St. Louis who will stand by me and put an end to these outrages."

"But," said the sheriff, "you are interested in politics, and it will turn the labor vote against you."

"*Raus mit* politics," retorted Nagel, being of German descent, "and it won't turn any of the decent labor vote against me, at that."

So he went out and organized the Nagel Protective Corps, which consisted of about a hundred St. Louis citizens, all of whom were of the same mind about the outrages—to wit, that peace and harmony should prevail if they had to fill the strikers full of holes. They were armed with riot guns, neat little instruments of slaughter that held a pint or two of buckshot and exploded like cannons; and in a short time they stopped the gentle pastimes of dragging women from street cars and pounding conductors and motormen on the head with bricks, without shooting anybody, but they did arrest a lot of disturbers.

Besides captaining the gunners, Nagel attended to the court work in the trials. He saw to it that a bunch of strikers were put away for a few months each, every time a batch was brought before the judge. Presently the strike petered out and Nagel went back to his law office. It may be that he will organize a Nagel Protective Corps in the Department of Commerce, but he will need more than riot guns to get action down there. He will be obliged to organize and personally conduct a series of expansive earthquakes.

Nagel has been active in Missouri Republican politics for a long time. He was a member of the Missouri Legislature for two or three years and president of the City Council for four. He has always been allied with the silk-stocking element, which has put him in opposition to that sturdy warrior, Dick Kerens; not that Mr. Kerens does not wear silk socks, which he can and does, but that Kerens was on the plain-hose side, whereupon there were some sanguinary battles, ever and anon, the same ending, it would appear, in the final triumph of Nagel, for he is in, and Kerens isn't—yet.

He is the tallest man in the Cabinet, overtopping Judge Dickinson by an inch or two, but lacking those redundant architectural features that make the Judge so massive a man. There isn't a porte-cochère or a bow-window on Nagel. He extends directly upward in a straight line to almost four inches more than six feet, and has no particular or perceptible width. It wouldn't be right to say he is thin, for it isn't that. High for his breadth would be politer. Still, he is a mighty good-looking statesman, albeit the standard of manly beauty for the present Administration is strictly avoirdupois.

Last fall he went to Chicago and took charge of the Western campaign for Mr. Taft. When things were in the doldrums Nagel stood up and pinned his faith publicly to Grand Old Missouri and the Grand Old Party simultaneously, using a large and ornate pin—coupled them in the betting, as the racegoers say. Like as not, he had a series of cold chills on election night, for if ever two candidates ran a neck-and-neck race Taft and Bryan did in Missouri. Finally, Taft won by a few hundreds, and after that it was certain Nagel could have a Cabinet place or about anything else he wanted.

So he was given Commerce and Labor, and he came to Washington and looked it over. He is looking it over yet, looking it over and wondering how about it; likewise, he is getting much valuable experience in the ways of Washington and the institution that has its headquarters at Washington, but he is managing to be cheerful about it and is making much progress.

Personally, he is as attractive and as soft-spoken a citizen as ever stirred them up. You'd think, to watch him, that he was an altitudinous poet, given a bit to dreaming, instead of a most practical lawyer, given to doing. But when you take a close look you observe a square chin and a firmly-set jaw and an eye that can be cold and inquisitorial if the occasion rises. He is a big man in the law, and he will be one of the big men in the Cabinet.

But, say, that was an attractive billet he refused, wasn't it? Really, the man must like to work.

Out of the Pie Belt

THE older men in the Navy had one sure way of teasing Rear-Admiral Hemphill that never failed to make that gallant hero rise up and run amuck.

When Hemphill, as a cadet, went to the Naval Academy, he marched in to his first meal at the mess hall without knowing just what sort of food he would get. The negro waiters brought the usual food and, after he had finished, young Hemphill beckoned his waiter and said: "Let me have some pie."

"'Deed, boss," replied the waiter, "dey ain't no pie fur brekfas'."

Hemphill has a squeaky voice. He looked at the waiter in blank astonishment and piped: "Gosh! No pie for breakfast?"

Any time after that for forty years when the chaps who knew Hemphill wanted to start something, all they had to do was to squeak down a companionway or through a door: "Gosh! No pie for breakfast?" and the row began.

New Styles in Mountains

"I HAVE made many speeches," said Representative Cushman, of Washington, one of the humorists of the House, "but never one I remember with more satisfaction than an oration I delivered years ago while in competition for a school prize. I had a fine peroration, referring to the snow-capped, eternal peaks, as I recall the first of it. The part that is fixed in my memory came in the last sentence where, rising to the full height of my magnificent but somewhat attenuated figure, I declaimed: 'Majestic monuments that stand alone, guardians of eternity, displaying on your mighty sides the ineffable footprints of the hands of time.'"

Dear Old Snoddy

"IN THE course of some politics down in Tennessee," said Judge Dickinson, Secretary of War, "it became necessary for the faction of the Democracy with which I affiliated to fuse with the other faction, and we determined, in order to carry out our desires, to nominate a man named Snodgrass for a place on our ticket. Snodgrass represented the other faction.

"One of our orators was assigned to make the speech nominating Snodgrass, and, although he didn't like the job, he went at it vigorously. After he had gone along a ways he said, 'And now, gentlemen, I present the name of Thomas J. Snodgrass for your consideration ——'

"At this point one of the Snodgrass men could no longer restrain himself, and he threw up his hat and yelled: ''Rah for dear old Snoddy!'

"Our orator stopped. 'I quit right here,' he shouted. 'I'll be hanged if I'll nominate a man who can be called Snoddy.'"

The Hall of Fame

¶ Judge Jacob M. Dickinson, Secretary of War, is the best story-teller in the Cabinet set.

¶ Señor Nabuco, the Brazilian Ambassador, is the star orator of the Ambassadorial bunch.

¶ Professor WJ McGee, who investigates soil erosions for the Government, gets angry if his name is printed W. J. McGee. He says he was christened WJ, and that that is all the front name he has.

¶ Henry Gassaway Davis, former Senator from West Virginia, former Democratic candidate for Vice-President, who has so many millions he doesn't know what to do, is eighty-six and spry as a lad of forty.

¶ It's a tie between Assistant Secretary McHarg, of the Department of Commerce, and Assistant Secretary Norton, of the Treasury Department, as to who is the best-looking of the new men in the Administration.

¶ Franklin Adams, assistant director of the Bureau of American Republics, has visited, explored and otherwise traveled through every one of the American republics, except Haiti, and he is going there this summer just to close up the list.

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Any good merchant, anywhere, who handles Royal Tailoring with the equipment we give him can compete successfully with the best local tailor in town. And all without investing a penny, without risking a dollar, without interfering with a single branch of his regular trade. And that dealer will know that he is selling the highest type of custom-made metropolitan clothes in America. He will know he is selling clothes that are cut and draped to the individual measures of each customer in the two largest and best organized tailoring establishments in the world. He will know that he is selling the only garments in America that are legally and individually guaranteed to be all pure wool—and to give satisfaction in every respect, or money back without question.

To Big City Dealers

Let us put a BROADWAY Tailoring Department into your store. Let us equip you to sell REAL metropolitan clothes—clothes with all that swaggerness of style and perfection of fit in them that a big city tailor can supply.

We will provide you not with a mere sample book alone, but with a complete department of which you can be proud—a fine stock of piece goods, model coats, a full line of sample swatches and everything you need to win the best trade in your town.

$2,500 to $25,000 a Year Without Investment

It is possible to double and triple the profits of the average retail store with a Royal Tailoring department, and yet without interfering in any way with the regular stock. Royal Tailoring will not cut down your ready-made sales; it simply gets you a trade you are not enjoying now. It brings you hundreds of tailor customers whose trade has been helping somebody else's bank account instead of yours. And every suit you sell will be an absolute merchant tailor suit—with a swaggerness of style and a perfection of fit that will advertise your store. Nothing adds more tone to a store; nothing helps more to give the Marshall Field reputation; nothing helps more to bring in the quality trade than a high class custom tailoring department.

And the equipment, complete, is furnished at our expense.

Five Exclusive, Definite Selling Fea

An Absolutely Different Line

Do not confuse Royal Tailoring with any other tailoring in America. It has not in this country a single competitor. It makes its clothes and works with its trade along lines exclusively its own.

There are no uncertainties in Royal tailoring, no delivery questions, no delayed shipments, no mixed cotton merchandise, no misfits or mishaps. We tailor our garments on an absolute schedule. We confine ourselves to ALL PURE Wool. We guarantee every garment to satisfy, or we alone take the loss.

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The assortment of woolens we place in your store is surpassed in no local tailor shop in America. For the current season alone we furnish 500 Pure Woolen Innovations, in exclusive weaves and colorings, you cannot duplicate anywhere save perhaps in the shops of a Wetzel, a Bell, or another of the exclusive New York Tailors.

We take the output of three of the world's most famous mills. And the cream of the season's cloth successes are always on display in your store.

All Pure Wool

We place in every dealer's store the equipment for a wool test that no other tailor has ever dared even to suggest. That test will show instantly the percentage of deception in a fabric.

We do that eagerly, because Royal tailoring is confined to wool—all wool—pure wool and nothing else but wool. It doesn't merely promise and claim, it legally guarantees that every thread and fibre in a Royal pattern is wool and wool alone. The guarantee is attached to each garment

$1 a Day Fo

Delay and uncertai unknown in Royal tailo every garment on an schedule, as dependabl time of the Twentieth And when that schedu to, we pay the dealer every day's delay in th garment order.

No aggravating of humiliating of your promised garment doe You know absolutely will come

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—a chance to add a new department without investment.

ling their bank accounts and making *clean* reputations the *fastest-selling* in America. But the time has itable—when public demand in other cities nore dealers to share in the Royal trade.

We Equip You To Handle the Trade and Help You To Get It

We will not stop with merely equipping your store with a tailoring department. We will not stop with our elaborate outfit of woolen samples, our handsome steel photogravure fashion plates, our selected model coats for display. We will not only equip you to supply the trade, but we will help to make the trade for you.

We are by far the largest tailoring advertisers in the world. Every man who wears clothes knows the Royal Tailors and knows that they stand for clothes quality. In the magazines alone we use more space than any five tailors combined. And in your own territory we will work direct with you, with powerful circulars and letters, to help you build the largest local tailoring business.

Write or Wire Us Today

You can mail the blank we print, with your name and address attached, or you can "short-cut" the route by sending it as a telegram at our expense. Whether wired or mailed it binds you to nothing. It simply asks for a reservation of your territory pending mutual agreement and understanding by later correspondence.

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Accept the message from any responsible merchant and send collect. We will honor and pay for same.

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The Legal Guarantee is one of the greatest of tailoring order inducements. You can not only promise a customer that he will like a Royal garment after it is made for him—you can guarantee it.

That guarantee comes with his garment, made out in pen and ink, in his name, and warrants every part and particle of the garment to give him perfect satisfaction or it need not be accepted. And the guarantee is profitable, for Royal garments satisfy invariably.

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The Senator's Secretary

ABOUT this time look out for Cabinet squalls," should go in every political almanac for that period running from the fourth of March until the summer vacations begin in the first year of an Administration. They always come. The new Cabinet dignitaries are then engaged in the shaking-down process, in getting used to their jobs and in having the jobs get used to them. They all come from atmospheres where things could be done, and are dropped into an area of depression where nothing can be done except in the regular way.

They revolt and beat against the bars, and protest they are the bosses and must be obeyed; and things are lively for a time. Then they all calm down and everything goes on in the same old way.

The first good one came in the Department of Commerce, where Secretary Nagel, of St. Louis, being a new broom, began to put it to the test to see whether he swept clean or not. Up to date he has not. There is still quite a lot of dust on the rug, to say nothing of an accumulation here and there in the corners. Still, when Nagel went out and poked his broom at S. N. D. North, Director of the Census, he certainly did start something.

We take a census every ten years and it has been, heretofore, one of the great job-makers. Thousands of men are employed as enumerators and clerks and all that, and the patronage-hungry Senators and Representatives await with great anxiety the beginning of each decade. After the census is taken there is work during the ten years that follow the actual counting for a large force of clerks in tabulating and compiling the mass of various statistics that are gathered, statistics on every conceivable subject, from manufacturing to heredity, from birth to marriage, to death.

Until now the Director has been practically supreme. This has been especially true with North, who has been in governmental affairs for a long time, and is a strong, well-versed and important man. Since the Department of Commerce was organized, in 1903, the Census Bureau has been under the Secretary of Commerce, technically, but really the Director has had about all the say. Nagel came in just a year before the next census—which they expect will show the population of the country to be more than ninety millions—is to be taken. He heard about the enormous patronage of the bureau and of its workings, and he looked it over.

North's Neutralized Efficiency

Presently he discovered the Director was not paying any attention to the Secretary of Commerce, but running things to suit himself. The question of a contract for a new lot of tabulating machines came up and Nagel found he had not been consulted. He called Mr. North in and asked why. North didn't give a satisfactory reason, and Nagel announced that he was boss of the place and that North would do what he wanted him to or get out. On the face of it that seems a plain proposition, but things are never on the face of it in Washington. The fact is, as soon discovered by Nagel, that North, who came to Washington from Boston, where he was secretary for many years of a wool association, has a lot of influence behind him. He has assisted in the making of at least one tariff bill, because of his technical knowledge of the wool industry, and Senator Aldrich and Senator Lodge and some other important persons were for him; not that they do not like Mr. Nagel, but that they have known North a long time, consider him a valuable man and are his friends.

Nagel found that ousting North was a good deal of a job, so he put the whole thing plump up to the White House. Taft is conciliatory in these days. He is placating. He didn't want a Cabinet minister to resign within sixty days after he had been appointed, on a question of jurisdiction in his own department, and he called Nagel and North up to the White House one night and they had it out. After the affair had been discussed for several hours the President said to North: "Well, Mr. North, then it seems that your efficiency in the Department has been neutralized."

Many persons would have answered, "And I hereby tender my resignation."

Not North. He tendered no resignation. What he said was, "Yes, Mr. President, that seems to be true," and left.

That was the departmental view of it. Take what they hand to you, but never resign. Why resign? If one can hang on for a time a new Secretary of Commerce may come along, and then there may be a chance to get back into power again. One never can tell. Besides, the thought of being separated from the Government pay-roll is not to be entertained. Then, too, the thing may be straightened out, and everybody forgets sooner or later, and one's influence is always working. So it was patched up, for a time at least; for if a man does not leave when you say, "What's your hurry? Here's your hat," the only way to make him leave is to throw him out; and Taft deprecated that.

Meantime, Mr. Nagel is confronted with the proposition that they have picked out his assistants for him, and he is trying to find out why. Over in the Interior Department Judge Richard A. Ballinger is pretty busy. He has stood that ancient and dignified bunch of patriots who labor in the various bureaus on their ancient and dignified heads. Men who were high in the Department have been reduced to nine hundred and twelve hundred-dollar clerkships and put in the most menial positions. Men who were at the heads of important bureaus for years are now doing the most ordinary clerical work. Ballinger is turning the place inside out, which is not a bad job, for it has been a long time since anybody took a club in that institution and swung it around his head regardless of what it hit.

Ballinger's First Squall

And, as in the case just mentioned, you'd think that if a man had had an important four-thousand-dollar place in the Interior Department and had been put down to a nine-hundred-dollar place he'd resign even if he had to go driving a street car. But they do not. They never resign. They go meekly to their new desks, cursing inwardly, but outwardly as subservient as ever, and plod along in the hope that a new Secretary will come in and put them back where they think they belong.

It is no easy thing to shift these men. They all had political influence when they were appointed and probably retain some shreds of that influence now. Moreover, they can generally impress some statesman with their tales of woe, and that leads the statesman to go around and lie down on Ballinger. He doesn't seem to pay much attention to the statesmen. It needed shaking up, to his mind, and he is shaking it. Of course, it will settle back again sooner or later, but at present it is in a highly-agitated and nervous condition; almost hysterical, so to speak.

While all this was going on Ballinger had his first squall. His Department got into a tangle with the Agricultural Department on the question of the interpretation of some of the conservation laws. Neither would yield, and we expected, every time there was a Cabinet meeting to see Ballinger and Tama Jim Wilson come rolling out of the door, locked together and hammering one another in the face. Conciliator Taft stepped in here, also. He said, "Now, boys, be good or I'll spank you both," and they quit, announcing in a somewhat chastened manner that the row was merely about the interpretation of some laws, anyhow, a matter over which no Cabinet ministers would so far forget themselves as to fight. Oh, certainly: not at all. They wouldn't fight; not when Taft had placed them both in his chair and sat on them for half an hour.

Taft is conciliating in other directions also, and having the usual luck. The men he conciliates are glad enough of it, for nobody, whatever his private opinion may be, wants to be at outs with a President. The chaps who are yelling are the thick-and-thin Tafters, who went out and made the fight for his nomination and election, and who think they have all the bonds and all the stock in the Taft corporation, or should have, at any rate. Your politician, from Cabinet minister or Senator down to country postmaster—all politicians—wants all there is. He yells loudly about loyalty and all that, and cannot for the life

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One taste of this nugget of goodness, and you get the delicious flavor of all three, fruit, Maraschino and confection. It's more than mere candy.

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I make also, Dutch Bitter Sweets and Swiss Style Milk Chocolates in handsome boxes. I will send a sample size of either for a dime.

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of him see why a President should conciliate anybody, especially any of those perfidious wretches who opposed him in the early days.

Meantime, Mrs. Taft's social program is being carried out with vigor and determination. Her plan for a gathering on the Potomac Drive on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons has become immensely popular, and everybody in Washington who is anybody, or who can hire a victoria, get an automobile, or corral any kind of a decent conveyance, dresses up and goes there about five o'clock. The Marine Band plays in the bandstand, and the scene is very attractive. They have laid out tennis-courts which are occupied always. The polo players have taken a section of the park. The lagoon is full of motor-boats. The college crews come up the river in their shells. There are scores of horseback riders. There are thirty or forty ball games going on around the base of the Washington Monument and the long line of vehicles moves along the drives in imposing array.

Mrs. Taft arrives about five o'clock in her automobile and, after circling the drive once, takes her position at the head of the ellipse. She remains there for an hour or so, while the people who know her stop for a moment for a chat and then move on, and those who do not know her stare as they go by. Mrs. Taft takes a lady or two with her each afternoon and holds a very remarkable outdoor levee. All Washington is taken with the idea, and Potomac Drive is likely to be a national institution.

Once a week President Taft goes down. He generally goes on horseback, accompanied by one of his aides in full-dress uniform, rides around the drive and stops for a few moments beside Mrs. Taft. He started one day, not long ago, on a Wednesday afternoon. It was the opening day for the Departmental Baseball League, and the two contending nines were playing on one of the public diamonds near the Monument. One of the nines was the Post-Office Department organization, and Postmaster-General Hitchcock, who used to be a baseball player himself, had pitched the first ball. The President came along and saw the crowd around the game.

"Who's playing?" he asked Captain Butt, his aide.

"Post-Office and Commissioners," Captain Butt replied.

"Here," said the President to his orderly, "take my horse. I'm going to see some of that."

Consternation Below-Stairs

And he and Captain Butt got down and walked into the crowd, where they watched three innings. Whereupon, history was made again, for that, in all probability, was the first time a President of the United States watched an amateur ball game on a public diamond. Still, the President likes baseball and goes to the league games here occasionally, while Vice-President Sherman goes every afternoon he can get away from the Senate when there is a game, riding out and back in a street car.

Mrs. Taft is not so busy with her social duties that she has not taken time to go over the White House and reorganize it. During the Roosevelt occupancy there were servants in flocks about the place, most of whom had little to do.

There were nine laundresses at the White House while Mr. Roosevelt lived there and other servants in similar profusion. Mrs. Taft engaged a housekeeper who cut the nine laundresses down to three and made similar reductions all along the line. Also, she caused great woe by compelling all the servants to eat at one table, for it seems, in addition to the social position secured by working at the White House, there were distinct grades of that position among those who worked there. There were three tables. The head one was used by the top-notchers, like Pinckney, the steward, and Charley Reeder, the footman, and on down. The housekeeper promptly discharged about two-thirds of the servants and put all the rest at one table.

There are not so many dinner-parties at the White House as there were when President Roosevelt was there, and luncheon is a family affair instead of a function. President Taft eats an apple for his own luncheon, which is not much of a festivity. What has happened is that President Taft, thinking there should be economy in the expenditures of the Government, has determined to economize a little himself.

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It denotes the gloves with that perfection in fit which none but the Kayser gloves ever attained.

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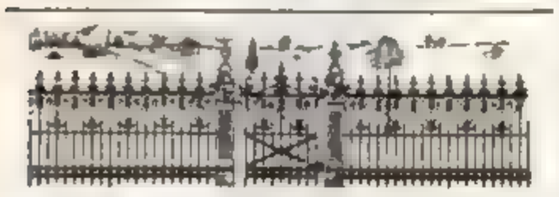

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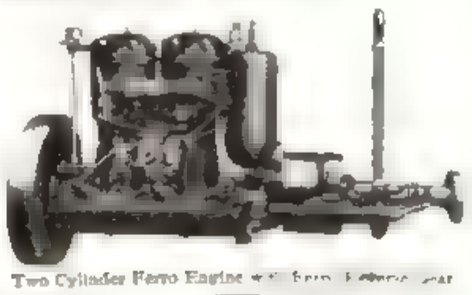

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A house-hold gas plant with gas range and incandescent lights—not expensive—absolute safety.

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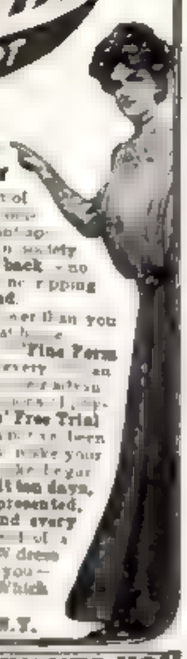

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Something new—the scientific garment of the [illegible] Combines [illegible] with ease and elegance of appearance [illegible] Always drapes evenly in front and back—no [illegible] Can be worn the year round.

Made in several styles, and of [illegible] than you can buy the material [illegible]

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"Best Fountain Pen in the World"
Self-Filling. Self-cleaning.
Always writes. Never leaks.
Ten Year Guaranty with Every Pen
PRICE $2.50
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and thousands of others to work for him. Common school education sufficient. Many [illegible] and other branches [illegible] Philippines and [illegible] lars free concerning positions, salaries, examinations held soon in every State, sample examination questions, etc.

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The newest, latest and most beautiful by colored set of 6 [illegible] great cards ever produced. These views are all taken [illegible] In every [illegible] matter with each view. These cards have been [illegible] the most [illegible] and are a great educational series. The [illegible] commences at New York [illegible] Niagara Falls, Chicago, the cities of the West, Pike's Peak, Yellowstone Park, Arizona, New Mexico, Santa Catalina Island, Pacific Coast, Rockies, [illegible] the ocean to Honolulu, Australia, Manila, Japan, China, India, the Holy Land, Egypt, Morocco, Malta, Spain, Venice, Italy, Switzerland, Paris, France, Monte Carlo, Berlin, Germany, the Rhine, Norway, [illegible] Denmark, England, across the Atlantic to Porto Rico, Havana, Florida. This beautiful and instructive collection of American and Foreign scenes, which retail for $1.25, mailed postpaid to any address on receipt of 50c in postage, money order or silver.

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[illegible] Wonderful automatic camera [illegible] photo pictures [illegible] Everything [illegible] Finishes [illegible] ready for delivery [illegible] making [illegible] camera [illegible] develops and finishes pictures [illegible] A big money maker at parks, [illegible] and [illegible] celebrations. Can be set up [illegible] ready [illegible] No experience [illegible] Weighs [illegible] Will ship upon deposit of $5 [illegible] C. O. D.

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$62.00 for this 3½ H.P.

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Never before such a high grade engine been sold at such a price. The same high quality material [illegible] highest [illegible] Equipped [illegible] Carburetor, spark coil, [illegible] can of oil, can of grease, two wrenches, extra timer springs and [illegible] All for $62.00

[illegible] Fairbanks Morse Engines are [illegible] pared on the outside, but each part is machined, the cylinder, piston and shaft are ground, and each part carefully inspected. A [illegible] Every Fairbanks Morse Engine [illegible] Also 7, 12 and 18 H. P. two cycle and 4 to 100 H. P. four cycle. *A Live Proposition for Agents.*

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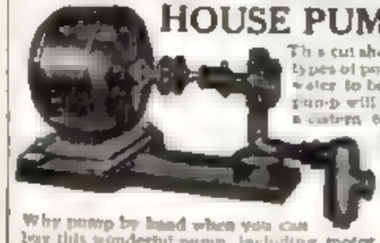
"SANITARY" ELECTRIC HOUSE PUMPS



This cut shows one of our rotary types of pump for pumping soft water to bath room, etc. This pump will lift soft water out of a cistern 60 feet into an attic tank at the rate of [illegible] gallons an hour, at a cost of about

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Why pump by hand when you can buy this wonderful pump, including motor, ready to set up, all charges prepaid to the Mississippi for

LESS THAN $50?

Write us your wants today. We make a full line of Duplex and Single Deep Well Plunger Pumps for Residence and Water Works. Booklet Free.

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WE SELL

Tax Bonds

Bonds of cities, towns, villages, school and other Districts—varying in denomination from $100 to $1,000. Issued under state laws, approved by attorneys of national reputation—recognized by Congress, and by state laws regulating Savings Banks, their permanent value giving assurance to the investor and freedom from loss of energy and distrust incident to changing quotations on "listed securities." They are acceptable collateral to your Banker and convertible in times of need.

Who Buy of Us

Insurance Companies, to protect policy holders and because of the general approval of municipal securities.

Savings Banks, for your protection and in accordance with their state laws.

Banks and Bankers, for their own use, for customers dependent upon them for advice, for uses under the "Emergency Currency Act," as security for government, state, county, city or special deposits.

Trustees, who care for funds of widows and orphans and desire the avoidance of risk.

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The Bonds We Own

Great Central Commercial Cities, netting 3.70% to 4%
Well Known Cities, . . . " 4.15% to 4¾%
County, School and District Bonds, " 4¾% to 5¼%
Levee and Irrigation Bonds, . " 5½% to 6%

Bought only after personal investigation.

Our enormous selling power to customers in 36 states enables us to handle many large issues on terms extremely favorable to our customers. We offer you a wide choice and the practical experience of twenty years of success with no attendant losses. Write us today—state your needs—ask for lists and booklet on Tax Bonds

Address Department P.

WILLIAM R. COMPTON COMPANY
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"Carey Act"

Irrigation Bonds

Unsold Portion, $450,000

WYOMING LAND & IRRIGATION COMPANY

YIELDING

6%

We strongly recommend these bonds to conservative investors. Their issuance has the full sanction of National Government and State of Wyoming, and are legally ahead of all taxes. We have sold large blocks of these Bonds to bankers and other well-known investors.

Send for special descriptive circular.

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Print Your Own

Cards, circulars, book, newspaper. Press $5. Larger $18. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, type, paper etc.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Connecticut

Your Savings

Investment at Home

IT HAS been said of investment that, like charity, it should begin at home. Since money has earning power as has a man, it follows that this power may be conserved or even increased, as a man's labor may be conserved or increased, *if it is watched.* Hence the value of having your savings or other funds so employed that you can see just what is being done with them.

The experience of many small investors has been that so long as they kept their money at home—that is, in local bonds or farm mortgages—it was safe and yielded them a good return. As soon as they put it out in what might be called "foreign" investments, or speculations as many proved to be, they lost it.

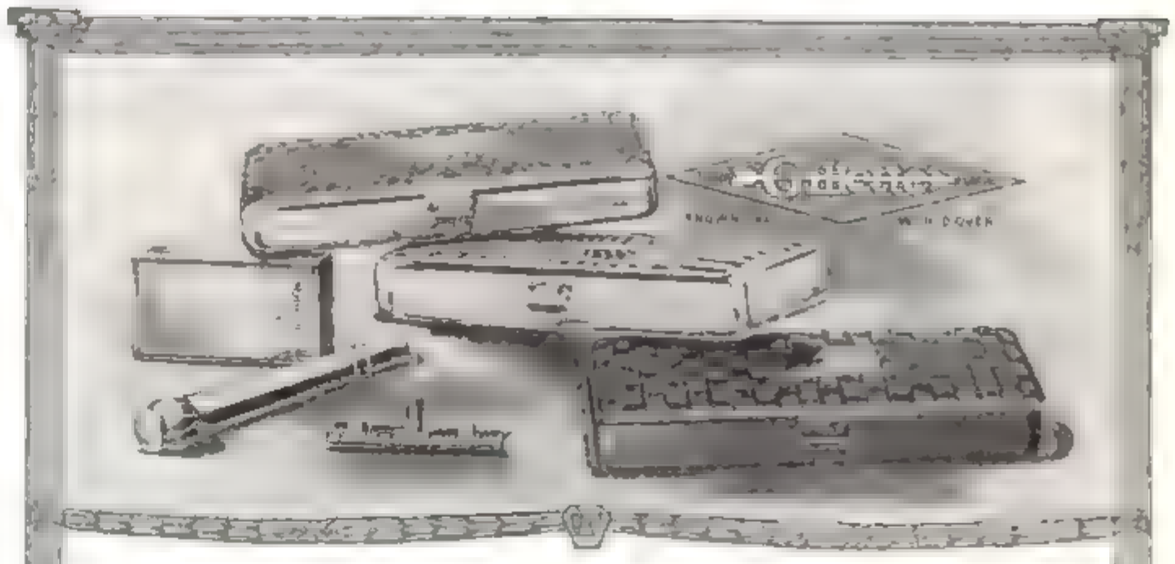
The advantages of home investment are many. First of all, it gives an opportunity to employ a small sum of mony, as, for example, in a share of stock in the local bank. The capitalization of most country banks, and by this is meant the real country bank in a very small town, is never very large, and the par value of the stock is usually $100. Most of these banks have no competition in their home towns. The result is that they earn very handsome profits and pay good dividends on the stock. A man who owns a share of stock in his home bank not only becomes a depositor in it himself but also tries to get deposits from all his friends. Thus he not only helps to build up the institution but also is constantly adding to the value of his investment. The same influences rule in any commercial enterprise in which the local investor becomes interested. It may be a grocery store or a shop. The significance of it is that when he is even a very small owner he works hard for the enterprise, especially when he can see the business grow from day to day.

The same principle is true of bonds. The average man thinks that the safest and most valuable municipal bonds, for instance, are those of the great cities. The truth of the matter is that very often the bond of a village or a township or a school district is just as safe or safer and is more profitable than the bond of the biggest city in the state. Why is this so? Simply because a small town is very careful about making or increasing its bonded debt. When it does issue bonds the town officials regard the bonds as a sort of moral obligation on the part of the whole community, and they safeguard them in every possible way. One element of safety in the bond of a small town is that, usually, the bonded debt of the place is a very small fraction of the assessed valuation of the property which is the real security behind the bond. The bonded debt of a town of 20,000 inhabitants may only be 2½ per cent of the valuation, while the bonded debt of a big city like New York may be 10 per cent. The assessed valuation of property is less than the actual valuation. The larger the difference between the bonded debt and the assessed valuation the greater the security behind the municipal bond. In cities the bonded debt is limited by law. This is called the debt limit. As a rule it is about 10 per cent of the assessed valuation.

How Bonds are Investigated

No matter where you live, it is almost certain that the city, town or village at some time or other issues a bond of some kind. It may be for a schoolhouse, a road or a sewer. It is possible to get hold of one of these bonds without much difficulty. Sometimes you are able to buy it direct from the town authorities or from an investment banker, because the issues of small towns are underwritten or bought outright just as are the issues of great cities. There are houses now that make a specialty of buying and selling the bonds of small towns. They make a careful investigation of the security behind the bond. They first investigate the levy for the taxes on the property. The money secured from taxation is used to pay the principal and interest of the bonds. Hence the importance of having all the property of the community subject to tax levy. A number of states require a levy for taxes to be made for each year of the life of the bond.

It follows then—and this feature is of great interest to the investor—that the



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The Little Friend to all Mankind

BUY a Gillette Safety Razor—New Pocket Edition and put it on your dressing table.

Some morning you'll get up and shave with it—then the GILLETTE will be as much of a hobby with you as it is with thousands of men the world over.

Have you never thought of owning a GILLETTE?

Have you never wished for one—say on a Sunday morning—or in a hundred emergencies when you knew you were not shaved, but ought to be?

There certainly can be no question in your mind of what the GILLETTE will do. You can't doubt that you shall be able to shave yourself with the GILLETTE. It is not something you have to learn—you just do it!

It's about the handsomest and cleverest little device you ever saw, pocket-case is made in gold, silver, or gun metal. Plain polished or richly engraved. Handle and blade box each triple silver-plated or 14 K. gold-plated—*and the blades are fine.* Prices $5 to $7.50, on sale everywhere.

You should know GILLETTE Shaving Brush—a new brush of GILLETTE quality—bristles gripped in hard rubber; and GILLETTE Shaving Stick—a shaving soap worthy of the GILLETTE Safety Razor.

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The Weekly Financial Review of **J. S. Bache & Co.,** Bankers, 42 Broadway, quoted weekly by the press throughout the United States, will be sent on application to investors interested.

Advice to individual investors given on request.

Why not a big-profit store of your own?

A splendid living can be made on a comparatively small investment in a retail line which I'll be glad to tell you about. I also know good towns where such stores are needed.

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Your savings deposited with our Company are free from speculation while earning 5% every day left in our [illegible]. The security back of them is of the very best, [illegible] New York and Suburban Real Estate [illegible] years, while in leading [illegible]

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6% interest allowed on $100. deposits, and 5% on smaller sums. $2,000,000 of Approved First Mortgages, held in trust as your security. 18 years in business—not a dollar loss to depositors. Write for "The Sulky Dollar"—it tells of our plan—Double your present income.

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Our Most Popular Bonds

We make a specialty of bonds secured by first liens on valuable farm lands. Some of them are tax liens—municipal obligations.

They pay 6 per cent—a higher rate than can now be obtained on any other large class equally well secured.

They are issued in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000, so they appeal to both small and large investors.

Short time or long time, as you prefer.

We sell a general line of municipal, railroad and other public utility bonds, but we consider these particular bonds the most attractive in the market. They are preferred by a large majority of our customers—people who know about them.

We have written a book about these bonds—a book of unbiased facts and clear information. Every investor, small or large, owes to himself its perusal. The book is free. Simply write us a postal, or send us this coupon. Please do it now.

Trowbridge & Niver Co.

(Established 1893)

Municipal and Corporation Bonds

First National Bank Bldg. CHICAGO — 50 Congress Street BOSTON

Gentlemen:—Please send me your new Bond Book, "The World's Greatest Industry."

Name _____

Town _____

State _____ 38

Water Power Bonds Netting 6%

A bond issue of $3,000,000, so intrinsically good and so thoroughly safeguarded as to be sound beyond question.

First: Secured directly by permanent assets of over $8,000,000.

Second: Guaranteed by an old established, successful company, with net assets of $5,000,000.

Third: Principal and interest protected by large and established earnings.

Fourth: Officered and directed by men of proven ability and success.

Fifth: Payable serially in accordance with our usual custom.

Sixth: Available in denominations of $500 and $1,000 and in convenient maturities of from five to twenty years.

Our Circular "U" describes the issue fully and will be sent to you promptly upon request.

Peabody, Houghteling & Co.

Established 1865

181 LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO

municipal bond, properly issued, is a first claim on the city's money. Taxes are the first claim on real property. It has been held in court that the taxes of a city constitute a lien on a railroad ahead of any mortgage.

The investment banker who underwrites the issue of bonds of a small town makes a careful investigation of the financial condition of the community. He gets the bank resources and clearings, the volume of business, the extent of the crops; in fact, all information that can aid him in finding out if the town or village is good for the bonds. When the banker takes the bonds after such a searching investigation as this the man at home or abroad may well buy one of them. In this kind of bond, as in any other kind, one factor in the soundness of the investment is the character of the house from which you buy. A firm that will make an exhaustive investigation is the only one with which you want to do business.

It might be interesting to point out some types of bonds of small communities, for these give some idea of the precautions taken to safeguard them and show at the same time what the yield ordinarily is. They may be taken, too, as typical of "home" investments, because the people living in the places where the bonds are issued could be owners of them just as well as a man or woman who lives a thousand miles away.

In Mississippi, for example, is a town that has issued a 6-per-cent school district bond. The population of the place is 1500. The total bond issue is only $800, or eight one-hundred-dollar bonds. Here, then, is an issue that can be easily watched and easily cared for. The issue was made in 1905. Four of the bonds mature July 1, 1917, and four on July 1, 1919. Thus the town can save up money to meet the maturing bonds. The actual valuation of the town property is $600,000, while the assessed valuation is $425,000. The bonded debt is $9400, which is about 2¼ per cent of the assessed valuation. The bonds were issued to secure funds for a schoolhouse. They were sold at a price to make the yield to the investor about 4.95 per cent. This bond is just about as safe as any bond can be, and it is returning a yield larger than a railroad bond of equal stability. The value of the ownership of such a bond by a citizen of that little Mississippi town is that first he can collect his interest personally; second, he can see all the time just how his investment is being protected.

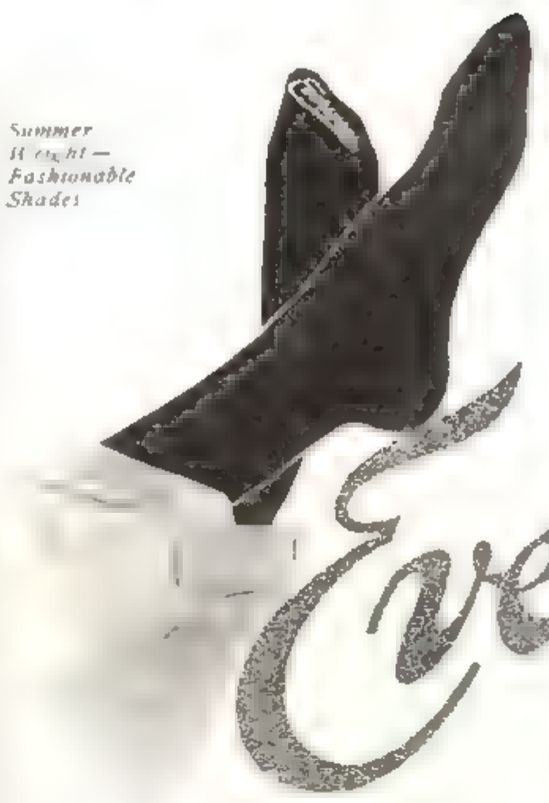
Village Financiering

Here is another type of the small town bond; it is a village bond issued by a village in Cook County, Illinois. It is a 5-per-cent and is dated December 1, 1908. It may be had in the denomination of $100. The total issue is $7000. A small number of these bonds are retired each year, beginning in 1913. The actual valuation of the property of this village is $1,200,000, while the assessed valuation is $322,700. Yet the total bonded debt is only $7000, the amount of the issue here described. It is less than 2 1-5 per cent of the assessed valuation, and is the only debt the town has. A continuous tax levy has been provided which furnishes in advance each year the funds necessary to pay the principal and interest of the bonds. Here is a lesson in safeguarding a bond. The bond is being sold to yield about 4.20 per cent. It must be remembered that its face interest rate is 5 per cent.

Still another type of bond, which, by the way, shows a new purpose for bonds, is that of a Southern town that wanted to build a bridge. This town issued $4400 in bonds, each one of a denomination of $100. They are to be retired serially—that is, a number each year, beginning in 1916. The total actual valuation of the property there is $450,000; the assessed valuation is $197,425. The bonded debt is $10,100, including this issue, or 5⅛ per cent of the assessed valuation. This bond, which has a face interest rate of 6 per cent, is sold to yield the investor about 5.10 per cent.

One significant thing about these bonds of small towns, which are a sort of ideal "home" investment, is that they may be had in denominations of $100. Nothing in the whole investment field has so much real significance for the average man with money as the $100 bond. It provides the first lesson in safe investment, and, what is more important, it gets the owner into the

(Concluded on Page 32)



Summer Weight—Fashionable Shades

More Than Merely "Guaranteed Hose"

They Look Neat and Feel Good on the Feet

Everwear HOSIERY

For Men and Women

Don't make the mistake of thinking all guaranteed hose are alike. Many brands not half as good as Everwear are "guaranteed."

Don't think because Everwear sell at the same price as other guaranteed or ordinary hose, that Everwear are coarse, heavy and awkwardly made. For Everwear are *more than merely guaranteed hose.* They embody all the best features of the finest imported hose, though they cost much less. Everything that constitutes the making of a really superior hose,—yarn, workmanship, colors, etc., goes into them.

So make sure you get Everwear. Some merchants might try to sell you something they claim "just as good." For your own protection see that the name "Everwear" is on the box and on each pair of hose.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us your order stating size, kind and color wanted. Enclose price and we will send you the hose express prepaid. If you have worn other guaranteed hose and they were not satisfactory, you should order a box of Everwear at once. You will never really enjoy hose comfort, satisfaction and economy until you try them

Six Pairs of one Size in a Box Solid or Assorted Colors

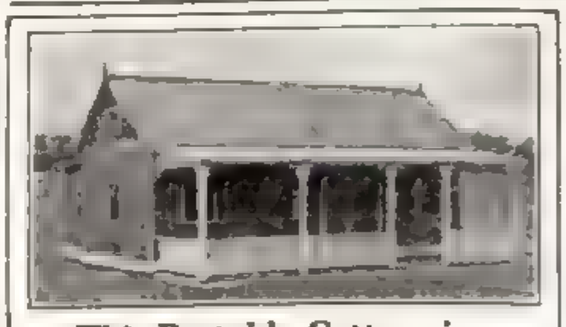
Men's Silk Lisle—$3.00 a box. Colors, black, tan, champagne, burgundy, lavender, purple, gun metal, light and dark shades of blue and gray, Hunter Green and Roseda Green.

Ladies'—$3.00 a box. Light weight. Colors, black and tan.

Men's Egyptian Cotton—$1.50 a box. Light or medium weight. Colors, black, black with white feet, blue, green, and burgundy; light and dark shades of gray and tan.

Ladies'—$2.00 a box. Colors, black, black with white feet, and tan.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY CO., Dept. 11, Milwaukee, Wis.



This Portable Cottage is a Home When it's Erected

There are countless portable cottages that can be quickly erected. But after they are up—there's the rub. Are they homes or wooden tents?

Springfield Portable Cottages are built with the sole idea of making them homes. And not only are they made thoroughly weather-proof, but comfortable and handsome as well.

Think of the Convenience

Yet the portable feature has not been neglected. For with a Springfield Portable Cottage you can go where you please—a new place every year, if you like—and always live in your own home. You can enjoy the pleasures of the country, of the seaside or the mountains—yet avoid the discomforts of the average summer hotel. You can get a Springfield Portable Cottage of any size and any number of rooms arranged as desired and located according to your wishes. Ship it anywhere you want. Three unskilled men can erect it in a few hours without the slightest difficulty. And you're sure of a comfortable home for the summer.

The picture shows one of the many styles of summer cottages we build. Write for our new catalog. It shows pictures of our other cottages, garages and portable structures—gives prices, etc.

SPRINGFIELD PORTABLE HOUSE CO.

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PATENT SENSE and PATENTS THAT PROTECT yield our clients enormous profits. Write us for PROOF. Inventions lose *millions* through *worthless* patents. E. G. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. 38, Washington, D. C. Established 1869

Runs Under All Conditions of weather and road, at speeds from two to thirty miles per hour. Develops 11-H P. Runs thirty miles on one gallon gasoline.

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You Can Make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public

New and better opportunities for men with small capital. We start you, furnish complete outfits and explain instructions at a surprisingly low cost.

THE FIELD IS LARGE, comprising the regular theatre and lecture trade, also churches, Sunday Schools, Lodges and General Public Gatherings. **Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue** fully explains special offer. Sent Free. **Chicago Projecting Co., 926 Dearborn Street, Dept. L, Chicago**

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The Knee-Drawer Garter Par Excellence

Three Adjustable Sizes: Small, Medium and Large.

"The Garter with the Holes"

Erwin Wasey Make

"Perforated" Semi-Elastic

GARTER

This garter embodies all the best features of The Perforated Leather Garter with the addition of an inserted strip of elastic which gives that elasticity referred to by some. The Garter is faced and lined with pure pearl-gray moiré proof lisle and is metal free.

50 Cents a Pair

For sale at your dealer's, or sent prepaid on receipt of price

CROWN SUSPENDER COMPANY, Dept. G, 836 Broadway, N.Y.

Erwin Wasey Make

"Coatless" Suspender

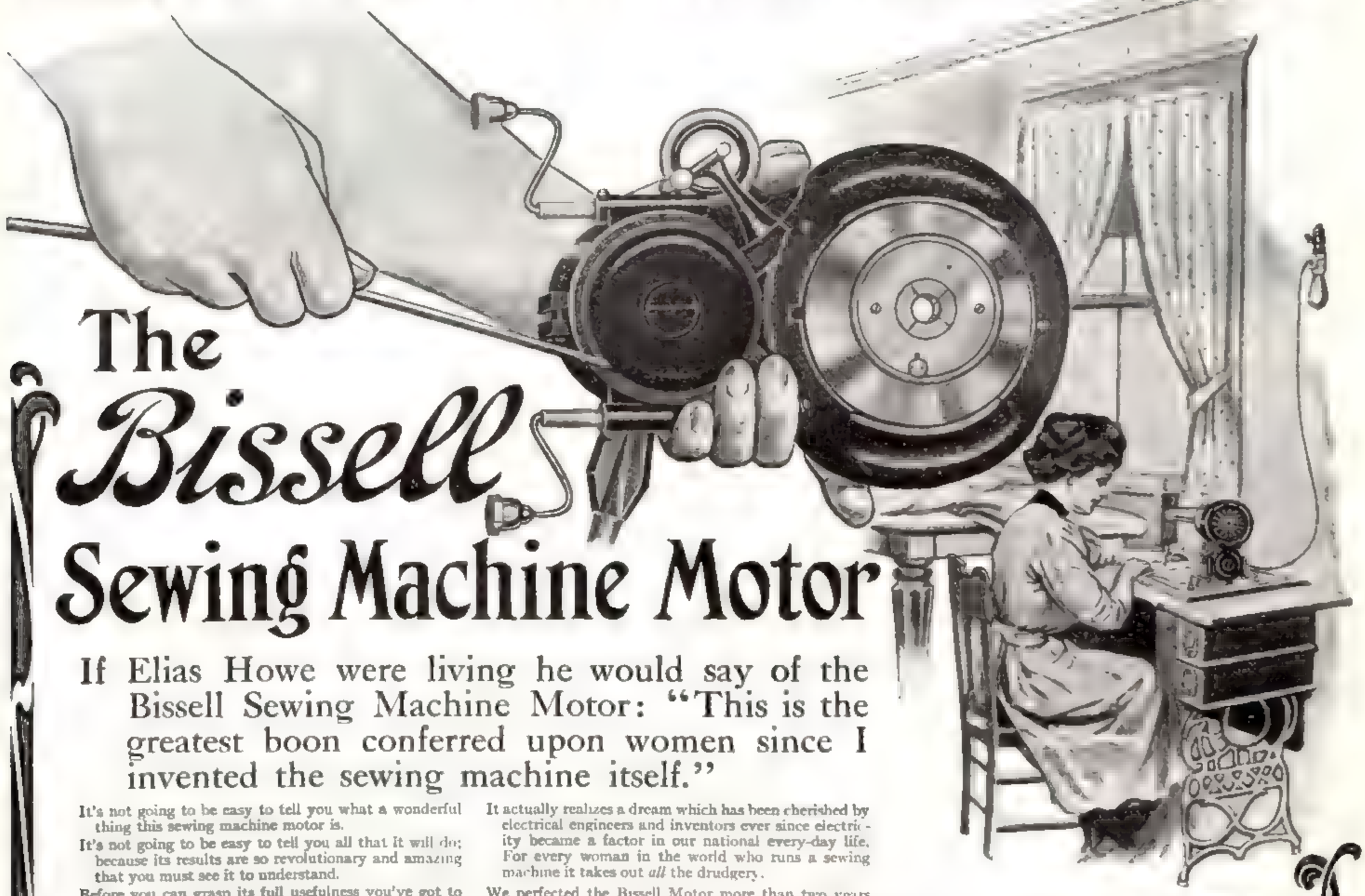
Under the Overshirt—Over the Undershirt

The only practical and satisfactory Summer Suspender, made to be worn under the shirt. Always invisible. Easy to put on and take off. Cool, comfortable and negligee.

Beware of imitations—The genuine are stamped "Crown" and "Coatless," patented July 4, 1905

50 CENTS A PAIR

HUSBAND AND WIFE READ THIS TOGETHER



The Bissell Sewing Machine Motor

If Elias Howe were living he would say of the Bissell Sewing Machine Motor: "This is the greatest boon conferred upon women since I invented the sewing machine itself."

It's not going to be easy to tell you what a wonderful thing this sewing machine motor is.

It's not going to be easy to tell you all that it will do; because its results are so revolutionary and amazing that you must see it to understand.

Before you can grasp its full usefulness you've got to give up the idea of ever doing any real work at a sewing machine again.

Do you grasp that? You're never going to do any work at a sewing machine again, except to guide the sewing with your hands.

Five minutes after you've attached it you'll wonder how you ever stood it to run a sewing machine any other way.

The Bissell simply takes all the real labor right away from you. It says: "Let me do this work—*you* can *boss* the job."

It doesn't do these things theoretically. It does them actually. For the remainder of your life, for instance, you'll do no more pumping. You'll get twice as much work in the same time.

Sewing which has taken you two hours heretofore, with all the weariness and discouragement of bent back and tired feet, will be done now in one hour—half the time and none of the hardship.

In that one hour you can take, if you like, 120,000 stitches. All the work you do is pressing your foot to start and stop. And those 120,000 stitches cost you just one penny. Repeat that over to yourself and get its full significance.

When you press your foot—the motor starts. When you lift your foot—it stops. When we say "stops" we mean that it stops—immediately. It doesn't die down; it stops. It makes no difference how fast you may be going. Just lift your foot and the motor quits. You need not take one more stitch than you want to take. It will stop right in the middle of a stitch if you like—an absolute and instantaneous brake.

Do you begin to realize now what we meant when we said that it was going to be hard to describe the Bissell Motor? It's too big a subject—this relief to womankind—too tremendous and far-reaching to be described in mere words. Our booklet tells part of it—but still you must get the motor into your own house to fully comprehend what we are trying to tell you.

It actually realizes a dream which has been cherished by electrical engineers and inventors ever since electricity became a factor in our national every-day life. For every woman in the world who runs a sewing machine it takes out *all* the drudgery.

We perfected the Bissell Motor more than two years ago. Two years ago we knew we had the ideal motor—small, elementally simple, light enough to be held in one hand and safe as safety itself. We purposely delayed the announcement of its perfection. We wanted to be able to say to the women of America that it had stood the test of two years of drastic, continuous service.

In the illustration you see the Bissell Sewing Machine Motor held in one hand *and running*. This is not a fanciful picture. You *can* hold the motor in your hand when it is running—it can't shock you any more than a spool of sewing silk can shock you.

In other words, to use it you don't need to know the first thing about electricity nor to be any more afraid of it than of running water. All *you've* got to do is to press your foot—the motor does everything else.

To attach it takes about ten minutes time at the outside. If you have mastered the simple instructions before you begin, it will take you perhaps five minutes.

There are no bolts, rods or springs on the Bissell Motor. Nothing to catch your skirt or soil it. The motor simply takes the place of the hand-wheel—and it isn't any larger than many hand-wheels.

It doesn't interfere with the closing of a drop head sewing machine. In fact, the removal of the belts and other complications makes it easier to close some drop head machines with the motor than it was before when using a belt.

It makes no difference what kind of current you use—either alternating or direct. The Bissell is made for either. When you order the motor you simply specify which current your company furnishes. The plug is attached to any ordinary lamp socket without change and doesn't even interfere with the light itself. You may at any time use either light or motor or both, as suits you.

You can move the motor from room to room. Carry it with you to your sewing circle, if you like, because it is so light and easily attached.

Now how are you going to prove that you can't get along another minute without the Bissell Sewing Machine Motor? Just send for it and try it.

If you have some summer sewing immediately ahead of you (a Commencement Day or wedding gown, perhaps) and are in a big hurry; bear in mind that the motor will reduce the time of doing it by fully one half.

If you've already started your summer sewing, telegraph or write us to ship immediately, and the motor will get there and save you half the time and all the labor your sewing will otherwise take. Your seamstress or you yourself will alone do as much sewing as two people while you're trying the motor out. The price is $25.00. If it isn't all and more than we say, ship it back at our expense and you'll get your money by return mail. Something like a thousand jobbers and dealers already have the Bissell Sewing Machine Motor in stock. Ask them. If they can't supply you, write direct, using the order blank as instructed.

Fill in the order blank, first asking your electric light company these things about the current you use

Alternating or *direct*? *Cycles*? *Voltage*?

That is all you need to know to order, for the Bissell fits all standard makes of sewing machines, stationary or drop head.

Get this information today; fill out the order blank and mail it.

The Bissell Motor Company
Toledo, Ohio

The Bissell Motor Company
Toledo, Ohio

Gentlemen:—Ship me at once ($25.00 enclosed) one Bissell Sewing Machine Motor, with the full understanding that I may within ten days from date of shipment if I am not thoroughly satisfied ship it back at your expense and that you will return the purchase price. My current is ____ cycles ____ volts ____ Alternating ____ direct.

Cycles _____ Voltage _____

My sewing machine is (give name of machine) _____

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____

In some cities we can use competent representatives—men or women—to demonstrate and sell the Bissell Sewing Machine Motor. Write, giving references as to responsibility.

THERMOS THE BOTTLE

A Freezing-Cold Drink On A Burning-Hot Day

In mid-summer, when the sun's rays beat down with tropical fierceness, and you lack ambition—lack inclination—lack the desire to do anything other than keep out of its range—then, and surely then, you'll thank yourself for having made the comfort-investment of a THERMOS BOTTLE.

The refreshing coldness of the liquid within—the ice-cold liquid that *stays* cold—ice-cold for three days—that's always ready—will stimulate you and add immeasurably to your hot-day comfort. The same bottle in the winter keeps liquids piping hot for 24 hours.

It doesn't matter what you pour into the Thermos—ice-cold milk, lemonade, coffee, tea, water—*it will stay ice-cold without ice for 72 hours—ready for instant use.*

In the New Model Thermos Bottle the inner bottle can be easily and cheaply replaced in case of accidental breakage. The Thermos is the only bottle in which this separable-case feature has been patented.

Pints from $3.00 up. Quarts from $5.00 up

If you don't already own a Thermos, get one today. It's guaranteed by 80 000 dealers. Be sure to look for the name "THERMOS" on the bottle. It's your guarantee that the bottle is genuine.

AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO.
1173 Broadway, New York City

Lehn & Fink's
Riveris Talcum

Sample Sent Free

—enough to thoroughly demonstrate to you the superior quality of this powder—that it can be applied with a puff and is invisible after application—that it is softer and smoother than any other talcum. Cut out this advertisement, write your name and address on the margin and mail to us for free sample. Large glass jars as shown above are sold by all druggists at 25c.

Lehn & Fink, 125 William St., New York

PATENTS Books free. Highest references. Best services. I PROCURE PATENTS THAT PROTECT. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 619 F St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

(Concluded from Page 30)

bond habit. It is only a question of time when most of the great railroads and corporations will issue $100 bonds. The new issue of the Western Pacific, for example, will include bonds of small denomination. Of course, it is already possible to obtain $100 bonds in railroads like the Norfolk and Western, Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, New York, New Haven and Hartford, and the Colorado and Southern. Among the industrial companies the General Electric Company and the American Tobacco Company have brought out $100 bonds.

Home patronage of home enterprises in the matter of bonds need not be restricted to municipal bonds. It may be done more easily, perhaps, with public-service bonds, for the reason there is a greater number of them accessible to the average investor. Practically every town has a public-service corporation of some kind. It may be an electric street railway or a gas or an electric plant. When carefully selected, bonds of this sort afford a good opportunity for the employment of money. If you put money into a street railway in your home town you can watch its progress, see if it is getting involved in political entanglements or if the officials are attending to business. It is in the matter of management of corporations that the safety of the investor really lies. If the officials know that the bonds of the company are owned at home and that the owners are keeping a sharp eye on the property they are apt to be more careful of their trust. Most issues of public-service corporation bonds are underwritten by some large banker or bond and investment house. This house makes a very elaborate investigation of the condition of the property.

The only disadvantage of the home investment is that it has a narrow market. This means that you could not sell it quickly if you needed the money. In a way, this is a safeguard for the investor, as it prevents him from selling a safe bond in a hurry in order to put the proceeds into some get-rich-quick scheme that may come along with dazzling prospects of high and impossible returns. Another advantage of a so-called "inactive" bond, if it is absolutely stable, is that it keeps the owner's money well salted down. As a man's heart is where his treasure is, the home investor is not likely to be found wanting in his civic obligations to his own town.

Ye Greate Hunter

Oh, huntsmen bold, I cry you, "Hold!"
And on my tale attend,
That you shall heed a wondrous deed
Which none may e'er transcend.

'Twas on a morn in Nineteen-Nine
Forth fared my hero, he;
(No, no, I do not pen this line
To Teddy, Q. E. D.

Another mighty Nimrod I
Among the daring list:
Professor Snookum Snooks, N. Y.,
Bac-ter-i-ol-o-gist!)

He donned his hunting-coat of white,
His weapon he uncased,
With steady hand he took his stand
And come-what-might he faced.

"Aha!" he cried. "Aha!" he cried.
"Aha!" he cried, cried he.
"A Philococcus Outinside,
Methinks, egad, I see!

"Can now such quarry prove my game,
Such spoil to bag I bring,
My name and fame with loud acclaim
Adown the world will wing!"

All day he chased that nimble beast
Before he made it yield;
All day across, north, south and east,
The microscopic field.

Until at eve he laid it low—
Our fearless hunter daft—
And had it (that the world might know)
Well photo-micographed.

The Lion, Tiger and the Snake
Are nothing but a jest;
A million claws and fourteen jaws
This Outinside possessed!

Deeds done afar by Teddy are
Beneath the Afric sky;
But Coccus hunts are daily stunts
Of Snookum Snooks, N. Y.

—*Edwin L. Sabin.*

Clicquot Club Ginger Ale

Pronounced Click-O

For thirsty folk in hot weather, there is no beverage so satisfying, refreshing and cooling as Ginger Ale. Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is the one that can be depended upon as being perfectly pure and absolutely free of all preservatives.

A healthful, delicious drink. Spicy and snappy in flavor and not too sweet. With just enough sparkle to be beneficial and stimulating to the appetite.

It is non-astringent and keeps in any climate.

WE ALSO MAKE

Birch Beer, Sarsaparilla, Blood Orange, Root Beer, Lemon Soda

all of "CLICQUOT" quality

CLICQUOT CLUB CO., MILLIS, MASS., U. S. A.

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Particularly Desirable after Dinner

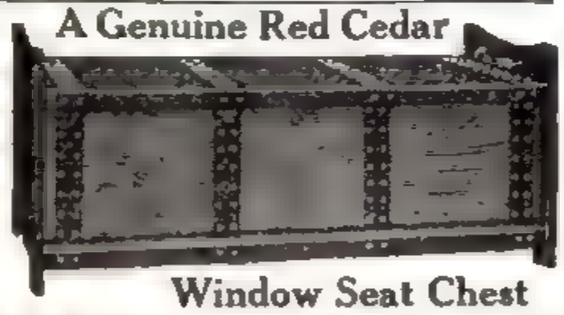
BETTER—STRONGER

More lasting in flavor than any other.

A try—a test—
Goodbye to the rest!

Sold in 5¢ 10¢ and 25¢ packets
Frank H. Fleer & Company Inc.
Philadelphia, U.S.A. and Toronto, Can.

A Genuine Red Cedar



Window Seat Chest

This chest is a beautiful dull red natural finish, heavily bound with wide copper bands and studded with five heavy copper rivets. It is the highest perfection of ornament and utility ever attained in artistic hand-made furniture. A tasteful, elegant treasure and a certain protection for furs and woolens against moths and dampness. Precisely the proper thing as a wedding or birthday gift. We prepay freight from factory to home, returning price and paying return freight if unsatisfactory. Send for catalog of different styles and prices. Sold DIRECT from factory

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. W Statesville, N. C.

Turn Down Your Electric Lights

The wonderful new Dim-A-Lite Turn-down Socket makes your electric lamps as easy to control as gas. Changes by a touch from full to medium, way down—night lamp, or out. A portable attachment that is not part of the lamp. Fits all lamps and fixtures. Never burns out. Lasts forever. The

Dim-A-Lite

Turn-down Socket

provides an "all-night" night lamp in bedrooms, corridors, bath-rooms, etc., at trifling cost. Saves an average of half the current and doubles the life of the lamp. Absolutely safe. Fully guaranteed.

At dealers, or sent postpaid for $1.00

Agents Wanted

CHARLES WIRT & CO., Philadelphia

This HAWKEYE Refrigerator Basket

Ideal for Fishermen, Motorists, Picnickers, Travelers and Outdoor Loving Folks

is a small cold storage plant. Layers of asbestos and felt—best non-conductors of heat—are placed between the strong, rattan body and the sanitary, rust-proof, metal lining. Put a piece of ice in the removable compartment provided and it

Keeps Contents Cold 24 Hours

Keeping around the lid makes basket air tight when closed. Waterproof [illegible] Unconditional guarantee. Buy to-day from your dealer. If he cannot supply you, send $3.00 and we will express prepaid. Special sizes for [illegible]. Ask your grocer or write us for FREE interesting booklet telling [illegible] you can use a Hawkeye. Order from this ad. and mention the name of your dealer when you know.

BURLINGTON BASKET COMPANY
101 Main Street, Burlington, Iowa

THE LATE PETER F. COLLIER

Founder and head of Collier's Weekly and the great publishing house which bears his name was a firm believer in Life Insurance.

His Confidence in

The Prudential

was shown by his voluntary and unsolicited selection of this Company.

The following letter from his son and executor, Mr. Robert J. Collier, shows the wisdom of his choice:

Office of Collier's Weekly,
New York, May 4, 1909.

Hon. John F. Dryden, President,
The Prudential Ins. Co. of America,
Newark, N. J.

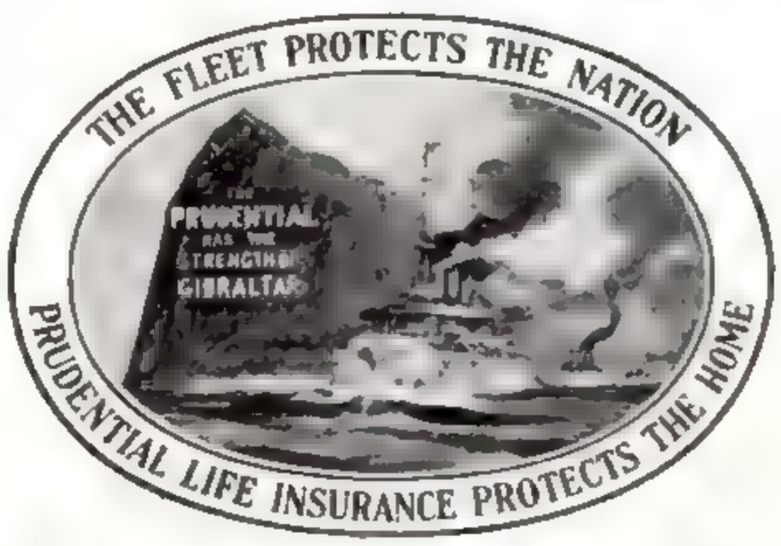
My Dear Sir:

Permit me to thank you, and through you The Prudential Insurance Company of America, for the very prompt receipt of checks for $50,000 in full cash settlement of claim on the life of my father, Peter Fenelon Collier, who demonstrated his belief in Life Insurance in The Prudential by carrying policies in your Company for several years.

Proofs were completed and checks delivered the same day and your Company did everything possible to effect a quick payment of claim.

Assuring you of my appreciation,
I remain
Yours very truly,

Robt J. Collier.


THE FLEET PROTECTS THE NATION
THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR
PRUDENTIAL LIFE INSURANCE PROTECTS THE HOME

The Prudential pays claims small or large immediately upon the receipt of satisfactory proofs of death.

Total Payments to Policyholders Since Organization, Plus Amount Held at Interest to Their Credit, Over 313 Million Dollars!

The Prudential Insurance Company of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President — *Write for information of New Low Cost Policy. Dept. 140.* — Home Office, Newark, N. J.

What is your favorite sport?

BOYS

Fishing hunting boating swimming baseball camping collecting birds or butterflies—whatever you like most you can read all about it in the greatest magazine you ever saw

The American Boy

Well illustrated and written by experts expressly for boys. Practical departments on electricity, carpentry, stamps and coins, photography, how to do things and how to make things. Boys, you can't afford to miss this great magazine. Subscribe now. Send 10 cts. $1.00 for a full year—10c at news-stands

SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.
95 Majestic Building
Detroit, Mich.

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2 IN 1 SHOE POLISH

The choice of the Navy

10c.

At all Dealers

The F. F. DALLEY CO. Limited.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Hamilton, Can

If you wear thin stockings

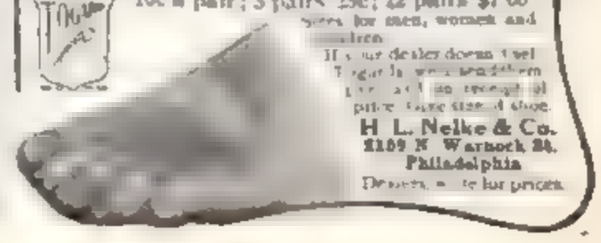
you need Togards to keep the toes from kicking through.

Togards

are worn over the bare foot. They are smooth snug-fitting and elastic; take up little space, are perfectly comfortable, absorb perspiration, keep stockings and shoe linings dry, protect tender feet and make walking easier. Natural color, not dyed; light, cool, sanitary, washable.

Sold only in sealed waxed envelopes, bearing the Togard trade-mark.

10c a pair; 3 pairs 25c; 12 pairs $1.00



sizes for men, women and children

If your dealer doesn't sell Togards you can send us his name and 10c for a pair, state size and shoe

H. L. Nelke & Co.
2109 N. Warnock St.
Philadelphia

Dealers write for prices.

GENUINE NAVAJO Ruby FREE

To introduce our beautiful genuine Gems and direct from mine to customer at ½ to ¼ jewelers prices, we will send free a genuine Navajo Ruby in mount and our beautiful 36 page Art Catalog showing gems in actual colors and sizes. Don't miss this unusual offer! Send today

Francis E. Lester Co., Dept. B-6, Mesilla Park, N. M.

CAN'T YOU WRITE WELL?

Then fill out ($1.00) worth of my Patent Pen Practice Sheets and if not materially benefited, return all to me and get—

YOUR MONEY BACK

Walter Thomson
P.O. Box 65, Fargo, N.D.

State whether you wish slant (500), medial (750), or vertical.

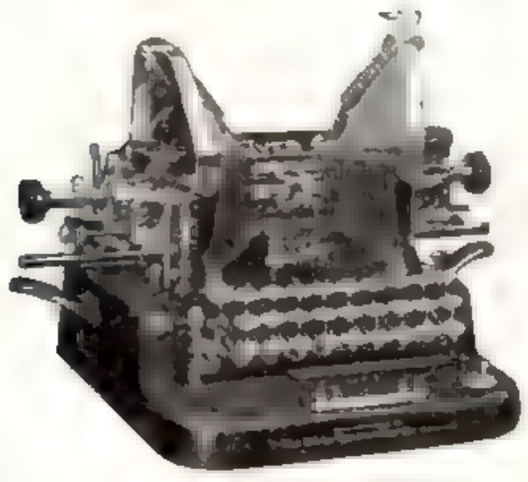
"GOOD LUCK" KEY CHAIN

No key-ring needed; two little horseshoes do the work. Send 10c for 25c sample with key; dozen postpaid, 50c —BIG PROFIT and every man buys

AGENTS WANTED

LYONS MFG. CO., 1224 Day St., PEKIN, ILL.

The World's Best Typewriter for 17 Cents a Day



The Oliver Typewriter, whose preeminence is everywhere admitted, has cut the red tape of precedent in a characteristic way by adopting the brand new selling plan of "17-Cents-a-Day."

The coupon below brings full details.

The machine is delivered at once, for a small "good faith" first payment.

And by saving just 17 cents a day the rest takes care of itself.

It's as easy as rolling off a log to buy the Oliver now.

So easy that thousands are paying for their machines almost without knowing it.

To some, it means a few less cigars—or knick knacks they never miss.

But what are these in comparison with the magnificent Oliver Typewriter, whose practical utility places it on a par with the greatest of man's inventions!

The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

Intelligent use of the typewriter has opened the way to some of the biggest positions in the business world—to places of power and influence in government—to fields of useful endeavor in as many lines as individual ambition leads.

Have you an ambition that pleads for the wings of opportunity?

Get an Oliver Typewriter and use it, as thousands have done, and succeed in reaching the coveted goal.

Ambition is a splendid thing—but it takes bread and butter to feed it.

Which leads us to say that the Oliver is primarily a bread-winner.

Multiplied thousands are earning their living with this indefatigable ally.

It's right there with unlimited service, year in and year out.

Writes with the speed of a racer. Writes in an undertone. Does a wider range of work than any other typewriter and leads them all in typographical beauty.

So, if you want a typewriter—here's the one that will serve you best. One that has proved its fitness by every conceivable test. The finest $100 machine that there is in the world today. And it's simply a question of paying—not $100 spot cash—but the small first payment as an evidence of good faith and then at the rate of

Seventeen Cents a Day

No More—No Less!

Write for the simple details of the liberal selling plan or mention the matter to the nearest Oliver agent.

17-Cents-a-Day Coupon

The Oliver Typewriter Co.,
Oliver Typewriter Bldg., 43 Dearborn St., Chicago

Gentlemen: Please send the details of your offer and copy of Oliver Art Catalog to

Name .....

Town .....

State .....

THE QUICKSILVER WINDOW

(Continued from Page 10)

there which massage could never blot out. The rose of her beauty was crumpling in the petal. She descried a warning wilting that was not mere absence of morning dew.

Sally trembled with a worse than stage-fright. She was reading the scathing criticism of time; she was slated already for the sorrowful company of the women of yesterday. She had always heard a voice wailing after her hurrying steps, "Beware the Ides of March!" And now the Ides were arrived.

Still, she could not find a trace of grandmother. She had never wasted her gifts in riotous living. She had been a watchful steward of her one talent. That opulence of beauty was not yet squandered. She would not have it that she was a grandmother. She had kept youth by thinking youth, playing youth. The offer of a rôle in which anything but youth had been implied had been counted an insult, and it insured the rejection of the work. She had thought young so long that she and the almanac had parted company; but now, with a rush of black wings, an evil genie caught her up and set her years along the road. In a moment she was middle-aged.

She hung upon her reflection a weary while. The maid waited and wondered, but could not guess what thoughts were clamoring in that exquisite head.

Sally was remembering back over her life. It had been longer than she dreamed. With the Ariel-speed of thought her memory flitted from her own childhood to her earliest betrothal, to the earliest of her marriages and the little girl it had brought her.

That marriage, for all its romance, had not fared well. Its unhappiness had driven her from a home of discontent to the restless gipsying of an actress. At first she could not afford to keep her child with her. Rehearsals and hard travel had made it necessary to give the babe into the ward of strangers. When prosperity came it brought money, but no surcease of the Arab existence. The child had gained more and more advantages, but not a mother. It had seemed best to the hard-worked singer to keep the little girl away from the life she knew. People protect their children's illusions the more desperately as they lose their own.

As Sally grew deeper and deeper versed in life the more she loved it for herself and loathed it for her innocent girl. She put the child into a convent as into a place of cold soul-storage where corruption could not come.

Sally's two hapless marriages, with their noisy divorces, had widened the gulf between the child and the mother. Besides, public success made it inadvisable to parade the fact of maternity. Of all the forms of publishing her fame the fact of motherhood was the least likely to enhance her wares. Even the all-disgorging press-agent suppressed that. She was the public's sweetheart and they would dethrone her the moment she became a matron.

A woman of the stage becomes of necessity the father rather than the mother of her children. Livelihood is the first consideration, and then the providing of luxuries. A father is not expected to permit his children to interfere with his business or his ambition. Even if he is a widower he is not expected to give them cuddling and tucking in of nights. So, an actress, a wanderer by trade, does not often lavish on her little ones the attentions that far less eager mothers waste on their least-loved offspring.

At the hour when children are going to roost and fairy stories are told, prayers heard and good-night kisses given—at that sacred hour of mothering the actress must be most busily at work. And in the morning when children leap back to life, if she would conserve her capital of beauty and energy, there must be quiet about the house. Rehearsals at all hours, matinées and extra matinées, and a readiness for indefinite cruises and unforeseen hardships like a sailor in the navy—these abnormalities play havoc with instincts as with customs.

And so, with the lovingest soul imaginable and with the most normal of cravings for her child's companionship Sally Sloane had little of it. Even in her summer seasons she sang in cheaper troupes at half

A Razor That You Can't Strop—Can't Shave

It can *scrape* and *pull*, however, and you may *call* that shaving if you have never known anything better.

Since you wouldn't stand that sort of thing from a barber why should you put up with it from your razor?

You have got the barber's remedy—frequent and correct *stropping*. Correct stropping is an art beyond the average man unless he owns an

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

(Automatic Stropper and Razor in One—Strops Itself)

It strops automatically, easily, quickly and *correctly*, giving you a new sharp edge for every shave. It is as simple as the "old style," as safe as the safest of "safetys" and as comfortably effective as the best of barbers.

Ask your Dealer or write us for "Shaving Sense," a book which deals with the logical arguments behind the AutoStrop

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., Dept. J, 345 Fifth Ave., New York
61 New Oxford Street, London 14 St. Helen Street, Montreal

Blade always sharp—lasts for months

Standard Outfit—Self-Stropping Silver-Plated Razor, 12 Blades and fine Horsehide Strop in Leather Case, $5.
Money back if not satisfied after 30 days trial.

Make a Motor Boat of Any Boat in Five Minutes

You can do it with the Waterman Outboard Motor, which you can quickly attach (and detach) to the stern of any skiff, rowboat, dinghy, punt, sailboat, and have a good boat or boat. It is not a toy, but a reliable 2 H P Marine Motor that will drive an 18-foot row boat 7 miles an hour, 4 hours on gallon gasoline. Simplest motor made. Weight 40 lbs. Equipped with Schebler Carburetor. Four years' proof. Results when Send for Catalog C —Outboard Motors, 1, 2 and 4 cycles —Catalog E, Standard Type Motors, 1 to 30 H P.—Catalog A.

WATERMAN MARINE MOTOR CO.
1508 Fort Street, West, DETROIT, MICH., U. S. A.

2000% Profit

Here's an opportunity in a clean, legitimate business, to clear 2000% on an investment of 7 cents, day after day. The

EMPIRE CANDY FLOSS MACHINE

will do it for you. For five years it has made big money for others at street fairs, race tracks, summer resorts or anywhere a crowd collects. A pound of sugar makes 30 five-cent packages of candy floss, which sells like hot cakes in a blizzard. If interested ask for catalog 12.

Ask for special catalog for Popcorn, Peanut Roasters, and Ice-Cream Cone Machines. All winners

Empire Candy Floss Machine Company, Fisher Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

FINE HARDWOOD FLOORS

Most economical, healthful and satisfactory—for old or new houses, different patterns to match Outwear carpets. Stocks carried in the leading cities. Plain or Ornamental, Thick or Thin. Write for Book of Designs.

THE INTERIOR HARDWOOD CO. Main's Indianapolis

STALL'S BOOKS

Belt the Globe. 8 Pure Books on Avoided Subjects—Unrivalled—20 Languages. Table of Contents free.

Young Boy	Young Girl
Young Man	Young Woman
Young Husband	Young Wife
Man of 45	Woman of 45

The Publishing Co.
144 Church Bldg., 15th and Race Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

VANCO BEST PASTE HAND SOAP

REMOVES GREASE

Ink Stains, Grime and Dirt quickly and thoroughly. Leaves the skin soft and white. As much as Ho SAPOLIO Rasmussen, engineer, recovering worker. Agents wanted everywhere. Large profits. Sample 10c Dept. S

The J. T. Robertson Co Manufacturer, Conn.

PATENTS

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Send sketch for free search of Patent Office records. Our four guide books sent free. How to Obtain a Patent. Fortunes in Patents. Patents That Pay and What to Invent containing list of inventions wanted and prizes for inventions. Patents advertised free.

Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C. Formerly Evans, Wilkens & Co.

BUY YOUR CLOTHES OF TOM JONES

STATESMAN Weatherproof FENCE SIGNS Last 2 to 5 Years

and cost 75% less than wood or metal. Withstand all weathers because of our new wax process. **Our Exclusive Fence Clasps** make ours the only signs to stay on wire fences. Any size and any combination of words, figures or pictures on extra-heavy board. We furnish snappy phrases all ready to paint. Shipments in 10 days. Free proof.

Economical Advertising. Statesman Signs advertise your business all the time in thousands of places. Cost little—last long. Write on your letter head for samples, prices, full particulars and book. Do you believe in Signs? Save on advertising expense and get better returns by ordering now. High class salesmen wanted.

THE STATESMAN CO., 34 Jefferson Ave., Marshall, Mich.

The Hopkins & Allen Triple Action (Trade Mark) SAFETY POLICE Revolver

With Walnut Army Grip

A Certainty Not a Guess—

That's what they all say of the Triple Action's Safety principle. A child can see and know that it's safe. A blind man can feel it. The Triple Action carries the hammer up after firing, away from the firing-pin, and entirely out of the suspicion of danger. You can't discharge the revolver if you want to, except by deliberate intention. It's a new construction, a better one. The Triple Action is safe because basically safe in construction.

Four In. barrel (Nickel Finish) **$9.50** Blued, - $10.00

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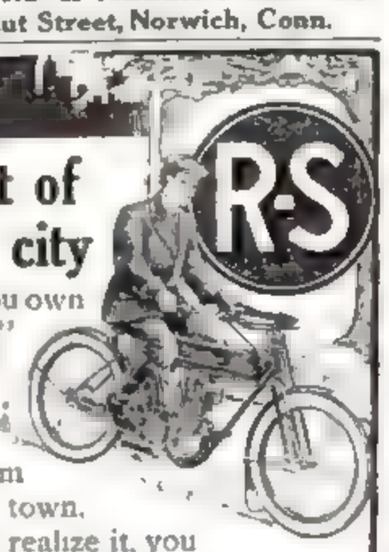

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carries you along at a speed equalled by few motor-driven vehicles of *any* type. Minimum operating cost: A pint of gasoline, 2 cents, takes you 20 miles. 3 to 7 h. p. Belt or chain drive. Low center of gravity.

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P. O. Box No. 132, New York City

her winter salary. And so—and so—during the early years of her baby's life she was compelled to be away from her until what had been a necessity became a habit and seemed still to be a necessity.

Thus, Sally Sloane had floated along her years until, one day, she was startled to have a letter from her daughter announcing that she was going to marry. The daughter had borne Sally's first husband's last name and not Sally's stage pseudonym, and her marriage attracted no attention from the press.

Sally had tormented her glorious eyes by crying a good deal between performances, and had sent many telegrams and letters begging the girl not to make haste to marry. But we take our parents' traits more easily than their advice, and Sally's daughter married as Sally had married, at seventeen. To the Sally of now it seemed like an elopement from the nursery, and when she saw the bride's photograph she could not believe that this tall and serious woman was her own offspring.

Sally cried some more and sent beautiful gifts and some more letters, and then—went her way. A new production absorbed her, body and soul. It was a failure, and a fresh work must be sought and prepared. It was a success, but not a triumph, and a third vehicle was set under way. At the end of the dilapidating season her doctor urged her to go to Europe and lose herself in strange environments.

The next year found her again on the treadmill. Unusual difficulties, unusual anxieties had dogged every step of this latest production, but the result was this golden evening, the triumph of her lifetime.

She was at the very apex of her career. In costume she looked nineteen; off the stage she would have been rated at twenty-six; her enemies said she was thirty. She never said anything. But nobody would have guessed the truth; and she herself had from sheer lack of practice almost lost count of birthdays. Nobody would have guessed that her last had been he, thirty-sixth. Any one would rather have called truth a liar and the calendar a cheat.

It was tragic enough to be thirty-six, but to be a grandmother at thirty-six!—for her to be a grandmother at all——

"It's an outrage, that's what it is, an outrage!"

"Wha'd you say, Miss Sally?"

She found herself standing erect with fists clenched, the maid staring at her.

"Nothing," she said, and collapsed to her chair, feeling ridiculous. But she could not smother the idea that she was the victim of treachery somewhere. The child that she had brought into the world, slaved for, loaded with every luxury—that child had played a mean trick on her poor mother. She had ungratefully grown up, had selfishly married, and now—this!

A knock on the door.

"Mr. Creighton wants to know if you are ready. Supper was ordered for twelve o'clock."

"Tell him I'll be ready in a minute."

Here was a brief escape, at least, from the corrosive thought of age. She had been trained by many emergencies of railroad delay and exigencies of rôle to costume herself with the speed of a fireman. Her maid could move, too, under spur, and the dressing-room was pyrotechnic with flying raiment. Hooks were snapped in place like harness on a fire-horse, and she was amazingly prompt upon her promise.

She made a last survey of the woman in the mirror. She smiled to see how gracefully her image lied. Her victory over time delighted her so that her heart melted toward her ungrateful child and she was impelled to send a telegram.

She refused to permit Creighton to take it or to call a boy, and insisted that his car must be stopped at an all-night telegraph office. He must remain outside, too, while she scribbled a few words of love and a formula of rejoicing.

Her discretion did not desert her, and her telegram was so worded that it did not divulge its real history even to the shabby clerk who repeated it with lips that stuttered in the presence of the famous diva, who had alighted like a meteorite in his dingy office.

When Sally rejoined Creighton he was fuming with jealous rage. He astutely proved to himself and tried to prove to her that her telegram was sent to some man, some absent lover.

Sally found a drop of humorous solace in the situation. It suggested a scenario to her. Sally thought in scenarios. It

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You Can Sit and Read—or Play With the Baby—or Rest—While this Marvelous Machine Does the Family Washing

This Motor Washer we consider the greatest labor-saver for women since the sewing machine was invented. And even the sewing machine must look to its laurels now.

The 1900 Motor Washer, which runs by Electricity or Water Power, does *all washing and wringing*. Does the family washing at a cost for power of

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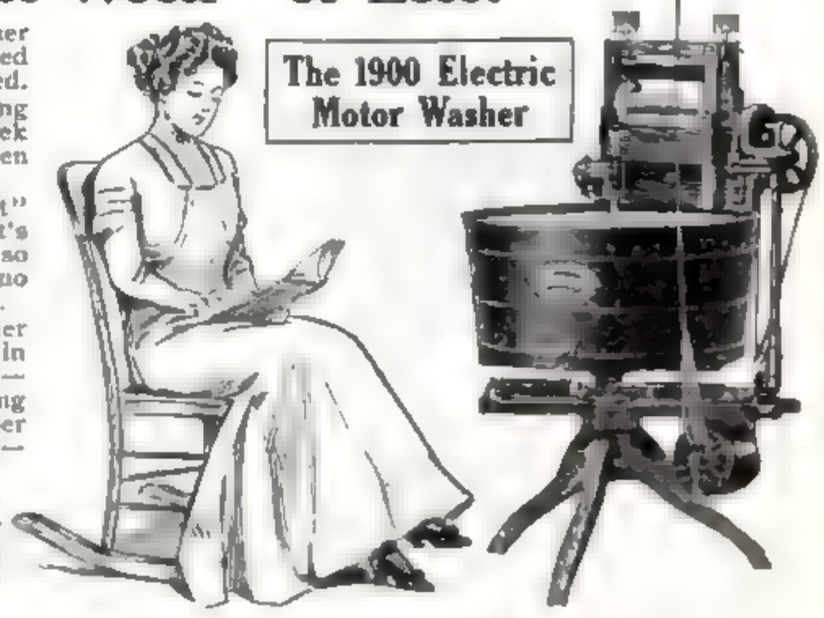
It is equipped with either Electric Motor or Improved Water Power Motor, as desired.

It cuts the cost of washing and wringing to 2 cents a week—*for electricity*—and even *less* for *water* power.

A mere "twist of the wrist" starts or stops it, and that's *all* the work you do. It is so simple and complete that no expert is needed to install it.

Women who see the Washer at work just rub their eyes in amazement. *Yet here it is*—actually doing the washing quicker and better and cheaper than it was ever done before—*without a hand to touch it!*

Another triumph of Invention, taking rank with the Telegraph, the Telephone, the Talking Machine, and the wonders of "Wireless."



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Sent Anywhere on Trial at Our Expense

We claim that this machine will wash a tubful of clothes in *Two to Six Minutes*
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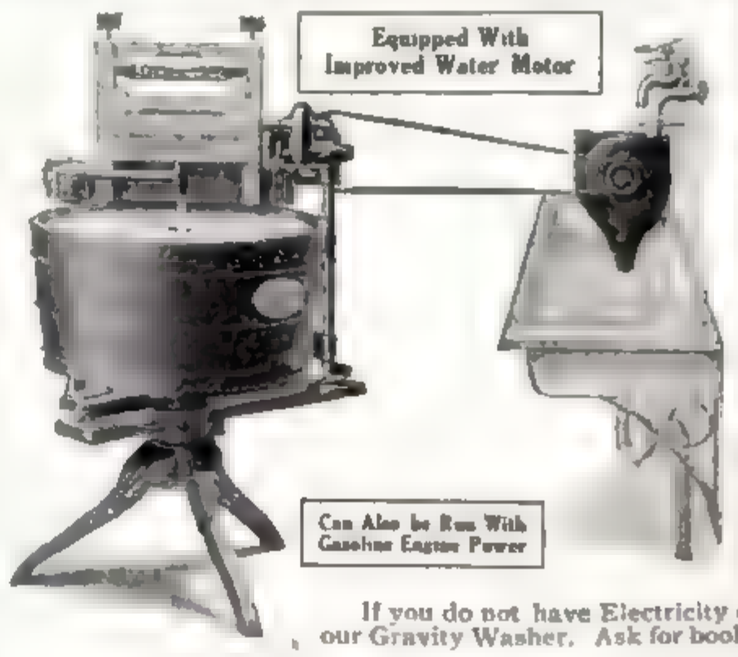
—That it makes boiling clothes unnecessary
—That it saves soap, saves fuel, saves wear and tear on the clothes—and, best of all, *saves the woman*

It goes far toward solving the Servant Problem, by cutting out wash-day drudgery. And, to the woman who does her own work or depends on public laundries, it is an inestimable advantage. Think of being able to sew or read while the Washer is doing the work! None of the fuss and worry that has been a part of wash-day. Everything quiet and orderly, instead of all topsy-turvy. The washing done and out on the line *hours* ahead of the old way. Just remember, please, that we are not painting a "word-picture," but stating simple facts.



We are so deeply in earnest about it that we will gladly send you a 1900 Motor Washer, either Electric Motor or Improved Water Motor, as desired, and a Self-Working Wringer—the complete outfit—for a month's free trial. Yes, and we will pay the freight. We furnish a splendid 1900 Wringer FREE with every Washer. This free trial offer is to any responsible person anywhere in the world.

If you don't fall in love with the 1900 Motor Washer after giving it a four weeks' test, we will willingly take it back. The trial will cost you not a cent. It will not place you under any obligation. Feel just as free to *return* the Washer as you are to *keep* it if *suited*.

If you do not have Electricity or Water Power, you ought to have our Gravity Washer. Ask for book on "Washing by Gravity Power."

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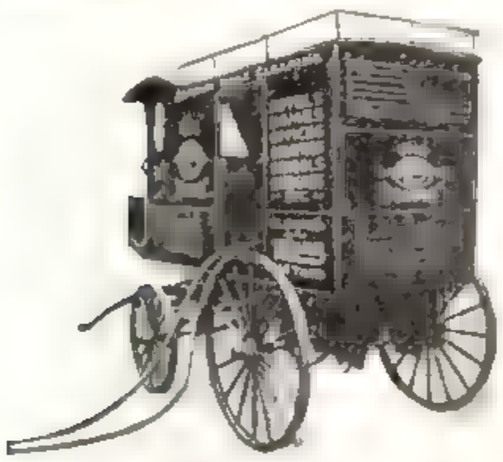
OTHERS are doing it right along—and more. This is our famous Aero Vacuum Cleaner which "cleans house" perfectly without disturbing a thing—draws every speck of dirt and dust, and germs, out of a big carpet in a few minutes. Everybody wants the new vacuum cleaning.

Remember: The dirt, dust and germs must be drawn *outside* the house, if the cleaning is to be most effective. This takes *power*. The Aero Wagon outfit is operated by a 15 H. P. gasoline engine. It draws out of the carpet and rugs not only the fine dust but the caked mud and dirt matted in the fabric, and deposits it all in steel tanks on the wagon. It does this by a steady powerful draft of air without injuring the fabric in the least.

Your customers want **real** vacuum cleaning. It can be done with an Aero outfit backed by its powerful engine.



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Think of it! If this man can clear up to $100 in one day, you ought to clear at least $10 a day—that's $3,000 a year. And it's all **good** business. You get the cash when you leave the job—no bad debts

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All-the-Year-Round Business

in this way—as much work in winter as in spring, summer and fall.

Our Aero Machine is built to last for years. It is a rich looking wagon, your name and address on it in big gold letters.

We give you exclusive rights to your territory with your machine. Nobody can compete with you. We furnish you with advertising matter. We start you in business. You can't fail to make it go. Write at once.

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We lead the world in installation of stationary plants. Aero Systems are installed in government buildings, hospitals, public buildings, etc., all over the United States. If you are interested in stationary plants, write for Booklet "C," stating character, size of building and power available.

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struck her that she would like to play the part. Then she realized that it would mean a public performance of a grandam, and she decided that the play was not available for her.

But it confirmed her cynic attitude to realize that the false suspicion and the groundless jealousy of Creighton actually increased her value in his green eyes, while the knowledge of the sweet, simple, old-fashioned truth would have sent his love howling.

This tidbit was as sweetly sharp to her palate as a candied lime. It kept her intensely amused at intervals throughout the session at the table. Never had she received such ardent court from Creighton, now emulous of an imaginary rival whom he endowed with romantic fascinations and greater wealth than his own.

But Sally laughed off his advances in the automobile and suppressed his surreptitious love at the supper, where he had gathered a brilliant crowd to witness her triumph and his own in hers. He displayed his captive queen as if she were Thusnelda and he Germanicus.

Everything was jubilation, everybody chattered congratulation; everybody exclaimed, "How young you look!"

"How young you look!" "How young you look!" Would they never stop saying, "How young you look!"? It ran through Sally's head like a loathsome tune that sticks in the memory the more for being hated.

One man began: "To look at you, Miss Sloane, one could never believe that you had had such a career. I remember your début. Let me see, it was in ——"

He had sense enough to stop short before the daggers of her eyes.

Tonight she was making another début, an unsuspected première in the ranks of the dowagers. She got through the evening somehow by alternate spasms of reckless joy in her secret and of terror at its inevitable discovery. She felt all the emotions of an embezzling cashier squandering stolen funds and unable to escape. There was no city or country of refuge for Sally; relentless extradition would follow her everywhere.

She woke next day in a wreck of reaction. The first thing to see was the newspapers. They were almost all glowing, but Sally took no pleasure in the rhapsodies of the critics. This one said: "Sally Sloane has accomplished the impossible. She is more beautiful than even she has ever been." Another wrote: "Sally Sloane is a living sonnet. Every one of her fourteen lines is a poem of itself; the scansion and the rhyme are perfect." A third exclaimed: "Miss Sloane's beauty is important. It has authority. Nature created her on a summer afternoon and made her not of clay, but of sunbeams and lilies." Sally read the raptures with a sense of hypocrisy, of thievishness. Between the lines she read everywhere one condemning word. On the wall a hand had written her *Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin.* She was afraid of her mirror and even curiosity could not tempt her to peek at it.

The maid, dressing her, exclaimed:

"Why, Miss Sally, if here isn't a white hair!"

Since girlhood such estrays had happened now and then upon her golden head, but they were freaks of Nature. This white thread chilled her like the first snowflake of winter.

After a breakfast, over which she drooped despondent, she took up the necessary letter to her daughter. The compulsory cheer was so difficult and forced that it showed through all the phrases. In a mid-Western town the daughter felt the unwarmth and turned with a sigh to the newcome pride lying in her arm. The young father, in all the epoch-making conceit of first fatherhood, was angered.

"We'll have to cut your mother out."

He wrote a cold and formal acknowledgment of her letter. He shook his head in disgust at the need of addressing a letter to the grandmother of his son as "Miss Sally Sloane." The incident was closed. The rift widened to a gulf. The letter Sally meant to write today was put off till tomorrow, and the morrow was always the next day. She was like the rest of us who love our kin and would die for them, but do not write them.

Besides, Sally was a business woman as well as an artist. There were rehearsals for revision; rehearsals for understudies; photographs innumerable; interviews with people of every sort.

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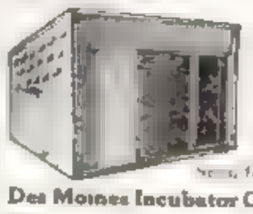

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Prevents Decay

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the new 1909 Lackawanna Vacation Book shows **where** to go and **how** to go, with a list of hotels, boarding houses, rates, railroad fares etc., 110 pages beautifully illustrated.

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Every time you were dissatisfied with shoe laces, you wanted *Nufashond.*

Nufashond Shoe Laces were invented to overcome the objections of the old style laces—to take the place of the kinds that quickly wore out, that wouldn't stay tied, that were hard to pull through the eyelets, and that were always untied.

Nufashond Shoe Laces slide freely through the eyelets because the center part of the lace is tubular, stay tied because it is firmly woven, and last so long because doubly reinforced. Every pair

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You will then know why
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Little Giant

GASOLINE MOTORS

UNITED MF'G. CO., 191 West Woodbridge, Detroit.

Sally's new rôle gave her a new vogue. Creighton was a frantic suitor, never forgetful of the mysterious lover whom Sally had telegraphed that night. Society took up Sally with a growing interest in her vivacity, which enhanced her beauty as she tried to outrun time and crowd always more and more gayety into the few hours before her doom should be decreed and proclaimed. She was fleeing always from Fate, shutting her eyes to the milestones as if that annulled them. And all the while, day and night, one word buzzed in her heart like the ringing in the ears of a man going deaf.

Her mirror became a vice. She was addicted to it as to a hated drug whose habit she could not shake off. Every new wrinkle, real or imagined, was a scar on her comfort; every hollowness, fullness, sallowness, flush, confirmed the verdict—Guilty!

The pride of seeming young, the advantage of playing youth, the glory of convincing others of youth, were only an irony. She took up the battle for beauty, visited its doctors, studied its lore, made her skin the laboratory of every nostrum that quackery devised.

And so she ran through life, a vain fugitive from her own shadow. The opera lasted a year in New York, then half a year in Chicago. Three other towns pieced out the second season.

Creighton pleaded for a cruise on his yacht and offered to let Sally choose her own *entourage* of chaperons and time-destroyers. She was weary of land-travel. She needed a sea-change. So she went. Eventually, the yacht touched at Gibraltar and took up the mail that had accumulated there.

In the mass awaiting Sally was a belated cablegram from Luther Nelson saying that his wife was dead. The blow was cruel to Sally, and remorse crushed her. She found no defense in her own heart, but condemned herself for every fault she had committed, and more. Her grief was so devastating that she was forced to explain it to her host. It seemed to her a sort of penance to confess to Creighton the weight of her iniquity. She had deceived him, neglected her child unnaturally, and she deserved a shameful death.

Creighton was stunned at first, but his heart warmed with the necessity of consolation and he found himself looking upon Sally with eyes into which a certain respect, perhaps a hint of reverence, had crept. He reminded her of her sacrifices for her child, of the advantages she had given her, of the lavishness with which she had given the baby and the girl luxuries and peace while she herself underwent hard travel, hard labor and the hard usage of the public. He tried to persuade her that she had done for her child far more than most mothers do. He did not persuade her, but he assuaged her grief somewhat, and he counseled her to keep the matter a secret from the rest of the party, whose knowledge of it could only be embarrassing.

Sally sent long and hysterical cables to her son-in-law, and the yacht sailed on into the Mediterranean. She had now remorse as well as time to flee, and she discovered in Creighton a companion of unsuspected seriousness and gentleness.

When the yacht returned to New York Sally found Blaumann with his route booked for the third season. It covered the less large cities, with blocks of one-night stands between.

Sally looked over the route with dread. She had known so much of such hackwork in her early years that there was horror in the mere memory of cheap hotels, shoddy rooms and half-baked towns with no traditions, no monuments, no landscapes, no gardens, no "sights" to while away the boredom of strangers.

It pained her to feel that the fatigue of travel was daunting her high spirits. She put it on the ground of pride.

When she told Blaumann that the season looked too hard to her he answered, agape:

"You talk like an old woman."

The mere suggestion stung her to deny it, and she signed the contract at once, after stipulating that a private car should be at her disposal and that she should have an enlarged share of the profits. Already she was beginning to think of storing up provender for hibernation.

Blaumann granted her new demands with a show of resistance, and she set forth once more.

Cities now saw her that had known only the rumor of her fame; she remembered them as a humble underling who had made

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SCREEN YOUR HOME

USE CONTINENTAL SCREENS

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Keep out flies and mosquitoes.

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12 adjustable window screens (24 inches high)	$4.80
1 Back Door	1.75
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Total cost	$9.30

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Adjustable Metal Frame Screens

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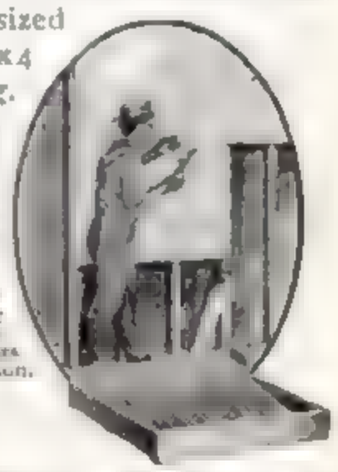
You Yourself Can Nail It To Studding

BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD (Pat'd.), the wonder-worker in building construction is fast taking the place of lath and plaster. It is made of kiln-dried, dressed lath, embedded in Asphalt Mastic (99% pure), and surfaced with sized cardboard. It is constructed in the factory, cut into sheets, 4x4 feet, and shipped in crates—ready to be nailed to studding.

Bishopric Wall Board Sheets are of uniform, even thickness; are cut absolutely true, insuring neat, close, snug unions and smoother wall surfaces than lath and plaster. It can be sawed in any size without waste. Expert labor not required. Hammer and nails only needed. Can be nailed to studding in less time than lath and plaster. No plaster, no delay, no dust. Immediate application of wall paper or paint. It is guaranteed not to crack, flake or blister. Is proof against moisture, rot or vermin. Being a non-conductor, it saves fuel in winter and keeps the house cool in summer.

Bishopric Wall Board is suitable for costly dwellings or modest cottages, summer houses, bungalows, hotel resorts, flats, barns or factory buildings. Nothing better for finishing over old plaster because of its cleanliness and low cost of application. Cell your cellar walls with it; it keeps frost out of the house, it will keep them warmer in winter, promoting health. Illustration shows easy method of application.



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Lies flat on the Brush
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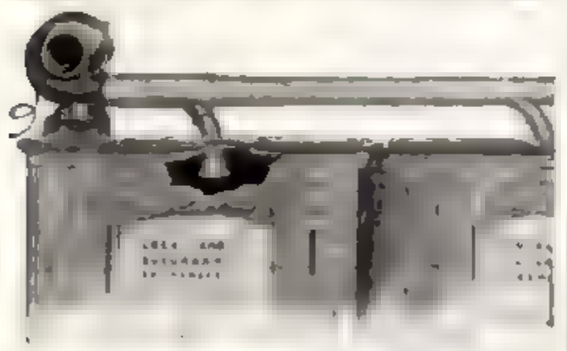

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We are the biggest manufacturers of heating and ventilating machinery in the world. Whatever your problem, large or small, we can solve it.

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The Only 100% Efficient Filters

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no impress among the traveling mummers, but the towns knew her as the famous artist whom the metropolitans had monopolized. Critics and public treated her as a queen in progress through outlying corners of her dominions. The extravagance of her unequaled success stimulated her till she forgot fatigue and almost lost the obsession of age. Her conquests were so new that they renewed her. And as the season piled up homage, her bank account swelled with an income that even Creighton viewed almost with jealousy.

The tour ended in St. Louis on a warm Saturday. The last matinée gathered a crowd of self-asphyxiating dimensions and enthusiasm combining Western and Southern warmth.

At the end of the last act she came bounding from the scene laden with bouquets with which she inundated her maid waiting at her dressing-room door. The maid spoke through a trellis of flowers:

"There's a gempman to see you. Mr. Nelson, he says his name is."

The unexpectedness of the visit smote Sally dumb. She paused in a tyro's embarrassment. Sorrow for her dead child swept over her amain. She forgot everything else, forgot that she was dressed as a comic-opera princeling with jaunty cap set on short curls of gold, bolero jacket and sash, velvet knee-breeches, silk stockings and pumps, and a long mantle flying back from her shoulders. She had worn the costume so much that it meant nothing to her.

But it shocked the tall and solemn young man she found within. He still wore mourning for his wife, and this was his first meeting with her mother. He winced with a stitch of jealousy to see how much fairer and younger this eerie creature looked than the weary young mother whom illness had worn to a wraith.

Sally stared at the sober business man before her, so much stranger than any other stranger. She put out her hand and stammered:

"Mr. Nelson! Luther, I suppose I should call you—I—I'm very glad to see you!"

"And I to see you, Mrs.—Miss ——" He could not think what name to call her. "Miss Sloane" was intolerable and any other name unwarranted.

Custom seemed to enforce more than a handshake with one's son-in-law, and Sally tiptoed to kiss him. He bent down in confusion, and their lips met.

Sally felt the alien awkwardness of his greeting, but he felt more than that. He felt an incongruity so crass that it was almost sacrilege. And he tasted rouge and powder.

Both tried to speak and neither could scare up a word. Silence fell upon them. It was broken suddenly by a gurgle of babyish rapture and a childish cry:

"Oh, see, de pretty boy!"

Sally whirled to find a chubby cherub perched on a chair and clapping his hands at her bravery.

She felt no need to ask his name. In his eyes and mouth she saw her own lost child restored to babyhood. She went all mother, and caught the squirming youngster to her breast. He patted her cheeks with hands warm and soft and kept up his gurgling:

"Such a pretty, pretty boy!"

His delight thrilled Sally so that she took no shame to herself, but the man expostulated:

"But, son, that isn't a boy; that's—that's——"

The child stared from his father to the prince in whose arms he rode. His little brows were befuddled. And then Sally said it.

"I'm your grandmother."

The word was out. The secret published. Unconsciously Sally gathered her mantle about her, and the boy she had played vanished as in the cloak of a magician.

The child threw about her the arms of possession. He had found what his lonely little soul was pining for, and he hugged her till he hurt.

Sally buried her lips in the pink roses of his fat neck, and she, too, felt the rapture of possession, the joy of being needed.

When she raised her eyes there were tears in them, but they were like jewels, like rescuing rain. She found herself facing her mirror, and she gazed without fear of what it might reflect—now or ever.

She knew the worst, and it was good.

50¢ Bull Dog SUSPENDERS

Ask the clerk to show you

Bull Dog Suspenders

There is style and character in them that is appreciated by men who desire to be well dressed. Made in medium and light weights and in length to fit.

The **Light Weight Lisle** is particularly adapted for hot weather wear—cool and comfortable, and as they contain

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50 cents at your dealer's or by mail postpaid if he won't supply you. For your own protection please observe trade mark. The genuine have **Bull Dog** on buckle and are the best suspenders made.

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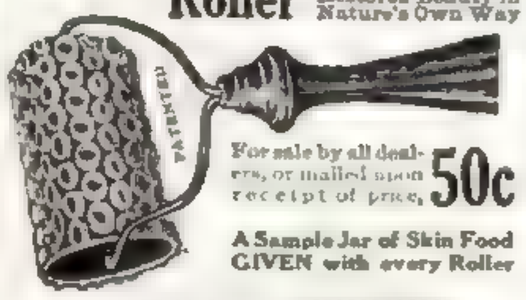
Largest makers of Suspenders in the world.

Bailey's Rubber Massage Roller

Makes, Keeps and Restores Beauty in Nature's Own Way



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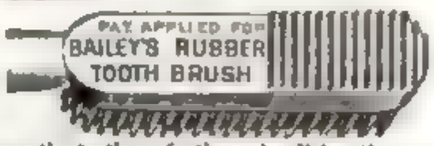
A Sample Jar of Skin Food GIVEN with every Roller



Cleans the teeth perfectly and polishes the enamel without injury. Never irritates the gums. Can be used with any tooth wash or powder. Ideal for children's use. No bristles to come out. No 1, 25c.; No. 2, 35c. Mailed on receipt of price.

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This tip won't slip on any surface. Made of [illegible] material. Diameter No. 1 [illegible], No. 2 [illegible], No. 3 [illegible]. Mailed upon receipt of price, **30 cents per pair.**

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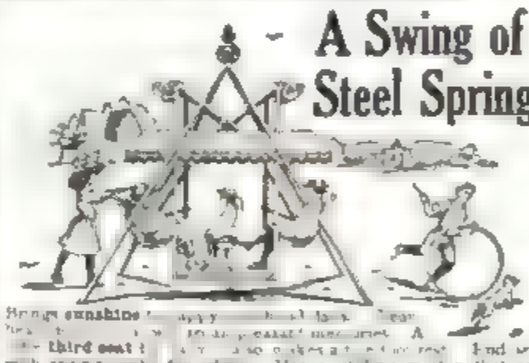

Brings sunshine [illegible] A [illegible] third seat [illegible] Has a gliding motion that suits [illegible] Send [illegible] for catalogue. No [illegible] or joints.

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We want you to wear "Porosknit", not only this season but next—and **always**—and we believe you will when you've proven its quality by **the test of wear.**

Perfect fit—absolute summer comfort—**coolness** that belies the thermometer.

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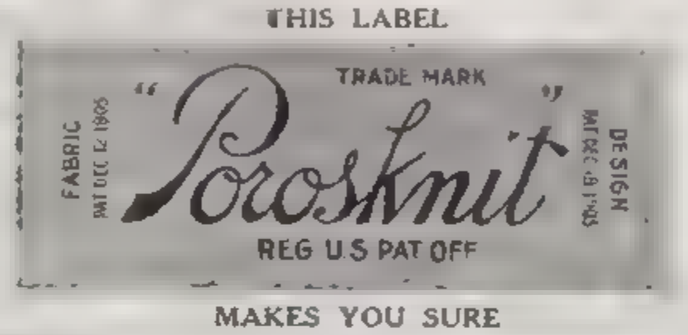

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Will fly by its own power over one hundred feet, in a circle or straight away. This wonderful toy was an original model, developed in the making of a successful man-carrying machine. Built on totally new scientific principles, and acknowledged by leading students in Aeronautics as the most wonderful invention of the age. Measures 14 inches across, 5 inches high, 6 inches long; weighs less than one ounce; will carry more than its own weight. Very durable, amusing and instructive to both young and old. Interest increases with every flight. If started upside down it will right itself and continue flying. Price $1.00 at your dealer's. If he cannot supply you we will send direct by express prepaid in the U. S. on receipt of $1.00.

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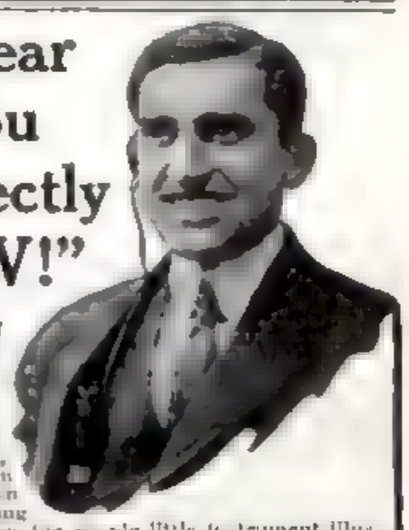
"I Hear You Perfectly NOW!"



Thousands of deaf people of every age, in every walk of life, in every corner of the United States,—some of them near your own home—are using the Acousticon, the simple little instrument illustrated above, and with it are hearing perfectly although without it some of them cannot hear a word. Over 11 leading churches throughout the country have installed the Acousticon for their deaf members.

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FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of *factory prices* and *remarkable special offers* to **rider agents.**

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Art Portfolio Mfrs., Dept. 11, 195 State St., Chicago, Illinois

THE SUPPLY OF WHEAT

(Concluded from Page 11)

have exceeded 200,000,000 bushels annually. Now and then rises the question, What would England do for bread if she lost command of the sea? It has been urged that the Government should construct a series of warehouses, and hold in store enough wheat to feed the country through a blockade. The movement has never got much further than editorial comment, after-dinner speeches and pamphlets, probably because everybody suspects that if England lost command of the sea it would be all up with her, anyway.

With cheap transportation, and the increased production of wheat elsewhere, England seems to be less dependent upon the United States than formerly. Reviewing this phase of the matter the middle of April, the London Economist observed: "Mr. Patten's corner is far less important to the working-classes in this country than any of the big American manipulations of the past."

The Leiter-year corner, says the Economist, "broke the ascendency of America in the European markets by stimulating other sources of supply"—so that—"whereas prior to 1898 wheat prices showed great fluctuations, since that date they have been remarkably steady (in England) although with a slight upward tendency."

From the point of view of England and also of other importing countries, each single source of supply is quite unreliable. Drought may destroy the Indian or Australasian crop; locusts may eat the Argentine wheat; Russia herself may, and often does have famines. In the year 1902, for example, British imports of wheat from Australasia exceeded 2,000,000 hundredweight—and the next year they amounted to just 30 hundredweight. In 1899 India sent to the United Kingdom more than 8,000,000 hundredweight, and the next year only a little over 9000 hundredweight. In the exporting countries, especially those other than Canada and the United States, the cultivation of wheat is in a comparatively low state. Better cultivation would probably make crops in those countries more dependable.

But even as it is, England's supply of wheat is as secure as that of any other country excepting Canada and the United States, because, if one exporter fails, another makes up the deficit. Wheat is sown somewhere in the world every month, and the harvest is practically continuous the year around. The Argentine crop is reaped in December, the Australasian a little later. India harvests in March. Cutting of wheat in the United States proceeds from May to September, and when Canada is through Argentina is about ready to begin again. Moreover, a serious shortage in the European crop is apparent early enough to stimulate additional planting in the southern countries.

As an exporter of wheat the United States has declined relatively in importance. In the five-year period 1903-1907 average yearly exports were slightly smaller than in the five-year period 1886-1890, while the average crop was 46 per cent larger. We may, and very likely will, cease altogether to export wheat, as Sir William Crookes predicted. Even though considerably more than a third of our wheat exports are now in the manufactured form—that is, in flour—it is doubtful whether there is finally any national profit to speak of in the trade. Our exported wheat can, of course, successfully meet the competition of pauper labor. For example, Mr. Smith reports that while agricultural labor in Russia is paid 30 to 40 cents a day for the men and half as much for the women—who perform a considerable part of it—yet the cost of raising a bushel of wheat in Russia is as great as in Dakota, because in Dakota they use machinery and intelligence. But if the United States ceases to export wheat in this generation it will presumably be not so much because its population has increased as because it has grown more prosperous and its per-capita consumption has risen. We would be raising more wheat now if it were more profitable. Taking the averages of the periods 1866-1870 and 1903-1907 we increased the wheat area by 29,000,000 acres and the corn area by 59,000,000 acres. Some of this corn land would have gone to wheat if it had paid better than corn.

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Strops and Hones All Razors and Blades, Old-Style and Safety

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2 H P $45 Complete

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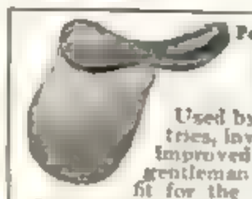
2 to 25 H P One to four cyl.



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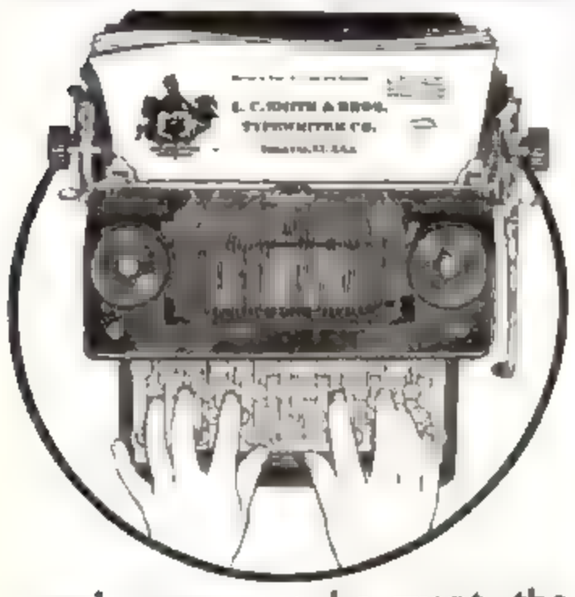

—and women who want the best—the keen, discriminating judges who are most particular in their requirements.

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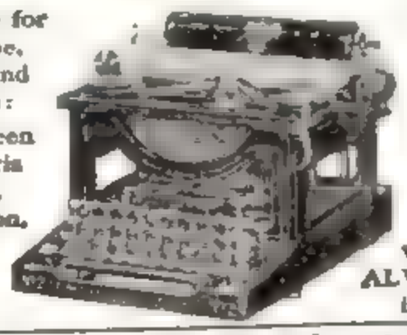

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The "Spencer" is the only heater that burns No. 1 Buckwheat Coal, ($2 to $3 less per ton than other sizes). It develops more heat from less fuel than any other heater made, and requires less attention. The "Spencer" magazine feed (water jacketed) and automatic regulation render it unnecessary to coal the heater more than once every 24 hours in ordinary weather (twice in severe).

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postpaid for 35c (stamps or silver) and [illegible] address of your dealer. This offer is good only for [illegible]. Ask your dealer about it.

CLEAN COMB MFG. CO.
Dept. 50, Racine, Wis.

Ask for the "Clean"

Letters of an Ex-Sultan to His Little Brother

(Concluded from Page 21)

To transpose from Robert Burns, who was a drunken infidel, but bright:

Do Moslems go to Parliament
To prate of rights and a' that?
Yet, right or wrong, they rest content,
Polygamous and a' that.
For a' that and a' that
They look so good and a' that,
Reform is but the faddist's stamp—
A Turk's a Turk for a' that.

What though they talk like college men,
The ballot-box and a' that,
Make Constitutions, and again
Cry "Liberty!" and a' that?
For a' that and a' that,
They preach and pray and a' that,
The Bloody Dirk is still at work—
A Turk's a Turk for a' that.

Hoping you will put this grain of truth in your hookah and smoke it.

Yours in doubt, ABDUL HAMID.

Defender of the Faith, Shadow of Allah, Heir of Mohammed, Shepherd of the Midnight Stars and Sovereign over the Tribes of Adam (retired).

THE VOICE IN THE RICE

(Continued from Page 5)

"We belonged to King George," he said. "But his laws could not, or would not, reach us in any way. We renounced him. Affiliated with South Carolina we renounced her. She could not take care of us. With the Northern Government we were never in any great sympathy. It did nothing for us. We renounced it; and continued, as we had begun, to govern ourselves. The situation has, of course, arisen from our isolation. Some day, like all small countries, we must go—some day the United States will see in this region a fit subject for drainage, for instance. Meanwhile"—Sir Peter smiled on me—"we are sufficient to ourselves."

"What you say astonishes me no end, Sir Peter," I said. "Do you mean to tell me that the National Government has no jurisdiction here?"

"Or does not choose to have," he said; "or does not know that there is any jurisdiction here to be had. Our flag floats boldly over Government House—but who is to see it but ourselves, and the buzzards, and the eagles? We are not in the public view, and we avoid publicity like all prudent men. The United States Government has never *heard* of us," he said, his voice rising; "isn't that enough reason for being the law to ourselves?"

"Do you," I asked, "call yourselves a nation?"

"We have more humor," said Sir Peter dryly; "we know that we are no more than a community of interest; a big secret society, if you like."

"Like the Night Riders?" I was so foolish as to ask.

Sir Peter rose, turned his hump upon me, walked away whistling, and presently returned.

"I have mastered my evil passions," he said, and once more seated himself.

"And I have begged your pardon," I said.

"But," he said, "I am not sorry that you have mentioned the Night Riders. If they can exist, and be a law to themselves, within the very circle of your late Uncle Samuel's railroads, telegraphs, police, militia, and so on—if, I say, they can exist in all their black wickedness—who is to prevent us from existing in prudence, and decency, and good will?"

"That's plausible," I said. "But why did you say my *late* Uncle Samuel? Has there been a cataclysm of which I have not heard?"

"Among other things," said Sir Peter, "the first need of any government, however small, is self-preservation. We are not threatened by foreign or internal wars. But we are threatened by the immutable laws governing small and isolated populations. The problem confronting us with more and more gravity is new blood; not only in the upper classes, but among the

How About *Your* Home?

Is summer a pleasant, comfortable season for you and your family? Do these months mean hot, sultry days and sleepless nights that sap your energy and strength?

You can make your* home comfortable, *despite the heat, at a trifling cost by installing a* Hawthorn Fan. Hawthorn *Fans can be attached to any incandescent lamp socket and consume even less current than that required by a 16-candle power lamp!

Hawthorn Fans are as simple to operate as a lamp. They are completely controlled by a switch at the base from which it is impossible to get a shock. This switch permits a change in speed so that a gentle or strong breeze can be obtained as desired.

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poorer whites and the negroes. We are ever on the lookout to recruit these classes by new and desirable young men and women. And that," said he, "was why I was so heartily and patriotically rejoiced to see you come running down the beach."

It all seemed rather preposterous; but I was a little shaken by his instance of the Night Riders.

"I am to settle among you, and marry?" I asked.

"If," said he stiffly, "on closer acquaintance we continue to find you worthy, sir."

"And if I prefer," said I, a little nettled by his tone, "to return to my own people?"

"Mr. Bourne," he said, "I will lend you my canoe and Coffee Pot to paddle. I will instruct him to follow whatever course you may indicate by gesture. This he will do up to the limits of his own private knowledge of the region—beyond that you will have the consideration not to urge him—as you would both perish."

I began to feel pretty glum.

"There, there, my boy," said Sir Peter, "it's not so bad—try to interest yourself in us for a while—either the rest will come very easily—or not at all."

"In which case?" I said sharply.

"In which case," said Sir Peter, also sharply, "we are—as in all cases—the most *secret* society in the world."

"It seems to me," I said, "that you've been pretty free with some of your secrets, to me, a stranger."

His thin, skeleton face took on a very bitter look.

"Either you will keep them, sir," he said, "or ——"

"Or?" said I defiantly.

"Or the swamp will," said he.

I sat in troubled and angry silence. Sir Peter rose.

"Lord Nairn's tailor," said he, "will be waiting to take your measure. Shall we go in?"

I rose and walked dumbly at his side.

"See this Caroline Testout," said Sir Peter, and, with two fingers, he turned upward a half-open bud. "Is it not lovely?"

I made a proper, if unenthusiastic, assent.

"It is not so lovely," said Sir Peter enigmatically, "as my niece—Mary Moore."

We strolled a little farther toward the house.

"My boy," said Sir Peter suddenly, "let me ask you to keep your bias and your determinations to yourself, whatever they may be, until you have been presented to all our young men, our elders, and their wives and daughters. Do you know Omar?"

And he quoted the lines:

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Ah, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

"And if a wilderness," exclaimed Sir Peter cheerfully, "why not a swamp?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Odd Breakfast Food

ONE time when things were breaking badly with Ort Wells, the Chicago broker, who is now on a trip around the world with George Ade, Wells found himself in the lobby of the Palmer House with just one dollar in his pocket, and not a very bright chance of getting any companions for that dollar for some time.

Still, he was keeping up appearances, and when a friend came in Wells said: "Let's have a cigar, Jim."

They walked over to the case. "What kind do you smoke, Jim?" asked Wells.

"I like those," said Jim, pointing out a box marked "Three for a dollar."

Wells pulled out his dollar, took three cigars and they had a chat. He was telling about it next day.

"I had to be game," he said, "so I bought the three cigars with my last dollar. I gave him one, smoked one myself and put the other in my pocket. This morning I ate the other one for breakfast."

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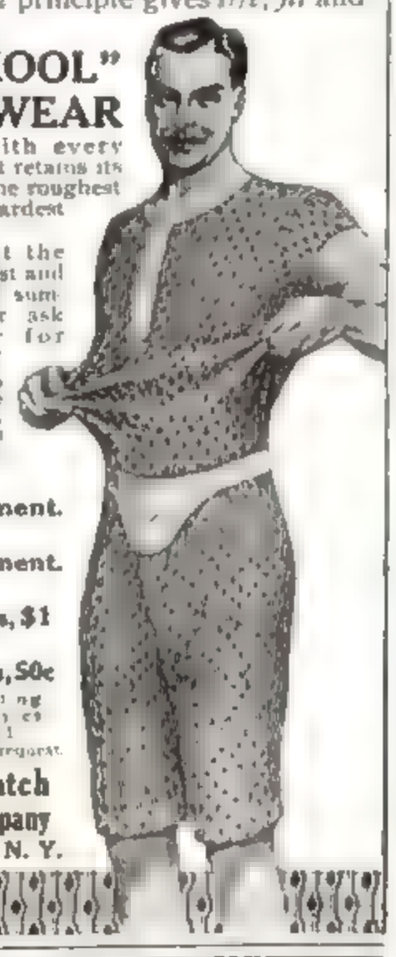

It *stretches* with every movement—yet retains its shape despite the roughest washing and hardest wear.

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It is obtainable in knee length or ankle length drawers, short or long sleeves and athletic shirts

MEN'S,—
50c a garment.
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MIXTURE CIGARETTES

Special Offer

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Vaudeville and the Vaudevillains

(Continued from Page 17)

whole act may be made over. The lines that the authors think will create a laugh are sometimes very sad, and others that are regarded as merely incidental get the applause.

The writing of vaudeville skits and sketches has come to be a very large and important business. Many men not only make good livelihoods out of it, but some have grown rich. One of the best known is Will Cressy, who gets as high as $1000 for a comedy sketch or playlet. The writer of vaudeville acts does not take the same chances as his professional brother, the full-fledged playwright. Like the vaudeville actor, he is thrifty. He writes for cash and not for royalty. The prices of vaudeville sketches—that is, for the literary or near literary end—range from $50 to $1000. Sometimes the vaudeville artist gives the author the idea and sometimes the author furnishes the idea. A sketch is often written about a man's specialty. One of the gold-mines in the vaudeville field is the little sketch that does not take longer than fifteen minutes to put on, and which, if successful, may run for five or ten years. The actor is often the author. Thus he gets all the proceeds.

Tabloid plays are a new but successful feature in vaudeville. They are rivals of the "original sketches," and simply consist of a whole play boiled down to fifteen minutes of acting. In short, they are the distilled essence of four or five acts.

Sometimes a vaudeville sketch that has been very successful is made into a play. There have lately been two notable examples of this. The Chorus Lady, by James Forbes, which had a run of a season in New York and is now in England, was originally a vaudeville sketch. The Round-Up, which is now in its second year, was at first a vaudeville act entitled The Sheriff, in which the author, Edmund Day, appeared.

The Vaudeville Clearing-House

The booking of vaudeville acts sets in motion a well-organized piece of machinery. It differs very much from the booking of plays. The manager of the legitimate house leases or owns the theater. All he has to do is to wear a dress suit every night, stand "out front" and watch the people come in. He takes the plays that the Theatrical Syndicate sends him.

The vaudeville manager, on the other hand, not only books his own acts, but he must know all about them. What is just as important, he must know his audience and what sort of vaudeville diet they want. He cannot sit back as the manager of the legitimate playhouse does and take whatever is sent to him. He would not last very long.

The progressive out-of-town vaudeville manager has a representative in New York, which is the center of the vaudeville world, whose business it is to keep an eagle eye on the vaudeville game. This representative goes to all the houses and watches the acts. If an act is to be tried out at a small town near New York he goes there. One of these representatives or agents may act as New York man for several houses.

He works in conjunction with the United Booking Offices of America, the name given to the vaudeville clearing-house which is controlled by Mr. Keith, Mr. Proctor, Mr. E. F. Albee and myself. It books the vaudeville business east of Cincinnati and has a working alliance with the Orpheum Circuit, which books the business west of Cincinnati. Through these combined offices flows the great bulk of the vaudeville business in this country.

In organizing and conducting the United Booking Offices, as they are more commonly known, our aim has been to concentrate and expedite the whole vaudeville business. Organization has taken the place of disorganization. The system is such that a manager can walk in any time and get a complete record of every vaudeville act on the stage. He can find out where it is that exact moment, where it has played and its remaining route, the salary, kind of act, and a complete set of reports of every performance it has given.

These reports furnish a concrete example of the way the business is now organized. Every Monday night, in every theater that we furnish with attractions, the manager

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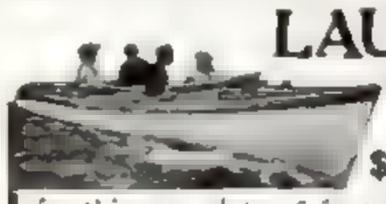

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prepares a compact report of the new bill put on that day. Here is a sample of the report on an act:

> Mabel Jones: sentimental songs; made a very pretty appearance; good hand (applause) after each number; act went very well; time, seventeen minutes.

Every report is indexed and is accessible at a moment's notice.

A vaudeville artist can come to our offices and in twenty-four hours can have his time booked for two years. This is done in conjunction with the various representatives and agents stationed in New York. Each one of these knows what open time his house or houses have. Mr. Keith, Mr. Proctor and I, alone, could book twenty-two weeks solid in our own houses. The United Booking Office books exclusively for more than one hundred houses, ranging from the Bennett Circuit in Canada to the Orpheum Theater in Atlanta.

The process of booking an act is very simple. The local manager in Trenton wires to his representative in New York to book a certain act. The representative comes to our office and finds that the act has the week of June first open. He then books the act on a form especially prepared for this purpose. On the form he stamps the exact time at which he books it. The time is stamped for the reason that another manager may want the same act—as it frequently happens—and wire for it. The first man in gets it. The booking slip is dropped in a basket which is emptied twice a day. The booking is then entered on a card. Every act in the country has a card in our offices, which states the kind of act, salary and route. There are blank spaces to be filled in with the engagements as they are booked. These cards are accessible to all the managers or their New York representatives. The reports which we receive each week on the performances are also accessible to them. As each successive week is booked, the place is added to the card.

The Poor Man's Club and its Future

The United Booking Offices charge a commission of five per cent on the salary for each act booked. This is the booking fee. The European agent also charges five per cent additional for foreign acts engaged for America.

My own belief is that vaudeville has just begun to come into its own. It is destined to a development that will almost put the legitimate playhouse in the background. I think that when our great playwrights realize that the tabloid drama can get a whole season's booking and make big money they will devote their time to it. The big comic opera stars will go into vaudeville, because they can earn more money with less work than in an opera. This is usually a winning combination with a universal appeal. I believe that the present bargain prices for vaudeville will cease, and that New York, Philadelphia, Boston and other big cities may have two-dollar vaudeville within the next ten years.

I have been asked many times if I thought the moving-picture show—the canned drama—would drive out or hurt the vaudeville business. It has helped rather than hurt. The moving-picture show has cut down the business of the "ten-twenty-thirty" melodrama house. It is developing into an adjunct of vaudeville, for many of the moving-picture managers are putting in vaudeville acts between films. We have organized a special department in the United Booking Offices to take care of this business.

The average man possibly does not stop to realize the hold that vaudeville has on the great mass of the people. The vaudeville theater is really the middle-class man's club. He can go there afternoon or night, smoke, walk about and meet his friends. It is an improvement on the saloon—so often called the working-man's club—and much better for his morals, his health and his pocketbook.

A few years ago the vaudeville manager thought that five or six thousand dollars was a good week's business. Today, some of the New York houses average from ten to twelve thousand dollars on the week. The legitimate playhouse considers itself lucky if it plays to five thousand people a week. Many big vaudeville houses average thirty-five thousand people a week, including matinées and the Sunday concerts. And the business is growing every day.

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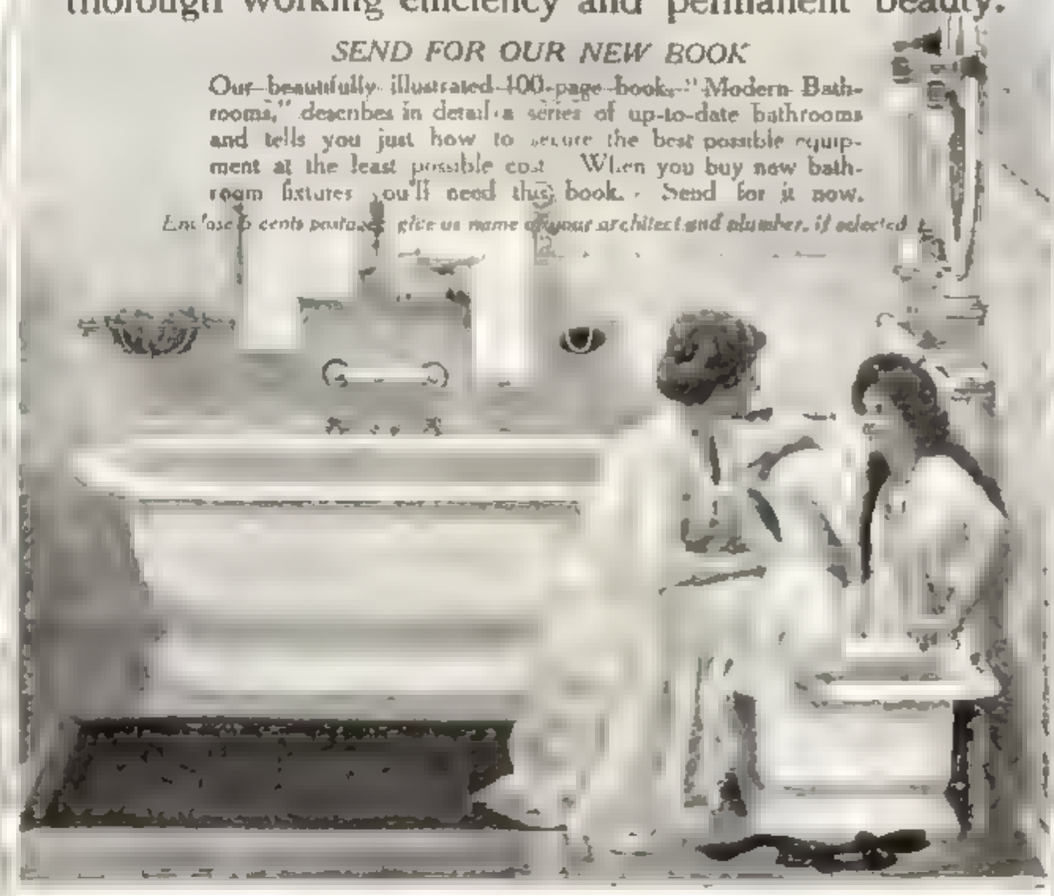

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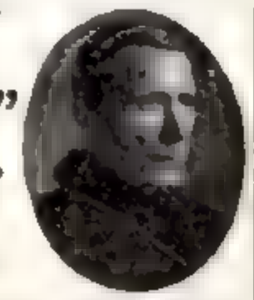

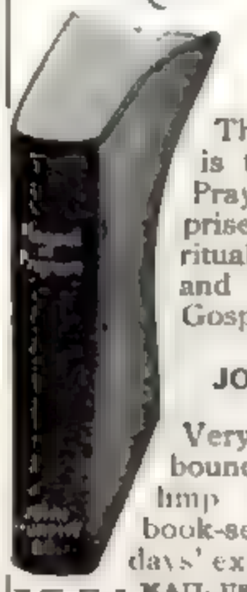

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THE GUNFIGHTER

(Continued from Page 14)

"You? You love? It's an insult, love such as yours. Go—go now—at once! Not another man in the world would have dared. I shall hate you as long as I live. And I shall pay you back."

He turned without a word and stalked outside to where his horse waited in the dust and the heat, and she watched him go, her eyes starry with consuming anger and hate. Not once did he look back, but rode heavily across the plain, sitting very straight in the saddle. Lucero came to her, bearing a beautifully-worked hair bridle that he had found on the office floor.

"It may, perhaps, be yours?" he asked suavely.

"Take it away!" she cried. She threw it from her and stamped upon it, after which she burst into an uncontrollable fit of weeping and went to her room.

At dinner next day she asked:

"Why do you hire such men as Padden, Dad?"

"He's a good cowhand, one of the best in the territory. What've you got against him?"

"Nothing, of course. What should I have? But he's a wicked man, you can see it in his face. I bet he shot Ferris on purpose."

"Pshaw, Padden ain't wicked. His habits are lots better than most of the boys, but I'll allow he's a little too quick with his gun, maybe. That's all."

"He doesn't work like the rest of the boys. He hung around—he hung around the bunk-house all the time you were away."

"Padden knows his business," said the manager tersely.

He returned to the subject at supper, having spent the afternoon revolving certain matters in his mind.

"Don't you worry about Padden, Mary"

"I'm not."

"I'm going to get rid of him. That Ferris row has raised too much talk. It can't be done right away, but you wait and you'll see," he continued with a sly wink.

"How're you going to do it? Use some trick? Get him into trouble?" Her tone was full of fine contempt and she started up from the table.

"Whoa, there! Hold your horses. I thought you wanted him fired?"

"So I do. But not that way. Give him a fair deal. You're afraid of him—yes, you are; everybody around here is afraid of him. I hate him, hate him; but at least he's a man. He isn't afraid of anything on earth, I believe."

Having hurled these incoherencies, she swept from the room into the kitchen in a beautiful rage. When she reëntered with some flapjacks that she made an excuse for her exit, Harris regarded her in perplexity over the rim of his coffee-cup; but he made no comment. Since the death of his wife he had permitted her greater freedom than girls of her age commonly enjoy, and he was perfectly content to humor every whim and to smile at her encroachments on his toleration.

In the fortnight that followed, Mary took many long rides, from which she would return in a languor that gave temporary spiritual peace. Yet when her healthy body shook off fatigue the girl became restless and fretful. She spent much time in her own room and sometimes gave way to tears of helpless anger and mortification; again, she hated and despised herself, uttering bitter self-reproaches to her mirror. Of course it was her fault. What could any man think but that she was a—a common flirt? And when these paroxysms were passed she would throw herself upon her bed and, with her face buried in the pillow, cry in pure exhaustion and loneliness. She pitied herself very much indeed. At the end of two weeks her horse appeared in an exquisitely-woven hair bridle when they went on an excursion to the Malpais.

Carrying a basketful of delicacies in a buckboard, she drove all of one morning to where Ferris' home clung to the face of a hill, and mixed the hurt man gruel and other things that would appeal to a babe. The nester received these ministrations in silence, because he was a polite man, and when she had gone requested Pete to give him something to eat, something substantial and sustaining that a man's stomach wouldn't be ashamed to do business with.

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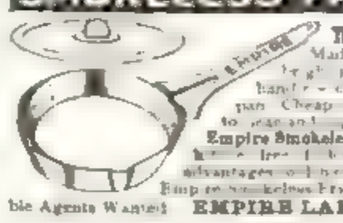

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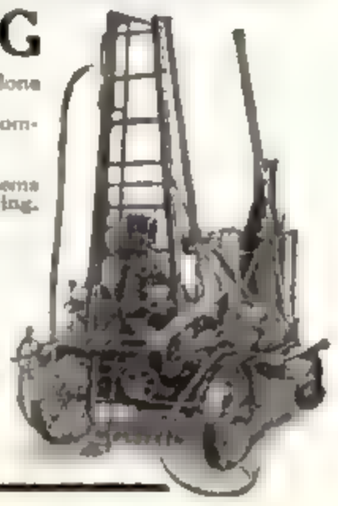

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He gave it as his opinion that Mary Harris was a mighty fine girl, however—this toward nightfall, when she was miles on her homeward journey—and offered to bet Pete a hundred dollars that Harris didn't know of her mission. Assuredly the manager did not.

"My brother Maclovio—hees li'l baby is sick," observed the cook, as the two fussed in the kitchen over the midday meal.

"Sick? A baby? Where does your brother live?"

"Over on the mountain, 'bout thirty mile," replied Lucero carelessly.

It did not bother him much. What was a baby, more or less? And of a certainty Maclovio had some to spare. But the news awoke in Miss Harris the liveliest energy. How old was the baby and was it very sick? Like to die, the cook assured her; his brother had dropped in on his way to get a doctor from Tucalari. Yes, Maclovio was a loving father and would spend six months' earnings on the child. The mother, too, was ill, quite so; too many babies, and she could not give them the care they required with all her household duties and her work on the claim.

At sunset Mary sat on a stool in the smelly log shack holding in her lap a hot, brown morsel of humanity to which she fed diluted milk. The mother lay on a blanket in the corner watching her with bright, alert eyes. She had surrendered the babe reluctantly to this imperious visitor, her native suspicion working strong; but something in the girl's clasp of her hand—or, perhaps, it was in the eyes she scanned so eagerly—soothed distrust and won her to resign it. With many mutterings of pity and affection she unwound the smothering dirty blankets from about the infant and placed him in Mary's arms.

The manager swept down upon Maclovio's place next morning, his rage hotter than his sweating horse. Where had she slept? In that filthy hole? He came back again next day, and, the child being now out of danger, Mary returned home with him.

Also, about this time, Miss Harris developed an extraordinary interest in range life. How did they round up the cattle, when and how many calves did they brand? It was shameful that she, the daughter of a cattleman, should know nothing of the actual work of the outfit, and she had lived on the Lazy L fifteen years. Who did the work? And was it hard?

Her father classified this curiosity as another whim of an extremely capricious young woman, albeit he marveled. What had come over the child? There was a different look in her eyes and about her mouth; dimly he discerned an accession of quiet dignity in her, as sudden as it was inexplicable. He flatly refused, however, to take her to the wagon to watch a day's operations, and forbade her hazarding the trip alone or even escorted by Bobby, who was going with provisions and tobacco and mail.

On an October morning Reb dashed up to the ranch-house door, his horse dripping, its sides white with lather.

"Ferris has shot Padden!" he exclaimed, striding in without ceremony. Harris gripped the arms of his chair, a vast relief overriding every other sensation, but he turned sharply at a choking cry behind him.

"Ferris—shot—Padden? Is he dead?"

"No'm. No, Mary, he ain't dead, but I reckon he will be soon," returned Reb cheerfully.

The manager's daughter was standing very straight in the inner doorway. She swayed once and tried to steady herself by blindly reaching out a hand toward the wall. Her father caught her as she fell.

"What's the matter, child? What is it, Mary? Reb, you ought to be more careful."

"It's all right, Dad. I'm—I'm tired and upset by these shootings, that's all. Oh, they're dreadful! You must stop them."

He placed her in his own chair and ran for a glass of water. "How did it happen?" she demanded of Reb in a weak voice.

"Ferris done got out of bed a week back, an' sence then he's been lookin' for Padden. They met this mornin' when we was startin' the drive."

"Well? Go on! Go on! Will he live?"

"I dunno. I don't know what to make of it, Mary, durned ef I do. Padden could fill Ned Ferris so full of holes he'd be all wind. But Ned got him—square in the stomach.

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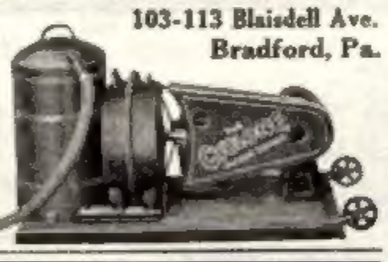

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Lisby says as Padden seen him in lots of time, but wouldn't pull his gun."

"Wouldn't pull his gun? Oh, say that again! He wouldn't?" She rose to her feet tremblingly, steadying herself by the arm of the chair, and Reb, seeing her face, was tongue-tied. "That's what Lisby said, an' he seen it," he vouchsafed at last.

"Has any one gone for a doctor?"

"Shore. Sam hit for Tucalari right off. The doc'll be there as soon as your daddy."

When Harris departed for the division-camp to which the wounded man had been borne he was accompanied by his daughter. To his amazed incredulity and his hot questions she had given but the one answer—she was going. What did she know of Padden? Had she even seen the man but the one time in his office? She was going. As they shuffled through the dust side by side, the manager cast about in his mind for an explanation. Finding none, he sought to disillusion her of any possible heroics.

"This fellow's name ain't even Padden. It's Jim Lynch," he broke out.

"Jim," she repeated gently.

"He's a professional gunfighter. His job is shooting people, removing 'em in some way or other."

"Then why did you hire him?"

"That's another matter. Lynch has got property in Texas, but he daren't go back to claim it. I've found out all about him. Probably got a wife there, too."

"That," said his daughter dispassionately—"That is a lie."

The doctor's horse was grazing near the division-camp, and the doctor himself came out when they trotted up to the door. He was a raw-boned man of ruddy face and of no especial cleanliness.

"The bullet went clean through him," he reported to Harris. "He'll do."

"Then he won't die?"

"Die, Mary? You couldn't kill that fellow with an axe. Why, you look sicker than he does."

"Reb is coming behind with some things we've fixed up," she answered, and leaving her father talking to the man of medicine she entered the hut. In the bunk beneath the window lay the great figure of Padden, the eyes half closed. He moved his head painfully at the sound of her step, gazed with feverish anxiety for several seconds, then turned his face to the wall with a groan.

"I reckon I'm dead," he whispered.

"Jim," she leaned over the bunk, her face warm, uttering his name shyly, "Reb said you wouldn't shoot. You did that for me?"

"Shore. That's nothin'."

There was a silence while she wiped her eyes, and old Sam sneaked out of doors to hold Harris in conversation on the recent dry conditions obtaining throughout the Territory and other likely topics.

"What for did you come?" The sick man's voice was troubled and querulous.

"Can't you guess?"

"I don't want pity," said the Texan in a strong tone, raising his head with an effort.

"Jim—Jim, can't you see?"

"But you don't know me. I've been mighty bad, I reckon."

"Perhaps you have. Perhaps you are now. But I can't help myself, Jim."

"You done said you hated me. You done said as how you'd pay—me—back."

She stooped down to him swiftly. "Now I have paid. Lie still—the doctor says you must be very quiet or you won't get well."

By the time Harris had silenced Sam's puerile efforts at entertaining by the simple expedient of informing him that he considered Sam was going crazy, by the time the manager of the Lazy L ranch entered the hut, his daughter had established herself on a stool beside the bunk and was holding the huge, limp hand of Padden, the gunfighter.

Superfluous

"WHEN I observe the way some things go in New York, over which we make a fuss when we get them," said the Reverend Thomas R. Slicer, "and think of what we ought to have, I am reminded of the poor minister who had seven children and whose family was increased to eight. He told his eldest child, a daughter, about the new baby.

"'Well, father,' she said, 'I suppose it is all right, but there are a lot of things we needed more.'"

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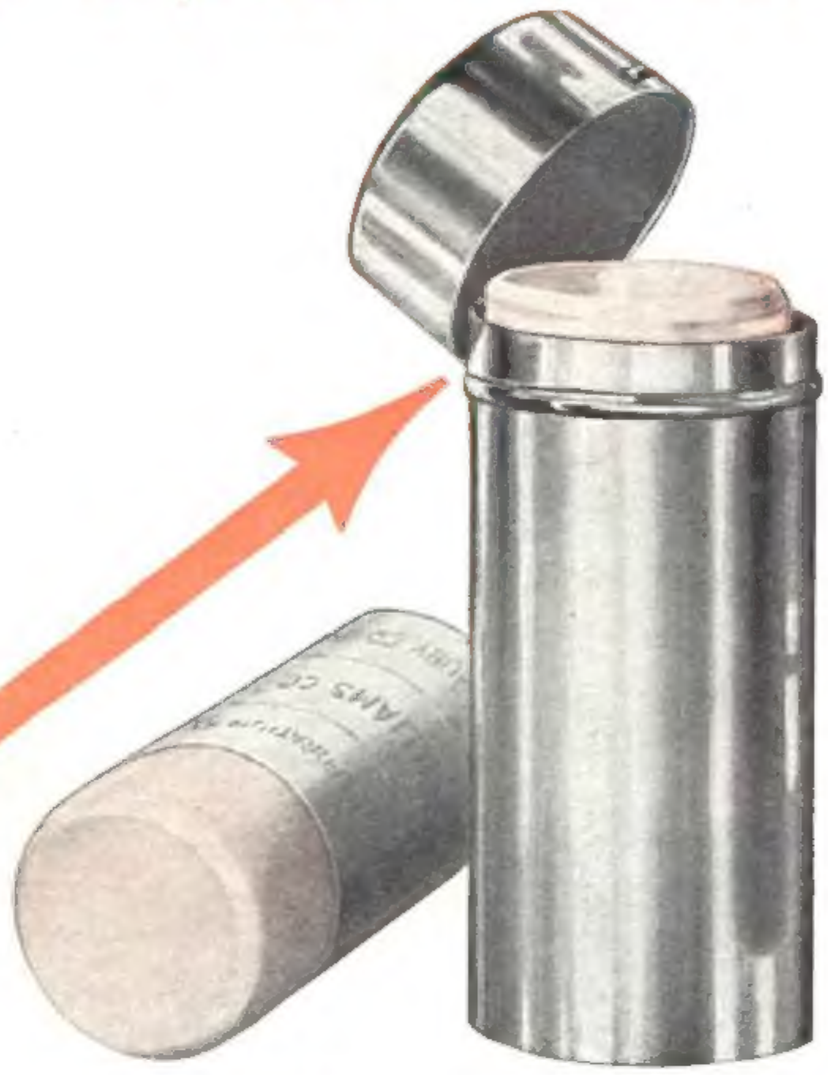

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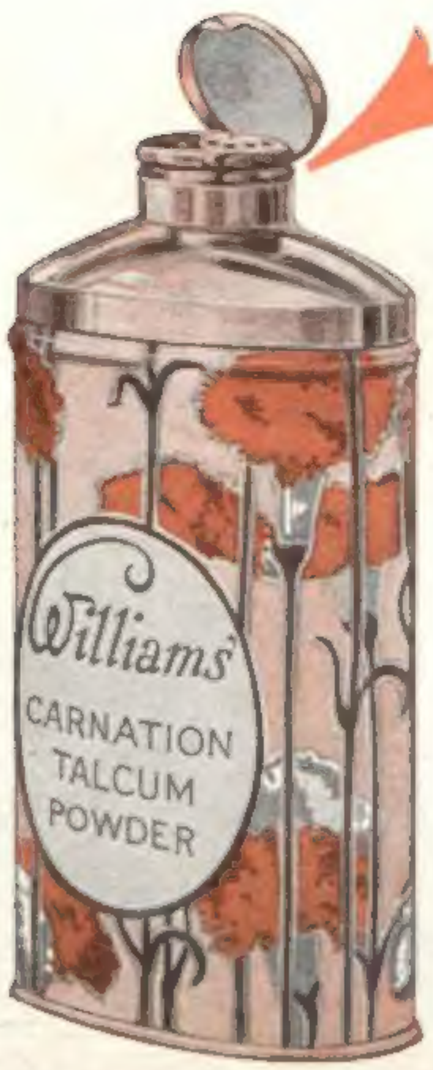

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Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap

THIS soap supplies you, in convenient form for Toilet and Bath, all the creamy, soothing, delightful qualities that have made Williams' Shaving Soap famous. It is simply the perfection of Toilet Soap.

A HANDSOME NICKELED SOAP BOX for the convenience of the many users of Jersey Cream Soap, when traveling, camping, etc., is packed (for a limited time) with every 4 cakes of the soap.

If your dealer fails to supply you, we will send the 4 cakes of soap and soap box postpaid on receipt of postoffice order for 60c.

Address: THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.